Everybody's Magazine

July 1918

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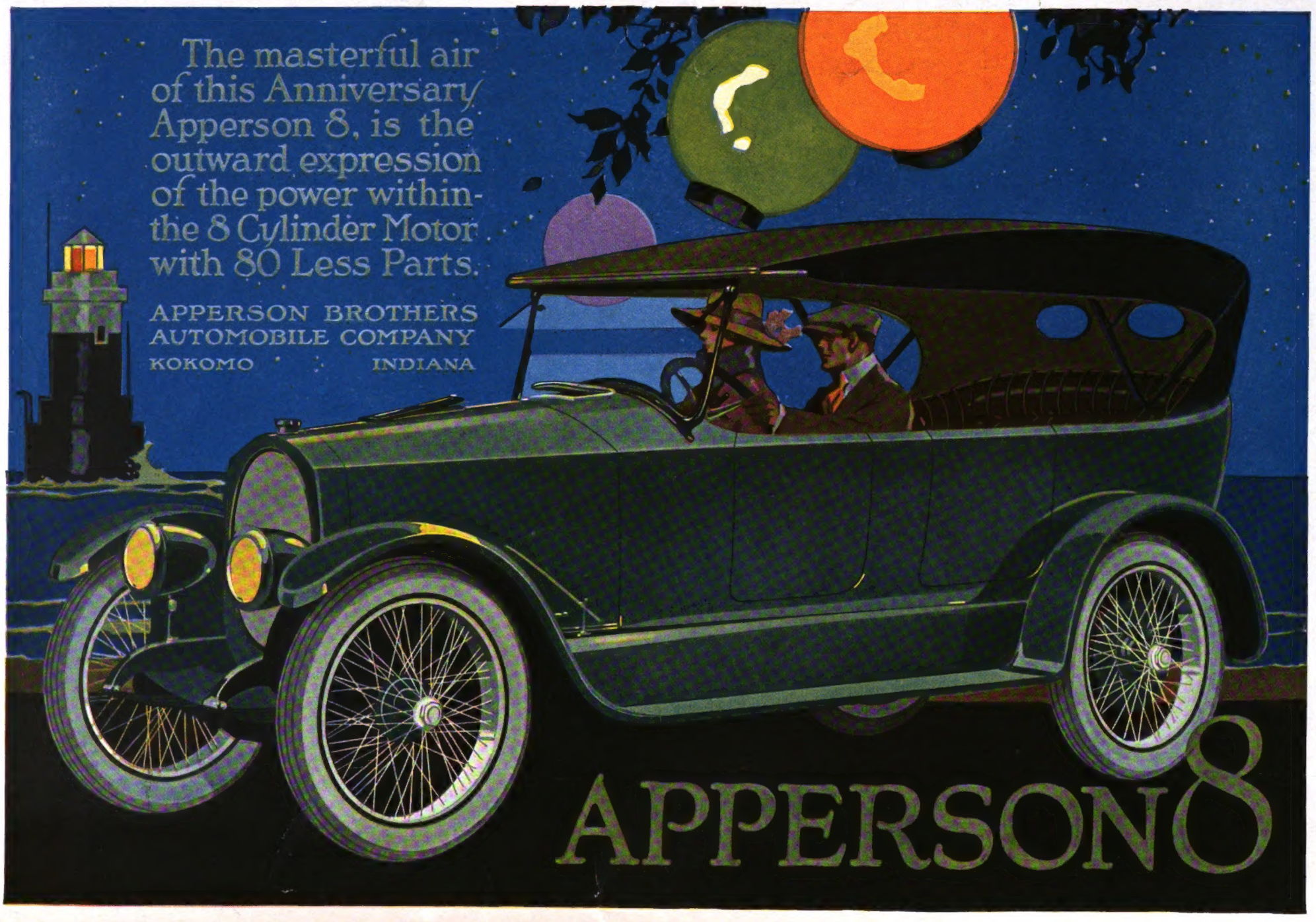
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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

Number 1 JULY, 1918 Vol. XXXIX

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ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

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A strange, melancholy procession that unrolled its myriad obscure tragedies.

Cartoon by George Wright. See "Belgium," page 17.

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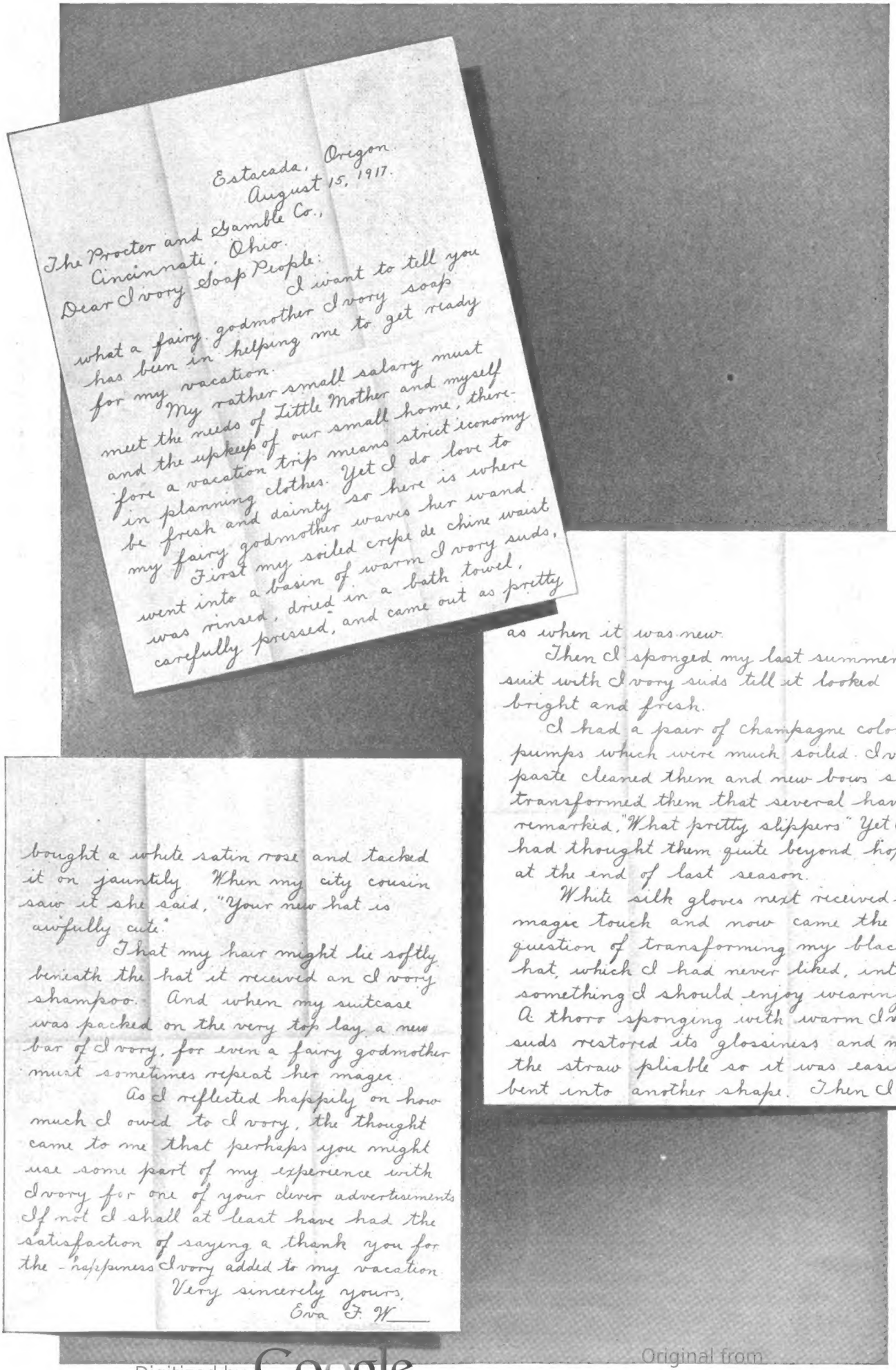

Estacada, Oregon
August 15, 1917.

The Procter and Gamble Co.,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Dear Ivory Soap People:

I want to tell you what a fairy godmother Ivory Soap has been in helping me to get ready for my vacation.

My rather small salary must meet the needs of Little Mother and myself and the upkeep of our small home, therefore a vacation trip means strict economy in planning clothes. Yet I do love to be fresh and dainty so here is where my fairy godmother waves her wand.

First my soiled crepe de chine waist went into a basin of warm Ivory suds, was rinsed, dried in a bath towel, carefully pressed, and came out as pretty as when it was new.

Then I sponged my last summer's suit with Ivory suds till it looked bright and fresh.

I had a pair of champagne colored pumps which were much soiled. Ivory paste cleaned them and new bows so transformed them that several have remarked, "What pretty slippers" Yet I had thought them quite beyond hope at the end of last season.

White silk gloves next received the magic touch and now came the question of transforming my black hat, which I had never liked, into something I should enjoy wearing. A thoro sponging with warm Ivory suds restored its glossiness and made the straw pliable so it was easily bent into another shape. Then I bought a white satin rose and tacked it on jauntily. When my city cousin saw it she said, "Your new hat is awfully cute."

That my hair might lie softly beneath the hat it received an Ivory shampoo. And when my suitcase was packed on the very top lay a new bar of Ivory, for even a fairy godmother must sometimes repeat her magic.

As I reflected happily on how much I owed to Ivory, the thought came to me that perhaps you might use some part of my experience with Ivory for one of your clever advertisements. If not I shall at least have had the satisfaction of saying a thank you for the happiness Ivory added to my vacation.

Very sincerely yours,
Eva F. W____

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Everybody's Magazine
NUMBER ONE JULY 1918 VOLUME XXXIX

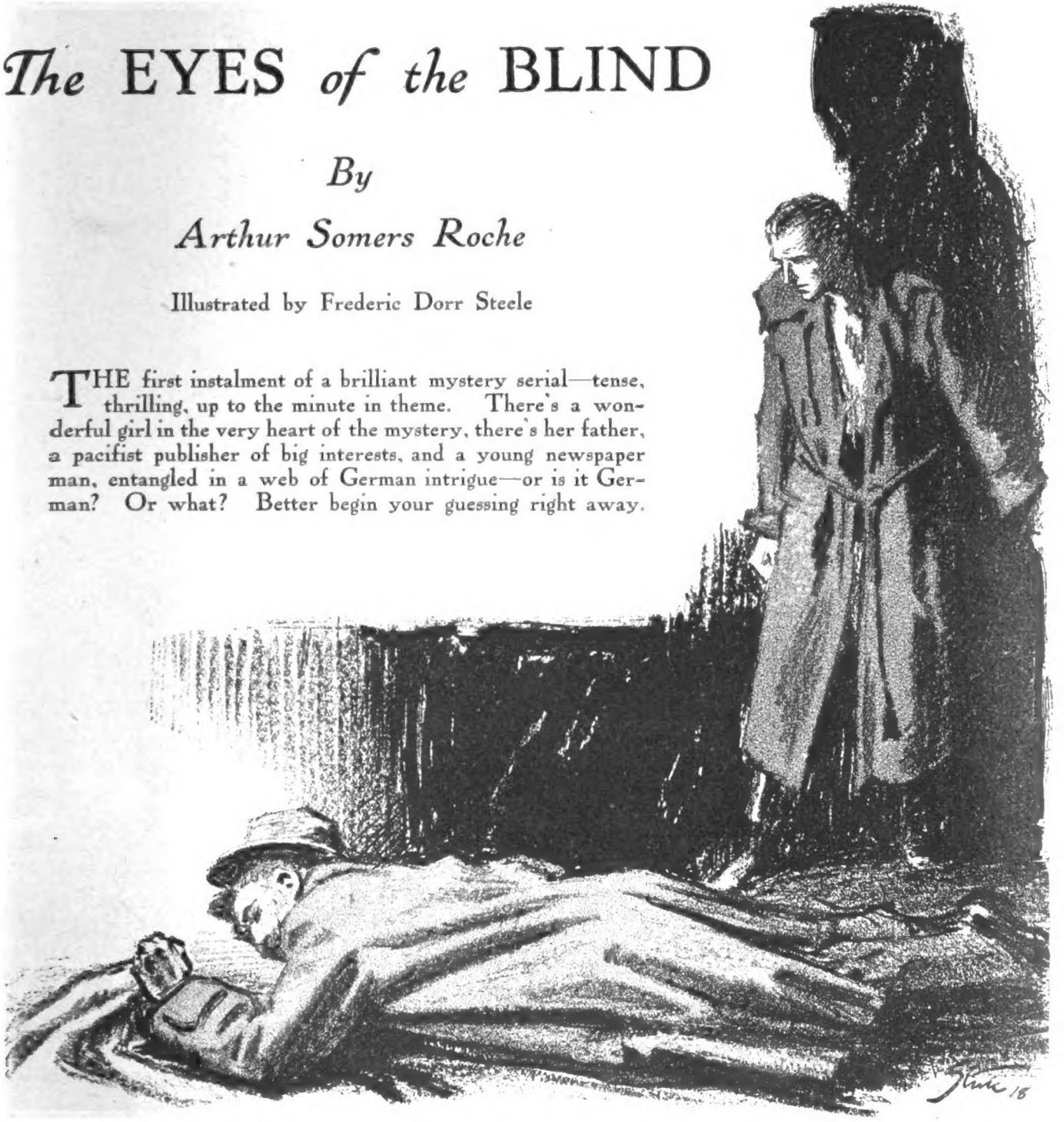
The EYES of the BLIND

By

Arthur Somers Roche

Illustrated by Frederic Dorr Steele

THE first instalment of a brilliant mystery serial—tense, thrilling, up to the minute in theme. There's a wonderful girl in the very heart of the mystery, there's her father, a pacifist publisher of big interests, and a young newspaper man, entangled in a web of German intrigue—or is it German? Or what? Better begin your guessing right away.



CHAPTER ONE
Twice-Murdered Sleep

DEEMS stared at the door. Somebody *had* knocked, then. Hands in the pockets of his dressing-gown, he watched the door-knob turn to the right, and then to the left. Nervy beggar! It was a happy thought that had made Deems put a bolt of his own purchasing on the door. Otherwise—and he grinned—there would have been nothing to prevent a midnight visitor from entering the Deems bachelor apartment. Nothing, that is, except good sense. But then, as all penologists agree, criminals do not have good sense. Whoever was trying to enter this apartment now bore out the conclusions of the students of crime. For how could the dwelling-place of a newspaper reporter possibly hold attractive loot for the marauders of midnight? Still, it gave a fellow quite a thrill. It was as though some one had asked, quite casually, the loan of ten thousand dollars.

He moved softly to the door. The bolt was oiled. He slid it back silently.

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He threw the door open. "Suppose," he began, "we make this absolutely informal? My name is Deems, but my intimates call me Deemsie. Come right in and I'll show you where I keep the family plate."

His visitor stared at Deems stupidly. He swayed slightly forward; then, as Deems, with sudden recognition of the man's condition, withheld the savage uppercut that the forward motion had caused him to start, the visitor pitched forward into the tiny hall. His clawing hands tore at the portière that hung between the hall and the living-room; the drapery gave way, and with a rattle of brass rings he fell to the floor.

Poor devil! Deems bent over him. But no fumes of liquor assailed him. He felt the man's pulse. Then, his face suddenly white, Deems walked to the telephone.

"Apoplexy," said the police surgeon, fifteen minutes later.

"And I almost struck him," said Deems, self-reproachfully.

"Well, you didn't," said the surgeon soothingly.

"I know, but—if I'd answered immediately when he knocked I might have done something—got help sooner — saved his life, perhaps."

"Don't be an ass," said the surgeon bruskly. "How could you know that it was a sick man? Lots of people would have sent a bullet through the door. Anyway, nothing could have saved him. Feel nervous? Want something to make you sleep?"

"Lord, no!" Deems shrugged his shoulders. "I'm not hysterical. It's just—it's a funny world, isn't it, Doc? How quick we are to assume that the other fellow's intentions are evil."

"They mostly are," grunted the surgeon. "You're a newspaper man, aren't you?"

Deems nodded. "The *Record*."

The gray surgeon stared at him. "Better quit it; you'll wind up by being a reformer and writing uplift fiction." Then he slapped Deems in friendly fashion on the shoulder. "It *is* quite a shock to have a thing like this happen, but don't get morbid. 'Night."

That's all there was to it. Still, why make a to-do about it? Men were dying at the rate of thousands a day on a hundred bloody battle-fields; death, even sudden death, must be taken, not for a grave and portentous event, but for what it really is, the casual opening of a door and the easy stepping into another life.

Nevertheless, when it is the door of one's own apartment through which a stranger has stepped into that other

"Stay right where you are," she ordered. A highly efficient pistol was leveled unwaveringly at

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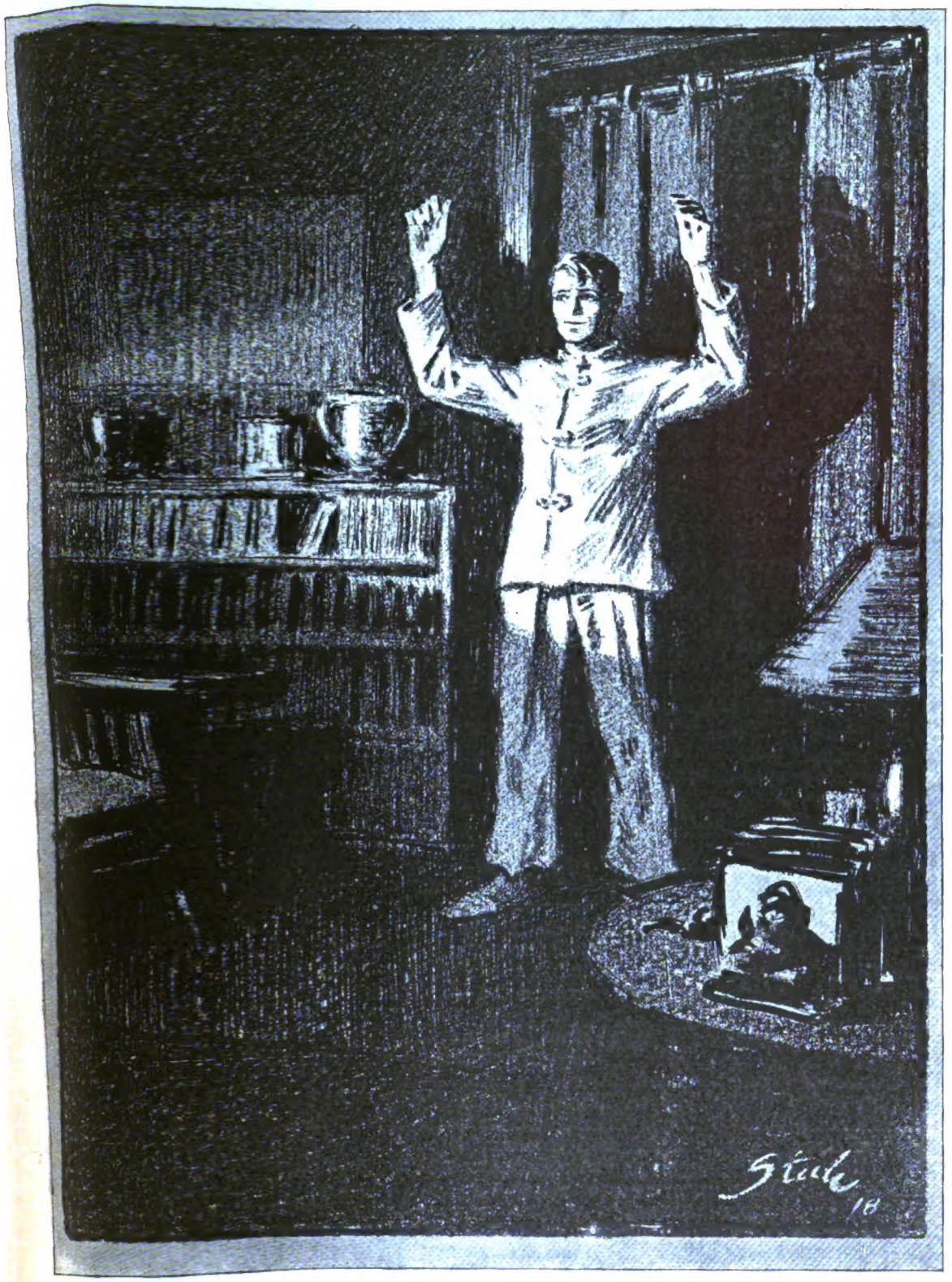

him. "Mr. Deems, for your own good, I would advise you to forget that I have been here tonight."

life, one feels a personal interest and obligation. The police officers who had arrived in the ambulance had made a search of the body and found on him not a single article that would indicate his identity. Nor was there any money in his pockets. And somehow or other Deems could not stomach the thought of letting this unknown end in the Potters' Field.

Stricken suddenly with a mortal illness, the man had evidently turned in at the nearest doorway. Deems's apartment being on the ground floor, it was at Deems's door that he had stopped. Had the man died in the hallway, Deems probably would have felt no further interest. But in his own rooms! Reporters are not overburdened with riches as a general rule, and Deems was no exception. Notwithstanding this, he told the policemen that he would, in the absence of identification of the dead man, defray his funeral expenses. At which quixotic offer they shrugged their shoulders and left him.

Some years of newspaper work, during which he had been present at scenes ghastly enough to harden the nerves, had not rendered Deems callous. He was not stricken with horror, but at the same time sleep did not come easily to him. It was such a miserable finish to a life that might have begun with the highest hope. To die in the rooms of a stranger, penniless!

That was queer, too. For the man had been dressed in garments that were not only of costly texture but that had been extremely well tailored. Such a person would be expected to carry at least a card-case. Yet the man's pockets had been empty. At any other time Deems would have scented a story for the *Record*. But the mere death of an unidentified man was not, in the absence of violence, worth a line in to-morrow morning's *Record*. In these days of titanic conflict it took something quite unusual to win space, even on an inside page of the newspapers.

Ordinarily, Deems, blessed with a clear conscience and a good digestion, fell asleep as soon as his head touched the pillow. He had been almost ready for bed when the knocking at his door had brought him into the hall; the untoward event that followed the knocking kept him awake not over a quarter of an hour after he had finally turned in.

It had been two o'clock at least when he had gone to bed. A sleeping man can keep no record of the lapse of time. But the room was still dark with not the slightest hint of light seeping

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through the curtains when he awakened. He turned over restlessly. On those rare occasions when overwork had given him a touch of insomnia he had awakened like this, in the middle of the night, to remain awake until it was time to go to work. But he knew that to-night was different. He was not the least bit nervous; furthermore, he was terribly sleepy. Why, then, was he awake?

AND then he knew the answer. Some one was moving in the next room. When, some hours before, he had thought some one essayed burglarious entrance, he had been inwardly amused. No burglar could possibly frighten him. But this second visitation did not awaken humor. Like every healthy man, he loved his sleep. No dressing-gown hampered his movements as he slipped out of bed. Clad only in pajamas he stepped softly across the room.

Between his chamber and living-room hung a portière similar to the one that had been snatched from its fastenings by the fall of the victim of apoplexy earlier in the night. Gently Deems drew aside this second drapery and peered into the living-room.

Light assailed his eyes; involuntarily he put up his hands to shield them.

"Keep your hands up," said a voice.

Slowly Deems opened his eyes; heavy with sleep the rays of the electric flashlight blinded them. Yet in a second his vision was readjusted to the new condition. He could make out the shadowy figure behind the hand that held the flashlight.

"Have you heart trouble?" he asked.

"Heart troubl——"

"Because, you know, it would never do," said Deems.

"I can't imagine what you're talking about," said the voice.

"Of course." Deems's tones were sympathetic. "To have a question like that tossed at one by a perfect stranger! Now if we knew each other and were terribly well acquainted, you'd know of course that I'm given to rambling verbally. But then we hardly know each other at all, do we? Of course, you know me by sight, and that helps. But my name is Deems, Robert Deems. My men friends call me Deemsie, but mother always called me Robbie. Funny thing about mothers, isn't it? They always wish such dreadful pet names on their boy-babies. I hope," and his voice was severe, "that none of your sons are called Willie or Frankie."

"None of my——"

"That's what I wanted to find out," said Deems. "You see, if you had a lot of children, I'd take this visit as a sort of maternal affair. I'd assume that you knew there were buttons missing from my shirts and that my socks—I can't very well enter the room because I'm not dressed as I should be, but in that desk there are a lot of socks."

There was the least trace of amusement in the voice of the girl. "Socks in a writing-desk?"

"Yes, indeed! And collar-buttons in the ink-well. Ink-wells *never* have ink in them, so why not——"

"Keep your hands up," interrupted the girl.

"They *are* up," said Deems aggrievedly. "And if you knew how numb it made them to hold them up—but you're standing! Please sit down."

He was staring as hard as he could at the shadowy figure. Little by little her outline became visible; she was slim; tall, but not too tall, and rounded. That much he could be sure of, and her voice told him that she was young. But he could not make out her features, nor the color of her hair.

"Thank you." Mirth was again in her tones. "But I prefer to stand."

"I won't insist, Miss—No? Ordinarily, when the man says 'Miss' and pauses suggestively, the lady helps him by supplying her name."

"This is not quite an ordinary occasion," she told him.

"You relieve me. I didn't know but that burglary was your profession. Merely an avocation?"

The girl had moved as he spoke. She was standing now by the huddled draperies that had been torn down by Deems's earlier visitor.

"DON'T trip over that curtain," he advised her. "It proves how much I need a maternal visitor. Think of a man so lost to the sense of neatness that he leaves a curtain on the floor."

The girl moved again. She stopped. For a moment the flashlight left the face of Deems. It explored the floor at her feet. Then the light was switched off. And just as it went out Deems got the impression that the slim figure was bending over.

"Don't move; I'll fire," she warned him. Her voice seemed to come from the floor itself. And then the flash gleamed again and he could make out behind it her figure standing now close to the outside door. He had the odd impression that she was inwardly shaking with excitement, though her voice was as calm and crisp as it had been from the beginning.

"You're not going?"

"Stay right where you are, Mr. Deems," she ordered.

The black blot in her right hand moved forward a trifle until it was clearly defined in the rays of the flashlight that her left hand held. It was a small but, Deems imagined, a highly efficient pistol. And it was leveled unwaveringly at himself.

"Mr. Deems, for your own good I would advise you to forget that I have been here to-night," she said.

"For my peace of mind I wish that I might," he answered. "But truly, Miss—No? Very well. Oh, I say——"

Fatuous ass that he was! For the outside door had opened and she was gone! There was no use in trying to follow. In the first place, he was clad only in pajamas; and in the second place—but there wasn't any second place. He simply wasn't dressed, and that's all there was to it. A man in pajamas can not chase a lady down a New York street in the middle of the night. It isn't done.

He advanced into the room she had left and switched on the light. Well, she might be an amateur burglar, but she was a thoroughly efficient one. Not only had she worked quietly—she must have been quiet for some time, she had accomplished so much before he awakened—but hastily. For she had ransacked his desk, and the drawers in his table were opened and their contents jumbled in a fashion that proved she had gone through them.

And yet, so far as he could see, she had taken with her none of his possessions. A ring that had belonged to his mother, of more than sentimental value too, was left behind. Also yesterday had been pay-day and something under ninety dollars had been in his desk. It was still there.

What, then, had caused this visit? She had been too calm, too much mistress of herself to have been deterred from theft by his presence. He entertained the idea that she had left his apartment at the very moment that the object of her visit had been obtained. He couldn't tell where that idea came from, but it was firmly fixed in his mind.

But why on earth should a girl feloniously enter his apartment and then depart without taking what few portable effects he had? She had not been afraid of him; his entrance upon her activities had hardly disconcerted her. Why, then, had she come?

The question was unanswerable. That she had made a mistake would have been his belief, but for the queer impression he had received when she had turned off her flashlight for a moment—the impression of jubilant excitement emanating from her.

IF ONLY he had been dressed! Still, what could he have done? He could not have attacked her. Not her pistol, but the fact that he was Bob Deems, would have prevented violence. For, had she been unarmed, he would have made no physical effort to detain her; indeed, would have felt almost in duty bound to offer a woman reduced to such stress that she planned crime what money he had.

But this girl had not been reduced to any such stress. If her voice was not sufficient proof of her breeding, the fact that she had left money untouched was proof that she was not driven to her act by poverty.

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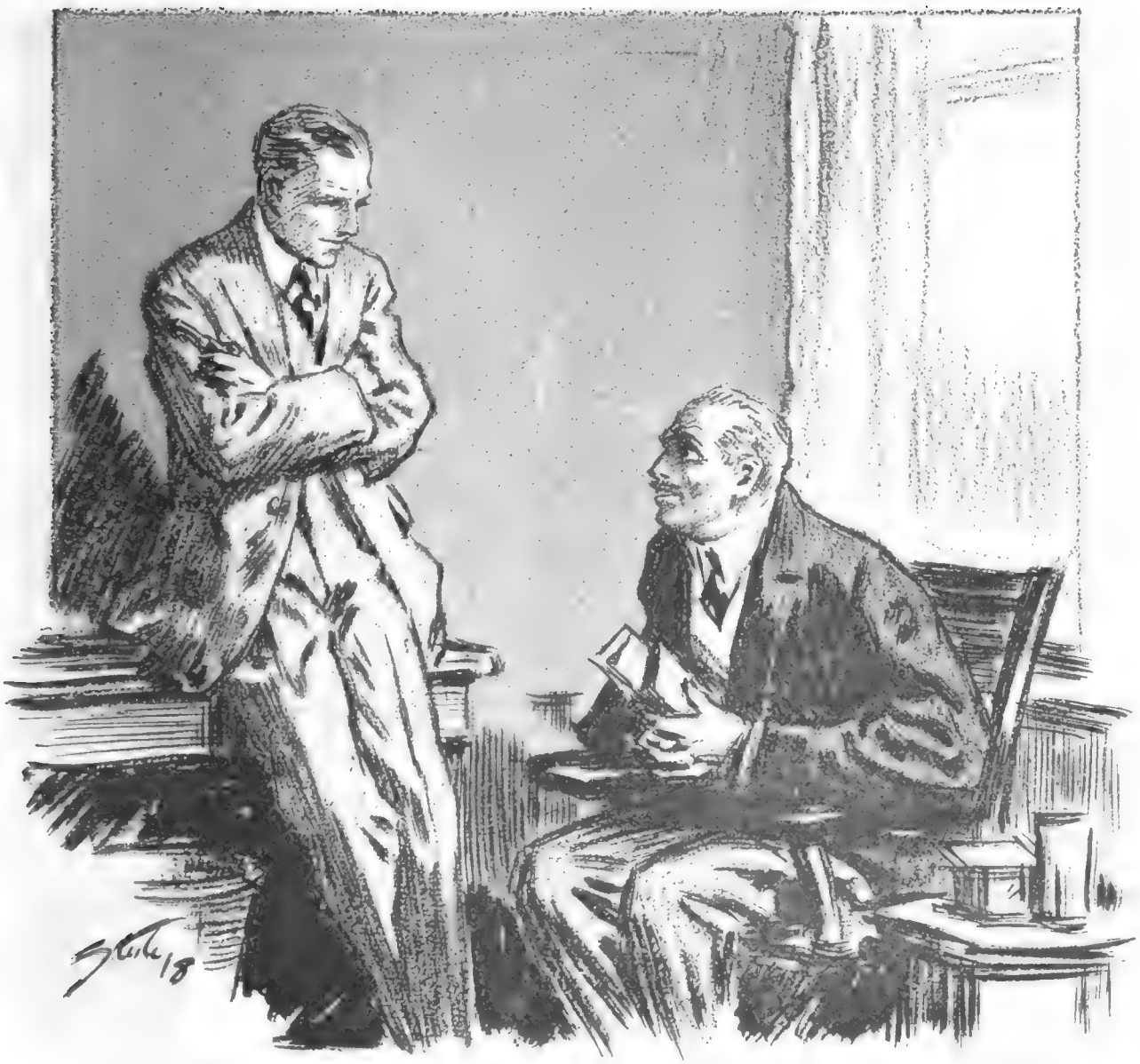

"You are not a fool, my dear Deems. There is no guarantee like cash. I have brought with me seventy-eight hundred dollars and your ticket."

He sat on the edge of his bed going over the situation, trying to figure out what else he could have done. To have stood there supinely and let the girl get away without clue to her purpose or identity seemed, on thinking it over, to have been the act of an utter idiot. And yet, what the deuce could he have done?

He went to sleep with this question also unanswered.

CHAPTER TWO

Two Hundred a Week for—What?

DEAD men and pretty girls! They had haunted Deems throughout the night, and now, as he ate his breakfast, they were still with him. But why pretty?—he asked himself. The man who had been taken away in the police ambulance was indubitably dead. But how did he know that the girl was pretty?

"That, Deemsie, old scout, is my own little secret," he said aloud. "How do you know it's going to rain when the sun is shining and there isn't a cloud in the sky? How do you know that the first of the month will bring a flock of bills? Habit, instinct, sheer intellect. Beauty, Deemsie, is a fact, not a theory or a supposition. Why do facts exist? So that we'll recognize them. You don't have to see the drops to know it's raining; you can feel them. Just the same with beauty. A blind man can tell an orange from an unpicked lemon. It's reason, old top."

Yes, she was pretty; and a lady; and with a sense of humor. Deems was not exactly a romanticist, but he had his share of red blood, and the man who would not speculate on the identity and purpose of a pretty, charming girl who had visited his apartment at dead of night, must have milk in his veins. Breakfast had never been quite so satisfactory as it was this morning. Puzzlement was sauce to his appetite. He regretted that a man could eat but one breakfast at a time. He was looking longingly at his empty coffee-pot when his door-bell rang. It was undoubtedly Henry, the colored janitor, come to clear away the remains of the breakfast that Delia, his wife, had prepared.

But it was not Henry, for Henry would have used his pass-key to turn the feeble lock on the door. Instead, the door-knob shook in response to Deems's call to enter. Beneath his breath Deems swore. Henry was furniture, and furniture could not be an interruption to a train of thought. He was coldly civil as he opened the door.

His visitor beamed. A man of medium height, rather stockily built, a trifle past middle age, quietly dressed, he might have been a book-agent or a life-insurance solicitor, had it not been for his eyes. Even in the

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murk of the ill-lighted hallway the man's eyes gleamed. They were restless, rolling eyes, bright with an uncanny fire, and Deems felt that they explored his innermost soul. Instinctively, despite the other's smile, Deems disliked and distrusted him.

"Mr. Robert Deems?" asked the man.

Deems nodded assent. Without quite knowing how it happened, he found himself shaking the hand of the affable stranger and showing him a seat in his living-room. The man exuded cordiality, and somehow Deems felt ashamed of himself because he could not respond.

"My name is Wilder, Thomas Wilder."

DEEMS murmured a polite assent.

"I am one of a group of men interested in the International Press Service Bureau," said Wilder. "You have not heard of us, Mr. Deems, for the reason that we have not as yet entered actively upon the work of supplying the press of the world with our features. But we hope to begin very soon. May I ask if you are under contract to the *Record?*"

Deems shook his head.

"Then I may assume that you would consider an offer from us?" asked the visitor.

Deems eyed the man. Now that his hat was removed, Wilder looked older than he had seemed in the gloomy hallway. Also Deems felt that cordiality, beaming cordiality, was not characteristic of the man. He sensed a restlessness, a nervousness in Wilder's manner; not because of the man's ever-moving eyes; but because of an intangible something else, the indefinable thing that we call personality.

"What is the nature of your offer?" asked Deems.

Wilder's smile grew wider; he nodded approvingly. "That is the sort of question I hoped for, Mr. Deems. The man who is ready to consider any offer, who leaps blindly into an affair, has not the requisite balance for the position which I come to offer you."

He hitched his chair a bit nearer to Deems, and his rolling eyes grew steady. "This is a time of turmoil, Mr. Deems. It is a time when the newspaper profession is facing great changes. For a great many years the press of this country, aside from its little-read editorial pages, has been merely a daily record of yesterday's happenings. What my organization aims at is the interpretative recording of the history that is being made to-day; its meaning, not only with regard to the day before yesterday, but to the day after to-morrow. Quasi-editorial correspondence, so to speak; correspondence that will have as definite an effect in informing and molding, or, rather, I should say, keeping pace with, public opinion as the utterances of a king or a president."

Deems grinned. "The beauty in aiming high is that your shot travels farther," he said.

Wilder shrugged his shoulders. "Even to a man like you it seems ambitious, eh? And yet, now is the time when the press of the world has reached the highest power in its history. And yet who shall say that it has reached its limit?"

"Not I," said Deems. "But why select me as one of your correspondents?"

"You are too modest, Mr. Deems. We know your work upon the *Record;* we know your personal character: brains coupled with honesty. You have those things and those things are what we need."

"Thank you," said Deems.

"You would consider such an offer, then?"

"Make it," replied Deems.

"That, too, is the sort of thing we like," said Wilder: "to meet a man who will not waste time. What we offer you is this: two hundred a week, all expenses, and a contract for one year."

Deems whistled. "And I go—where?"

"To Brazil first; on the *Santa Lucia,* sailing this afternoon."

Deems whistled again. "That's short notice," he said. "It wouldn't be playing quite fair with the *Record.* I should have to give them a week's notice at the least."

His visitor shook his head. "That is unfortunate," he said. "It is quite necessary that you leave to-day. I should have stated, too, that we are keeping the formation of our business rather a secret."

Deems looked puzzled. "But I should think in the very nature of things that you would want to prepare the papers for this new service."

His visitor's smile grew mysterious. "You are a most capable writer, Mr. Deems, and a man of vision; but the sordid practicalities of business are perhaps not familiar to you."

"NO, FRANKLY, they are not," agreed Deems.

"Exactly. But we plan to launch this business in a unique manner. There is behind us unlimited capital; it is not necessary that we begin to earn an income immediately. Before the men whom we send out write us a single line, we wish them to study the people, the customs, the characteristics, of the countries to which they are assigned. You will be in Brazil months before we shall expect to hear from you."

"And I leave this afternoon, eh?" said Deems, slowly.

"This afternoon," echoed Wilder.

"It might be arranged," murmured Deems. "Realizing the opportunity offered me, the *Record* might forgive the lack of notice."

"There, again, is something to be explained," said Wilder. "It would be quite essential that the *Record* know nothing of your plans. You would merely resign."

Deems laughed exasperatedly. "This is extremely mysterious," he said. "Not to tell them anything. You spoke of sordid practicalities a moment ago. There are such things as passports, you know. We are at war."

Wilder smiled. "A passport, with your photograph, is already made out. You will merely have to sign it."

Deems pursed his lips. "You were quite confident of getting me."

Wilder shrugged. "Let us be frank, Mr. Deems. You are a most excellent newspaperman, but your salary is just eighty dollars a week. Was it likely that you would refuse?"

"I suppose not," admitted Deems thoughtfully. "But—my salary; my photograph?"

Wilder's beaming smile became a chuckle. "We have something of an organization, Mr. Deems."

"SO IT would appear. But—two hundred a week—we're being frank, you know—that, to me, with expenses—aren't you a bit afraid of being—er—stung?"

The smile left Wilder's lips. "We investigate carefully, Mr. Deems. We will not be—stung. I am to take it that you accept my offer?"

Deems smiled deprecatingly. "Sordid actualities seem to run in my mind this morning. It's a—rather long trip. A guarantee—" He paused.

The smile returned to Wilder's mouth. It was a wide mouth, thin and harsh. "You are no fool, my dear Mr. Deems. There is no guarantee like cash. Two hundred a week for half a year is fifty-two hundred dollars. Expenses, at a hundred a week, are twenty-six hundred more. I have brought with me seventy-eight hundred dollars and your ticket."

"Let me see it, please," requested Deems.

Wilder opened a capacious wallet. He drew forth a formidable-looking document that Deems knew was a passport, something that looked like a steamer ticket, and—a massive roll of currency. The latter he handed to Deems.

The newspaperman looked at it with interest. He let his fingers play with it lingeringly.

"Nice little stuff," he crooned. "Never dreamed that there was so much money in the world—and it sort of sings to me, as though it had found a papa. Poor little lonesome long green. Go back to stepfather!"

(*Continued on page 70*)

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BELGIUM

By

Brand Whitlock

United States Minister to Belgium

The TIGHTENING GRIP

Including the story of Cardinal Mercier's Heroic Stand Against Tyranny

THIS is the sixth instalment of the story of Belgium, told by the American Minister to Belgium, who was in the stricken country from December, 1913, to our entry into the war, and witnessed its suffering from the beginning.

The story opens with an enthralling picture of the idyllic life of Brussels in the spring before the deluge—a picture of the peace, the simple happiness that filled the little Belgian capital with a golden glory as radiant as the sunshine of the season.

Then, in July, come the first faint, foreboding omens of the world drama; the storm breaks with stupendous suddenness; the German ultimatum; the Belgian defiance; the invasion.

And with it the heavy cloud of horror rolling on from the scenes of blood and fire that mark the trail of the invader through Louvain, Liège and Dinant. From the unending stream of refugees that flows into the capital, from the official sources, from all the evidence, Mr. Whitlock pieces together the first complete—and final—story of the atrocities of that Reign of Terror.

The wave of flame and murder passes on, but behind it the iron weight of military and bureaucratic oppression settles down; and in the mute agony of a people under that remorseless yoke begins the real story of Belgium and its deeper significance for the world.

This degrading mark is painted in oil-colors on the back of every civil prisoner interned in one of the German camps. "Kriegsgefangenen, Celle." (War prisoners for Celle.) "Kriegsgefangenen, Münster." (War prisoners for Münster.)

XLVII

ANTWERP had fallen, and the people of Brussels, as though stunned by some new and unexpected bereavement, stood in silent groups with solemn faces about the posters on the walls, staring long at the brief announcement:

"German troops entered Antwerp yesterday afternoon."

Then along the Antwerp road, open once more to travel, streamed refugees, that strange, melancholy procession that unrolled in endless sequence its myriad obscure and anonymous tragedies. For days and days the poor folk whom the war had driven out of that land, once so pleasant, between Brussels and Antwerp, came pouring into the capital. The highroad was crowded with them, miserable peasants with woebegone faces plodding stolidly on out of those stricken towns that had paid for the resistance of the Belgian army, when it fell back from Liège on the fortified place of Antwerp.

They had left behind their ruined villages and their vanished homes, and before them there lay they knew not what sufferings, nor seemed any more to care. These were they who, unable to slip through the lines into Brussels, or over the border into Holland, or westward into the plains of Flanders, or perhaps, strange and touching phenomenon, in the peasant's stubborn attachment to his own soil, had clung to their homes even when they lay in ruins about them, until, driven out at last, they had hidden themselves in the heather and the bracken of drear Campine, or in the woods, in ravines, in fields, in ditches, anywhere they could find shelter, like hunted animals, and now that Antwerp was fallen they emerged and trailed

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their miseries along the road to Brussels. Some of those haggard eyes had looked on while Epphegen was destroyed and witnessed the dreadful deeds at Aerschot, or Boortmeerbeek, the horrors of Hofstade or of Sempst. The scattered throngs moved on, dumb, slow, without a word, without a cry, without a hope, beyond the power of expression or the need of it any more, treading a silent calvary of which no human means could voice the pain. There were men bent beneath their packs, and bowed under a far heavier load of despair; women with wan faces, whereon the stain of futile tears had long since dried, shawls over their heads, figures of utter misery; and children, their smiles gone, trotting in the mud beside their elders, glancing up now and then with that most terrible of all expressions the human countenance can assume—that look of terror in the eyes of little children who for the first time in this our tragic life realize that there are calamities which their mothers have no power to avert. The children clumped along in their *sabots*, which the Flemish onomatopoetically call *klompen;* the elder among them helping the younger, sometimes carrying them in their thin, pathetic arms.

Day after day and all through the night, in rain and mud and cold, they trooped on in those drear October days of 1914, with no place to go, without hope, almost without the will to hope. They trooped on in wooden shoes or in no shoes at all, and they bore in their arms, or on their backs, their little all tied up in bundles. Some of them, the less unfortunate, had carts, and since they had no longer any patient dogs to draw them, they constantly drew them themselves, straining against the ropes, their forms bowed in labor.

Now and then when some German officer in arrogant indifference, muffled in the great fur collar of his gray coat, swept by in his gray motor, or some detachment of soldiers, stolid and with brutish insensibility, marched by, slavishly singing their songs, they turned out into the ditches and waited, and when the soldiers had passed they climbed back on to the highway and plodded on again.

There were sights to see along the Antwerp road in those days: German troops coming back from the siege, with long trains of lumbering wagons filled with knapsacks and rifles, helmets, belts, sabers, all the salvage they had economically gathered; ruined villages, like little Vilvorde—a spot sacred to the English-speaking race, for there William Tyndale was burned for having translated the Bible into our tongue; ruined houses, their windows broken in, their walls riddled with bullets or yawning in gaping holes torn by shells, vomited their débris into the street, and all the beautiful ash-trees that used to line the road felled to clear the way for cannon-balls, some, indeed, felled by the cannon-balls themselves. Near Epphegen, the trenches the Belgians had abandoned stretching across the yellow fields where asparagus—the famous *asperges de Malines*—had been growing, the fields that had been so downy, so feathery, all trampled down in the rage that had seared them with its hot breath. In the little niche in the trench walls there were crusts of moldy bread, a tin cup, or a cantine; Belgian *képis* and knapsacks were strewn about, and in one place a subterranean room had been hollowed out, the garlands of paper flowers still on its clayey walls, and a table with matches, a lamp, a bottle and the remains of the last supper—all as they had left it when at last they had to fly. And there was one sentient thing, a dog lying in one of the caverns; the poor fellow stared with great pathetic eyes but refused to come out, and lay there waiting for the master who would never more return.

Photograph from Press Illustrating Service.

Their little all tied up in bundles.

Epphegen was a silent place of ruins; not a roof remained, not a house that had not been ravaged by fire; the pretty gray old church but a heap of ruins. The body of a horse was lying in the street, its stiff legs sticking up in the air; hideous cats prowled among the ruins, and everywhere there were black bottles, thousands of them, emptied of their wine by the Germans in their guzzling.

It was so too at Malines; empty bottles everywhere, ranged on window-sills, on door-steps, or rolling in the streets, evidence of an insatiable thirst. German soldiers, in that ugly field-gray, were slinking out of the houses, hiding bottles under their tunics. The town was deserted of all, save now and then some girl picking up bits of wood, with which to make a fire, or a few women, bent over the piles of débris, picking it over, trying to rescue something from the rubbish, all that remained to them.

The beautiful Grand' Place was but a heap of charred brick and twisted iron, and while the cathedral was standing, there were great holes yawning in its walls, and its carven stone was all broken, and every pane of the stained glass, all that remained of a beautiful lost art, was shattered to bits and quite gone, and its chimes, under the magic hand of Jeff Denyn, would sound their mellow peals across the fields no more. Near by, the gray old monastic residence of Cardinal Mercier stood with its roof beaten in.

Beyond Antwerp stood the fort of Waehlem, one of the outdoor defenses, the key, I believe, to the position. About, on every side, stretched the fields, gaunt and bare, sodden from their late inundation, every tree cut down, great masses of barbed-wire entanglements and obstructions everywhere. Here and there was a new grave, with a wooden cross, lettered in Flemish or French; and just outside the fort, near the bridge across the moat, there was the grave of some German soldier, his rifle and his helmet laid upon it, and a few faded flowers. Evening was stealing over the fields,

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from which the waters had not all receded; there were pools here and there, gleaming in the slanting rays of the hazy sun. It was very still; there seemed not to be a living thing left in the world.

The great mound of the grass-grown fort heaved itself above the level, wet plain, the curve of its outline broken by the great hole that had been torn, like a crater, in its very summit by the shell of the "48" that, in the deadly precision of the final perfectly aimed shot, had blasted its steel cupola to bits. And there on the jagged summit, the black, white, and red flag of modern Germany was flying, and beside its staff a sentinel stood, solitary, immobile, his spiked helmet and his long bayonet outlined in sharp silhouette against the sky of pale garance, where the sun was setting.

As we drove into Malines, there by the ancient gate, the Porte de Bruxelles, an old peasant was sitting in the sun before the door of his ruined home; the light of day shone through the broken windows and the roof was gone. When he saw the little American flag on the motor, he raised his hand in solemn salute. When we returned late in the afternoon there was the old peasant still sitting before the ruins of his home; he seemed not to have moved, but sat there in dumb despair, and he raised his hand again to his cap, in that reverent salute. What did it mean to him, that bright bit of bunting with its fluttering red, and white stars on the blue? What vague impressionistic dreams of liberty and of justice did it evoke before those old eyes that had gazed on nameless horrors and were beyond tears? I uncovered to him; I trust that he understood.

And then, somewhere along the road toward Vilvorde, there was the German officer, his motor beside the road, beside it a punctured tire. He was accompanied by his wife, an officer, and a chauffeur. He spoke French with difficulty and I thought he was asking me to take his wife in to Brussels. I offered, of course, to do this, but——

"Oh, no," he said lightly, "she can wait there." And he climbed into the car, taking the vacant seat, and rode into Brussels.

"Have you seen our glorious cannon?" he was asking me politely.

There, along the roadside, were the drab figures of the refugees, still bowed under their packs, still bending to the ropes with which they drew their carts, plodding on without complaint, without a word.

The rain was falling drearily before the long, blinding rays of the headlights; they turned aside.

Now and then one of them, looking dumbly up and seeing the flag, touched his cap in salute. Then their figures became vague, impressionistic blurs. . . .

XLVIII

THE ironic spirits have their fun with mortals; their sardonic laughter rings forever down the awful void; what were thought to be victories proved to be defeats—and defeats to have been triumphs. Major Langhorne in Brussels, a day or so after the city had been abandoned, said that Antwerp, if not a victory for the Belgians, was hardly a victory for the Germans, since in their haste to parade the boulevards of Brussels, to have the *éclat* of an entry in grand style in the capital of the little nation they had conquered, and to stagger mankind with their force and power, they had left the country open westward to the sea, and allowed the Belgian army to escape to the immortal glory of the Yser.

But whatever minor consolation there may have been for the people of Brussels in the thought that the Germans had made a mistake of which history would calmly speak, there was intensified the pang there always is an immediate and intense preoccupation destined thenceforth never to quit the mind for years. It was the thought of famine. The wheat had not come from Antwerp yet. It was even reported that the Belgians in leaving the citadel had destroyed the foodstuffs there, whereupon a German general remarked:

"If that is true, the whole Belgian population may starve!"

The situation indeed was rapidly growing serious. The supplies in the country were sufficient only for a fortnight. Even on the table of the Legation there was the gray bread. However, the supplies of Antwerp had not been destroyed, and we could continue our efforts to find some basis on which we might contrive to get food in. Rich as the little country was, and as intelligently as its fertile acres were farmed, it could not produce, even in peace times, more than one-fifth of what it consumed. Committees came, composed of citizens of all the principal towns behind the German army, Louvain, Namur, Charleroi, Malines, asking me to patronize the committees to be organized in those towns as I had patronized the committee in Brussels; and one day a man came from Dinant and laid on my desk a loaf of moldy black bread—all that the people of the stricken town had to eat. There were priests from Louvain who came to ask food for the wounded of their city; then came a Liègois to implore help for his town; and there was a little girl asking bread for herself; that we could give her, but it only intensified the pang there always is

Photograph from Press Illustrating Service.

They had left behind their ruined villages and their vanished homes, and before them there lay they knew not what sufferings.

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in the thought of the impotence of personal charity in the world.

It was evident that local committees could accomplish little good; the task would have to be assumed on a large national scale. There was food somewhere in the world, there was plenty in the granaries of that land which loomed in such mystery far off there in the west, that land which this old Europe had never understood, and to which now it turned for succor to help and comfort. But who was to organize the gigantic work?

Photograph by Paul Thompson.

The first phase of the Belgian food problem.
German soldiers handing out supplies to sufferers in Brussels.

There were enormous obstacles in the way. There was the fleet of England blockading the sea; there was the enmity between the conquering Germans and the conquered Belgians. We had meetings and discussions in which opinions hung nebulously in solution for long hours, as opinion will in committees, until some one would lift his eyes hopefully and exclaim:

"But the Hague Convention! According to the Hague Convention it is the duty of the occupying power to feed the population."

And then, with that inveterate vice of the human mind which persists in the belief that a problem is solved as soon as it has been reduced to formulæ, they would sigh and sink back in their chairs and think that the phrase sufficed for the deed.

But the Belgians could not eat Hague Conventions, as I said, though they seemed, alas! all that we had to offer them. And then one day—the fourteenth of October, to be precise—I had a visit from the Baron von der Lancken and Mr. Hellferich, whose name has since been tolerably well known in the German political, as it was then in the German commercial, world, though they are, in a way, much the same thing. And though their visit had to do with "contributions" of war, there came that afternoon an opportunity to open a discussion about food. The problem was to get food not only for the poor of Brussels but for the whole population of Belgium. The Baron said that the German Government was well disposed; that the German authorities were ready to give assurances not to seize any of the food if it could be brought in.

The Brussels committee, *le Comité de Secours et d'Alimentation*, as it was then called, under the chairmanship of Monsieur Ernest Solvay, with the admirable talent for organization that distinguishes the Belgians, had already seen the necessity of undertaking the work on a large scale, and in the *bon mot* of Monsieur Emile Francqui a phenomenon in nature had occurred—the child had given birth to the mother; the local committee had brought forth a national committee; that is, the *Comité Central* had become *le Comité National Secours et d'Alimentation*. It had organized sub-committees in each of the nine provinces of Belgium, or in seven of the nine provinces, since the two in Flanders were inaccessible.

Thus, when we undertook the relief-work in Belgium, we found ready at hand an organization for distribution that simplified the task and took into account at once every needy person in the land. While constitutionally they despised the system the Germans did not interfere with the communal organization as such. Here and there they arrested a *bourgmestre* or members of the common councils, but they respected the system as a system. Indeed, they could not have governed the country as easily in any other way or, in the eyes of the unthinking, as cheaply acquired a reputation for efficiency by claiming as a result of their administration the comparative order that prevailed, a condition that was due entirely to the schooling in self-government the Belgians had acquired in their communal system.

Mr. Emile Francqui was chairman of the executive committee of the National Committee and it was his genius that directed the Belgian organization. He was wholly fitted for the heavy task.

We had arranged a meeting for Friday, October 16, 1914, at the American Legation, to discuss and if possible to agree on some solution of the whole problem of *ravitaillement*. The first thing to do was to obtain the consent of the English Government to permit the importation of food; the second was to obtain guarantees that the food thus imported would be free from requisition by the Germans, and be reserved to the exclusive use of the civil population of Belgium. This done, the food could be distributed by the *Comité National*, under the patronage of the Spanish and American Ministers. The theory, like most theories, was adequate; to realize it in practise, with the two great nations that held its existence in their power just then grappled in a deadly war, was a task to daunt the most resolutely optimistic.

Early in the morning the Baron von der Lancken came with *Geheimrat* Kaufmann; later we were joined by Mr. Heineman and Mr. Hulse, and for a long time we discussed the important question. It was necessary that some one go to London to lay the case before our ambassador, Mr. Page, and ask him informally to discuss the matter with the British Government. I suggested Baron Lambert. Then Villalobar arrived and approved the choice of Baron Lambert who came, screwing his monocle somewhat dubiously into his eye at the mention of the difficult mission we had selected for him. Then Mr. Solvay, Mr. Francqui and Mr. Emanuel Jenssen came.

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They were shown into another room. They came formally to request me to act in the matter, but as I was already occupied with it, we brushed formalities aside and, since Belgians and Germans did not meet, we carried on the discussion by passing back and forth, the Marquis and I, from one room to another. Finally it was agreed that the Baron Lambert, Mr. Francqui, and Mr. Gibson should go to London. There were letters and telegrams to be prepared and we spent the rest of the day in writing them, for they had to be in four languages, French, German, Spanish, and English, and all say the same thing—no simple task. There were letters from Villalobar and me to the Spanish and American Ambassadors in London; telegrams to our Governments, and then we decided that Villalobar send a telegram to his King and I one to the President.

Then we prepared the letter for Field Marshal von der Goltz's signature, the letter addressed to the *Comité National*, in which he guaranteed that the food to be imported should be free from requisition and be reserved exclusively for the Belgians. It was, as it were, the constitution of our organization, the corner-stone of the edifice we were trying to rear, perhaps the most important of all documents. It was written in German and then translated into French and English, and finally at tea time, the work was done.

XLIX

OUR envoys were off in a motor-car at dawn, going by way of Rosendael, and if we were not quite sure of their success, we had at least the hope of their success, if not bread, to give as comfort to those who continued to come daily to the Legation with their sad and distressing tales.

The life of the city was being somehow resumed; the shops were peeping out again, there were pedlers in the streets, men shuffling along the Boulevard Anspach offering Friffon puppies for sale; in the window-ledges around the Grand' Place roasted chestnuts were exposed, and women from carts sold fresh walnuts—signs of autumn all, like the brown and russet in the Bois.

Photograph copyright by Brown & Dawson.

"C. R. B." soup-wagon in Brussels, February, 1915.

But the aspect of the city was changed by the presence of the invaders; officers swanking along the boulevards, their gray mantles bellying in the autumn wind; a German band in front of the Bourse; the Iron Cross on every hand, and stolid soldiers everywhere. Now and then they would stoop and try to play with some passing baby—whose mother would draw it away in fear and loathing.

How lovely was Brussels in those days, and how sad—like a beautiful woman in tears! What will be the effect of such depression on children born and reared under its influence? What darkling influence will it have on the mentality of the next generation of men?

A scene comes back to me out of the dismal October; it was at Ste. Gudule—a mass sung for the repose of the soul of a son of a friend. The boy was only nineteen and had been a *brigadier* in the first regiment of the Guides; he had been killed in battle and his mother had gone to fetch his body from under the bridge where it had lain for a week. There was a catafalque over which was laid the Belgian flag, its colors softened by the crêpe that was over it. I was listening to the beautiful music, when suddenly, in the glimmer of the tall, white, crackling candles, I was smitten by the tear-stained, anguished face of the lad's father. And then I had a kind of rage at those who deliberately make war and bring about all this hideous waste of youth, this wanton cruelty to the aged. In the midst of the accents of the sweet singing of the choir the old church seemed to say: "Peace, little man; I have stood here for all these ages and witnessed occupation after occupation. I was standing here before Columbus went to America. It was then as it is now, men quarreling and suffering and bowing here at my altars with tear-stained faces. The light fell through these windows as softly then as now; nothing changes, not even men."

Photograph copyright by Brown & Dawson.

Brussels school children receiving their noon meal of "American soup."

Meanwhile, in anxious impatience, we were waiting the return of our envoys. One morning, from the unexpected direction of Berlin, came a telegram from Mr. Gerard, saying that the British Government had agreed to let food come into Belgium provided it was sent by the American Embassy in

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London to the American Legation in Brussels. So there was hope! We waited another week; then I had a bundle of telegrams that had come by way of The Hague, another sign of amelioration, showing that communication by way of The Hague heartening response; Mr. Hoover said that he had organized the committee, which would set up at once the machinery necessary to the purchase and shipment of the food; that the organization had been named the American Commission for Relief in Belgium; that it would be composed exclusively of Americans, and that, in accordance with the condition laid down by the British Government, the food would be shipped to me as American Minister at Brussels, under the American flag.

I sent a telegram, expressing the gratitude of the Belgian people, of the *Comité National* and of myself, for this most generous response to our appeal, a response in which I could have my own patriotic pride and satisfaction; but I asked that my friend and colleague, the Marquis of Villalobar, be included as patron in a relation identical with my own, and called attention to the efforts he had made to aid the great work. And this was done.

There was another telegram, from Gibson, asking that a thousand labels in German, with the authorization of the German Government, be sent at once to Rotterdam to be placed on the shipments of food about to be sent in. This had an encouraging and practical sound, and I could at once bear the good news to the gentlemen of the *Comité National*.

The next afternoon, at last, to my delight, the Baron Lambert, well groomed and smart as ever, came in, just back from London, with the good news, and far too modest over the success of his mission. Messrs. Heineman and Francqui were to arrive in Brussels that evening. Gibson was staying on in England.

Photographs copyright by Brown & Dawson.

Baron von Bissing, Governor-General in Belgium, photographed in his office in Brussels, February 5, 1915.

A man whose name, justly or unjustly, was destined to stand forth to the world as a symbol of one of the darkest, cruelest and most sinister pages of its miserable history. He was a man over seventy years of age, old and thin, with graying hair brushed straight back from his forehead and plastered down on the curiously shaped head. His face was hard and its leathern skin, wrinkled and old and weather beaten, was remorselessly shaved, leaving the heavy mustache to hide somewhat the thin lips and stern mouth. His brow was high and wide and the lean face tapered to the wedge of a very firm jaw, the visage of an old Prussian dragoon.

and Antwerp had been restored.

One of the telegrams was from our Ambassador in London, Mr. Page, who said that in pursuance of our request for assistance, he had asked Mr. Herbert Clark Hoover to organize a committee to raise funds and to purchase food for the Belgian civil population. There was a telegram also from Mr. Hoover, known to me then only as the American who had been at the head of the committee formed in London to assist in repatriating Americans whom the flood of war had overwhelmed. It was a sympathetic and

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Baron von Bissing with his staff on the steps of the Art Museum in Brussels on the occasion of its formal reopening to the public, February 7, 1915.

Weeks before, the *Comité National* had sent Mr. Millard K. Shaler, for whom, as an American citizen, we had been able to secure authorization from the Germans to leave Belgium, to go to London to buy food. In those days travelers had to make a great detour around Maestricht to get out of the country, and after I had succeeded in having him released from the *Kommandantur* at Liège, where he had been held two days as a spy, Mr. Shaler was allowed to leave and to resume his journey to London. Now he returned; he had been able to buy wheat for the *Comité National*, but had not been able to obtain permits for its export. He could give us more details of the almost insuperable difficulties that lay in the way of the prodigious enterprise we had undertaken, difficulties which, had we been able to foresee them, would have deterred us from the attempt. We were still in a state of innocence in those days, still living in the western world as we had known it, that world of reason and hopefulness. We were soon to learn of another world, but we did not know it then. We thought that if we could procure enough food to last over winter, our troubles would be over.

However, on Saturday, the third of October, there arrived at the Legation a good-looking young American just graduated from Harvard; a lad with clear eyes and a strong, square jaw, Mr. Edward Curtis, a grandson of George William Curtis. He came through from Rotterdam with letters from Captain Lucey, saying that the first shipment of food had arrived. He was a welcome guest, this quiet, self-restrained boy who, the first representative of the Commission to arrive in Belgium, was to be the last to leave.

Early in November Gibson returned from the Odyssey that had taken him to Havre and to that little corner of Flanders left to Belgium, where, in a summer cottage in the bleak sand-dunes by the sea, he had seen the King and the Queen, living in the midst of that austere scene, with cold November winds blowing, and now and then a shell screaming over their roof, supporting their fate with royal fortitude. He brought back the kindest of messages from their Majesties and from Baron de Broqueville and from my colleagues at Havre, and he brought back the details of the great organization Mr. Hoover was splendidly undertaking.

We had been experiencing the first of those tremendous and complicated difficulties in carrying on the work of feeding the Belgians, difficulties that were destined to dog us with an almost maddening persistence during so many months, and that, in their slow lapse, seemed so many years. The organization of an enterprise that had to devise ways and means of raising ten million dollars every month, of purchasing foodstuffs in the distant markets of the world, in Argentina, in Canada, in the United States, find the means of transport across troubled and dangerous seas, and distribute it to seven millions of people in a land where the whole machinery of common life had been dislocated, where there were none of the ordinary means of communication, and to do all this in the midst of armies in the field, was a task that would have seemed insuperable a few months before.

This stupendous organization was due largely to the genius of Herbert Clark Hoover, but the minor task of keeping peace in the family seemed by some unkind fatality to fall to the lot of the person who happened to be American Minister at Brussels, and seemed to offer a convenient human substance to absorb all the numerous shocks. Perhaps it was because that substance was of the very softness sometimes irritably attributed to it when it declined or failed to range itself promptly and belligerently on one or the other side of the disagreements that almost daily distressed us; I do not know; all I know is that it seemed to be my rôle for a long time to induce pouting men of various nationalities and widely separated points of view and different habits of thought to meet at the Legation and, over a cup of tea, notoriously an innocuous and soothing beverage, to compose or forget their differences and to allow those poor Belgians, who had no quarrel with anybody, to go on eating.

The atmosphere in Brussels during those early days in November was not congenial to accords, and indeed, it did not improve in this respect as time went on. The Germans were not in a conciliatory humor; they were, indeed, distinctly difficult and irritable. The Kaiser had come to town for a day and had installed himself in the dark old palace of the d'Arenbergs, there in the *petit salon*; it was said that things were not going on well toward the sea and down near Calais and Dunkerque; and, as I heard some time later, that the Kaiser had come within fifteen minutes of his death by an English aviator's bomb at Thielt. He was in a château there, so a German officer told me; was to lunch and leave in the imperial motor at 1:30; the imperial luncheon, however, was finished earlier than had been expected

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and the Kaiser left in the imperial motor at 1:15. At 1:30 the aviator was hovering overhead, and the bomb dropped and exploded in the château.

We were not at that time, however, so expert in noting the reflex actions of such incidents as we became later. But at any rate the Belgian flag and even the flag of Brussels had been ordered down from the Hôtel de Ville and, because a Brussels policeman in a scuffle had struck a German secret agent, the Germans fined the city of Brussels five million francs and demanded that all policemen be disarmed and that they salute the German officers.

"What!" said one policeman. "Salute them—after they killed my father and mother!"

But whatever the cause may have been, the authorities were difficult, even those who desired to be otherwise. We began to encounter the phenomenon, not new in the world, of the tyranny of a phrase. As Socialists, for instance, speak of "class consciousness," so the German officers spoke of "military necessity." We would ask that something be done, something that seemed innocent and harmless, but no, it could not be done; and when we asked why, the words "military necessity" were pronounced; often in one of the civil departments they would shrug their shoulders and say: *"les militaires n'en veulent pas,"* and that was an end on it, no use for further discussion; it was as though a prophet of old had cried: "Thus saith the Lord!"

The guarantees of the Pasha seemed clear enough, unless *"messieurs les militaires"* should pronounce the magic formula *"une nécessité militaire"*; then they would become something else. We had the guarantees of the Governor-General permitting the food to enter and protecting it from seizure, but this document was as yet a lifeless thing; it had to be vivified by construction and by application. To render it practical it implied the means of communication and free circulation, in a word, *Passierscheine*, for a large number of delegates of the C. R. B., as we soon came to call the Commission for Relief in Belgium. I may as well say now that of all the food imported into Belgium by the C. R. B., during all the time we were there, the Germans never seized a grain; the guarantee was enforced and respected. But there were always ancillary difficulties; things were done, but seldom done graciously, or in that grand manner. If they did justice they did it as though they were granting a favor, and if they granted the favor they did it with a gesture that absolved the recipient of gratitude. Our right to circulate, for instance, to come and go, was not disputed, was indeed admitted, but it seemed to be impossible to procure *Passierscheine* which when shown to stolid sentinels would let one by. The authorities would shake their heads, shrug their shoulders, and say:

"Ce sont les militaires!"

We discussed *Passierschein* for Curtis, who was to come and go between Rotterdam and Brussels, bearing the C. R. B. dispatches; we had to have *Passierscheine* for the delegates of the C. R. B. who were to travel about in Belgium; we, that is Villalobar and I, had to have a courier of our own, with diplomatic impunities; and we had to have *Passierscheine* for ourselves.

It was on the fifth of November, after many consultations, that we gathered at last around the long oaken table at the American Legation there in my room and had the first of those sessions that were to be so often repeated in the history of the *ravitaillement* of Belgium. The personages were always the same; Mr. Hoover was present, of course, when he was in Brussels, and after the C. R. B. had a director, he made one of the council. That day, however, there was the Marquis of Villalobar; Mr. Solvay, whose snowy hair and beard framed the kindly face of the humanitarian; Mr. Francqui, with his energy, his will, his executive force and vigor, his black eyes flashing determination or sparkling humorously in the constant sallies of his wit; the Baron Lambert, the grave banker of the old house of the Rothschilds, scrupulously elegant in attire, polished in manner, particular in little things as in big—he would never have a letter written on a typewriter, for instance; he had them all written out by hand in a script that looked as though it had been from an engraved plate—and Mr. Emanuel Jenssen, a grandson by marriage of Mr. Solvay.

Mr. Francqui read a *projet* in which had been outlined with order and particularity the whole organization; first of the C. R. B., with its committees and headquarters in London, New York, and Brussels, its shipping station at Rotterdam; then of the C. N., with its seat in Brussels, a sub-committee in each province, etc., down to the communes, and all the vast system of exchange for the finance of the enterprise, arranged by Mr. Heineman and the *Geheimrat* Kaufmann. Slowly and with infinite pains the vast structure was reared, with as many complications and difficulties, as it seemed at the time, as there were at the Tower of Babel.

That the great organization, the one constructive organization left in the world, was got into such perfect and efficient order at last, was due to the union of such efficient minds and wills as those of Emile Francqui and Herbert C. Hoover, though each of the others contributed his share of real ability, of patience, of good will, and of a desire to serve humanity. And it was worth all it cost of pain and effort when one evening a telegram came from Rotterdam, saying that grain was being sent to Liège in charge of Captain Sutherland, military attaché at The Hague, and we could say that food was at last coming into Belgium!

L

IN THE first, and in many respects the best of his short stories "Boule de Suif," a story that depicts with the remorseless precision of his impeccable and cynical art the incredible meanness of human nature, Guy de Maupassant sums up in a phrase the essential spiritual significance of the Prussian occupation of Normandy in 1870, when he says: "There was, however, something in the air, something subtle and unknown, a strange and intolerable atmosphere, like a diffused odor, the odor of invasion."

As in France in 1870, so in Belgium in 1914. It was the atmosphere, the moral odor of invasion, that was hardest to bear. To those who had been used all their lives carelessly to breathe its air, liberty, now that it was lost, became a very real and beautiful thing. It was always galling and at times maddening, even for us who were the most privileged in the land, to have every desire, every impulse, every right, obstructed by a *verboten*. At every prominent corner in town there were brutal German sentinels with red flags, great placards labeled "Halte!" and guns, with their long bayonets fixed. Every one must have *Passierschein* and *Personal Ausweis*, and we floundered in a morass of regulations that made life an intolerable burden.

Much has been written of the cleanliness and order of German cities; I have written some of it myself; but I should rather live in a city as dirty as some I might name in France or Italy, governed by a machine as corrupt as some I have heard of in America, composed of the most renowned and reprehensible of our bosses, and have liberty as one does have it in them, than to dwell in one of those cities of Germany, with their *Eingänge* and *Ausgänge*, clean and regulated to the last degree, of course, but wholly without charm, and with the institutional odor of a penitentiary.

It came on us gradually, a slow closing in of the remorseless and inflexible hand of iron. To understand it one must understand the Belgian cities, full of civic pride and civic virtue, and after due reflection I should say that they are the best-governed cities anywhere in this world precisely because they govern themselves, and what is more, because they have a pride in themselves, a conscious, collective, communal, civic pride. To understand it, too, one must take into account the Belgian love of democracy, the Belgian love of liberty. The King

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is not King of Belgium, he is King of the Belgians—*Roi des Belges*—there is a vast difference. This love of liberty was developed in the democratic school of the commune; it was the commune again resisting at Liège, at Dixmude and the Yser.

Each of the cities of Belgium has its marked personality, its distinct individuality; each has its peculiar charm, almost its own customs. Bruges, Ghent, Antwerp, Brussels, Liège, all lovely, full of poetry and romance, yet all different, as sisters in one family are different. These old cities are very proud; they are proud of their history, proud of their beautiful city halls and public monuments; they are proud of their *bourgmestre* if he looks well in the red scarf, and they are proud of their liberty, and fierce in their independence. Attacked from the outside, they all stand together — Catholic, Liberal, Socialist, Fleming and Walloon. The cities are scrupulously clean — cleanliness indeed is a Belgian trait; and there is an ordinance or by-law in Brussels which forbids people to wash their sidewalks or the fronts of their houses after ten o'clock in the morning; otherwise the splashing and mopping would go on all the time.

Photograph by Press Illustrating Service

Désiré James, Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines.

That great prince of the church, the power and clarity of whose intellect, like the rigid austerity of his almost monastic life, recalled the early fathers of Christianity.

The Germans sought to introduce German ways and German regulations, tried to make them over, and to make over the people in them. The way to do this, they thought, was to issue orders and to publish them in placards on the city walls, or to give paternal counsel, like that advice of the Pasha to the people to save their money and to put it in the savings-bank where, he said, it would be respected; the advice was given at the very moment when levies were being imposed on all the cities and provinces throughout the country.

Not a day passed without a new and vexing regulation. In the *affiche* posted on the sixth of November there was a notice which, by way of proving the paternal interest of the Government in the people, said that the German Government had done all it could to get food and fuel for the Belgians, urging the people to return to their usual employment, and advised the communal authorities not to give money to anybody who would not work, and, in the third place, announced that on and after the eighth of November the affairs of life would be regulated by *normal* time, that is, of course, German time, fifty-six minutes earlier than Belgian time, which was Greenwich or English and prevailed all over the west of Europe.

The public clocks were duly advanced, but nobody in Brussels paid the slightest attention; every one continued to regulate by *l'heure belge* such affairs of life as were left to him. Turning into the Place de la Monnaie from the Rue des Friperies one afternoon I saw two women stop; one asked the hour and the other, glancing up at the clock which marked seven o'clock, said instantly, "It's six o'clock." It was like that everywhere, though for us at the Legations there was a complication; when we had an appointment with a Belgian we had to remember Belgian time, and in speaking to a Belgian one must remember not to refer to *l'heure allemande*. The fact gave rise to a new example of *la zwanze Bruxelloise:*

"The Kaiser says 'they must advance on Paris,' but they don't advance; then, 'they must advance on Calais,' but they don't advance; then, 'they must advance on Cracow,' but they don't advance there either; then he says 'we must advance the Brussels clocks one hour.'"

LI

THE fifteenth of November is the *jour de fête* of Albert I, King of the Belgians, and it had a poignant significance for his people in that tragic year of 1914. The news of the horror of Roulers had just come to town, another Louvain in the fury of its vengeance on the civil population, because the Belgian army had again blocked the path of German imperialism. The King—down there on the battle-line in the far corner of the land, fighting with his men behind the Yser, whose yellow waters had flooded western Flanders, older, as Arno Dosch, who had seen his Majesty at Furnes, could describe him to us, mustache grown long, a fixed sadness in his face

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and a steady flame in his eye, somehow like a viking; and the little Queen, quite simple, going about on errands of mercy, a romantic picture—was never so near to the hearts of his people. And Brussels was arranging a demonstration. The people wished it to assume the solemn form of a high mass at Ste. Gudule, and the word was whispered about; every one was going.

But the Germans got wind of that, as of everything, and forbade it, and there was no high mass. So every one went, instead, to low mass, an enormous crowd that trooped in out of the rain mixed with snow that was falling, to fill the old gray church and stand in silent masses in the aisles while the low mass was said, and then at the end to shout the passionate:

"*Vive le Roi! Vive la Belgique!*"

AT THE church of St. Boniface a Belgian flag was displayed and a German soldier tore it down. The *livre d'or* at the house of the Grand Maréchal, in which people were to sign for the King, was seized by the German police. Two boys who shouted "*Vive le Roi!*" were arrested and, since nothing was too insignificant to pass unnoticed, the little son of the Countess de Buissaret was arrested for making goose-steps in the street while a squad of German soldiers was passing. The Countess was an American and it required a week of effort to have the lad released from the *Kommandantur*. And I heard of a man who was arrested "for having looked at a German lady with insolence on the street."

Some one was always being arrested. The *Polizei* in their helmets and boots, with their brassards and long bayonets, arrested high and low, from the wife of the Grand Maréchal of the Court down to the man, slinking by in the twilight, who offered me the *Times* for sale. The oldest and proudest names in Belgium were on the roll of patriots.

The Germans began, too, the seizure of property, not only public but private. They closed the gates of the lovely Parc, designed by Zinner in 1774, with its lofty trees, its pleasant alleys, its fountains and statues, where Brussels loved to loiter and listen to the music, and where the children played. It was all changed! In the square reserved for children, officers exercised their horses. Already in the villages and suburbs they were seizing bronze and copper—even the door-knobs and kitchen utensils.

The Directors of the *Banque Nationale* were subjected to the first of a long series of vexations, in revenge for the action of the bank in removing all of its treasury to Antwerp and thence to England. Then the Germans began to arrest those members of the *Garde Civique* who had considered it a point of patriotism not to report to the *Meldeamt* in obedience to the German order.

There was trouble about our courier from Holland, who was always being arrested or stopped and searched by the *militaires;* there was trouble about the post; the Germans were opposed to our carrying letters for any one but them; and when the *militaires* heard that a Belgian had sent word to a friend in Holland to send his letters in care of the American Legation, they thought that was conclusive evidence that we were receiving and delivering and dispatching letters. We finally arranged the affair of the post satisfactorily, the courier going into Holland in a motor with a German soldier on the box, carrying the pouches of the Spanish, Dutch, and American Legations, and though the service was now and then interrupted, as a military necessity, the Germans always scrupulously respected the seals on our pouches. It was hard to refuse the poor folks who wished to send letters to their friends and relatives outside, but having given my word not to forward any letters the constant refusals became one of the hard tasks of each day. They could see no reason why one should keep one's word when it had been given to a German, which shows what example will do.

But all these troubles faded into nothing one night late in November when a message came from Washington in these words:

"Your dispatch of September 26, 1914, referring to conditions in Brussels since its occupation by the Germans, has been received and read by the Department with much interest. The Department informs you that the patriotic and efficient way in which the numerous difficulties, that have arisen during the past few months in Belgium, have been met is appreciated."

LII

ONE afternoon the Marquis of Villalobar, whose pretty red and yellow flag, with the royal arms of Spain, fluttered so gaily about Brussels on its various errands, came in with an important gazette. Von der Goltz had gone to Constantinople and was to be superseded. It was a surprise because for days Turkish princes had been in Brussels and there had been wonderful dinners and fêtes in the dining-halls of the Belgian Ministries, where the Pasha spoke Turkish with the best of them. General von Lüttwitz had gone too. It was always that way; we had no sooner got used to von Jarotsky than he left, and now that we knew von Lüttwitz he was going. Baron Freys was going too, and we regretted that; he had made things so much easier. But the Pasha departed unwept of all, I fear, without even sympathy for the wound he had received in the cheek while at his favorite sport of watching battles in Flanders, and his successor, Baron von Bissing, duly arrived.

A few days later then we went up the grand staircase of the *Ministère des Arts* in the Rue de la Loi, the Marquis of Villalobar, Mr. van Villenhoven and I, and, by the Baron von der Lancken, were presented to the new Governor-General in Belgium, a man whose name, justly or unjustly, was destined to stand forth to the world as a symbol of one of the darkest, cruelest, and most sinister pages of its miserable history.

General Baron von Bissing, standing there in the lofty salon of the residence of the Belgian Minister of the Arts and Sciences, in the early twilight of that short December afternoon, was a man over seventy years of age, old and thin, with thick graying black hair brushed straight back from his forehead and plastered down as with water or with oil on the curiously shaped head that was so straight and sheer behind. His face was hard and its leathern skin, wrinkled and old and weather-beaten, was remorselessly shaved as to chin and throat and high lean cheeks, leaving the thick heavy mustache of a Prussian *Reiter* to hide somewhat the thin lips of the stern mouth and then flow on, growing across his cheeks to bristle up fiercely by his ears.

He was scrupulously clean, one might almost say scrubbed. One might almost imagine him smelling of soap like an old sergeant-major in a regiment of guards. His brow was high and wide and the lean face tapered to the wedge of a very firm jaw; the visage of an old Prussian dragoon of the school and mentality of Bismarck. But out of it there gleamed a pair of piercing dark eyes that seemed black until one saw that they were blue; they were keen, shrewd eyes, not wholly unkind. He wore, ceremoniously, a great heavy saber that clanked against his thin legs as he walked stiffly into the salon until its hilt was grasped, as though by an habitual gesture, in the aged hand.

He had on a well-worn uniform of field gray; his thin legs, on which he walked so slowly and so stiffly, as with automatic movements, were encased in tight gray trousers, caught with straps below the long, soft-pointed boots that were furnished with great silver spurs. His tunic was light, too, and short, and its shabbiness was somehow accentuated by the Iron Cross of the first class that he wore, and by the blue enameled star of the order of—something; Villalobar knew and told me afterwards, but I made no note of it in my journal, and I have forgotten it now. It was, I remember, fastened by a ribbon like a cravat about his collar and dangled heavily out at his wrinkled old throat.

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A MACHINE-GUN LOVER

Tracy Richardson

By

William G. Shepherd

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Tracy Richardson.

I'VE had to know this young man seven years before being able to write about him. But now is the time. I've quit waiting for him to add a finishing-touch to his career. He probably never will.

He would live in a cheap hall bedroom in New Orleans, on free lunches, for a month at a time; he would haunt the dingy rooms in which the South American revolutionary jaunts laid their plots, looking for a job. He would travel in a dirty little boat, land in a malaria-infested port, get into a cheap, cotton uniform and march for days with brown, South American comrades across desert sands or through poisonous forests, if he knew that, at the end of it all, there would be for him just ten little minutes of sitting on the leather saddle of a machine gun and turning its deviltry loose in a life and death fight.

Men, sometimes, become horse lovers, and ruin themselves thereby. Others give their lives up to their love of automobiles. Still others sacrifice all to airplanes, or whisky or fine food, or old books, or art. Tracy Richardson, a real live young American, from Lamar, Missouri, is a victim of his love for the machine gun. It is an unfortunate hobby. You can play with horses, books, food, and even whisky, without necessarily killing anybody, even yourself. It's different with machine guns. They are made to kill, as horses are made to run. And so, if you are a machine-gun lover, you have to tramp around the earth hunting battles. The excuse of Tracy's friends—and they number every American correspondent of recent years who has covered a South American revolution—the excuse of Tracy's friends is that we do not select our hobbies; they select us.

The machine gun picked onto Richardson seven years ago, when he was twenty-one; it has had him its helpless victim ever since. Richardson had saved up five hundred dollars in his home town and had started out to see the world. He got off a ship at Bluefields, Nicaragua, one summer day and went up to the hotel to wash up. His baggage was put off the ship onto the pier. A brown dock-hand, in one second of bonehead-edness, made a simple mistake that fixed Richardson's whole career for him. This minister of Fate took Tracy's trunk and put it on a boat that was starting back for the United States. Most of Tracy's money and all of his clothes, except those he wore were in that trunk.

Broke in Nicaragua; that was his fix. Two mysterious strangers, who had been on the boat with him, heard of his plight. They offered him a job in a revolutionary army that was being formed to oust Zelaya from the presidency. Tracy, up to that time, had never fired even a shotgun. But, within three weeks, in a Nicaraguan jungle, he was in his first battle. And, in that battle, a rickety old machine gun, representative of all the machine guns in the world, put the spell of its tribe upon him.

He saw one man, single-handed, with its aid turn back scores of men. Its sound fascinated him. Its power charmed him. To have the strength of three hundred men lodged under the tiniest pressure of your index finger; tor see bigger and stronger men than yourself, desperate in the excitement of battle, falling wounded, helpless and harmless, while you, with a coolness on which your very life and the success of a battle may depend, sit on a leather bicycle seat and, by the aim of a squinted eye, sweep a long finger of death out before you, is an experience to stir red blood. Then and there, the machine gun put its brand on the Missouri boy, for life. He fought in a dozen battles that summer, always trying to get into the machine-gun corps. At last he had his wish. On the plateau of Alta Grande, attacking the city of Granada, Richardson, behind a machine gun, had his first taste of blood.

The revolutionists won. Richardson, with fifteen hundred dollars in wages, tried to live the life of a man-about-town in Bluefields. But, day by day, he could talk and think only of fighting; and, at night, the clatter of trotting horses on the stone streets sounded like machine-gun fire.

Another war, somewhere; any kind of a war, just so long as machine guns were in it; this became the desire of his life. He talked thus to other Americans who had been with him in the battle-line; he found that they, too, were unhappy and restless, with an urge that money could not satisfy.

"Let's go back to New Orleans," said one of the old-time soldiers of fortune one day. "There's always a revolution hatching there." And so Tracy in the Louisiana city, was introduced to the nests of revolution and, while his money faded away, watched the hatching of plots against South American rulers. At last a revolution in Hon-

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A picture of Richardson taken in company with the Mexican bandit, Maximo Castillia, and others.

duras came to a head. Tracy was sent there as a machine-gun expert.

I can not tell about all the battles that Richardson has seen. I've heard the stories in his own slow, Missouri drawl. Even with his best friends he is bashful and you've got to smoke your pipe or cigaret in a lazy way and look bored and make believe you don't think his story is any great shakes of a yarn in order to keep him going. The minute you show any signs of great interest or appreciation of extraordinariness he shuts up. He is still, at heart, only a Missouri farmer boy.

Next came the Orosco revolution against Madero. The newspaper correspondents at El Paso noted, without interest, the blue-eyed, gentle-faced young Missourian who hung about the hotel lobbies. His clothes weren't any too new; he didn't drink or smoke or tell stories; and, every evening, he left the hotel lobbies and found his way to his cheap boarding-house. He didn't look as if he had a single story in him and he was chock full of them.

Then we heard that he had gone into the mountains alone to find Orosco's army and join it. He came back to El Paso, after some weeks, thin and gray-faced. He had nothing to tell us, he said. I know now, after an acquaintance with him that has extended over several years, that he didn't know us well enough to tell us things; he was too bashful to talk to high and mighty city folks. But he hadn't been too humble or too gentle to sit behind a machine gun and, for four hours, with the fate of a battle hanging on him, pump death into a small army of Mexicans who were trying to reach the heights which Tracy and his band were holding.

As he sat in his machine-gun saddle that afternoon he felt a burning sensation in his chest, but he kept on firing. He knew he was wounded, but then was not the time to worry about it.

"What's the matter with your back?" asked one of the machine-gun crew. "It's all covered with blood."

"I knew right then," Tracy told me afterward, "that I had an in-and-out hole in me, through the lungs and shoulders, and if I'd stopped firing we'd have all been done for, so I had to keep on. You know a machine gun keeps jumping and pounding up against your shoulder, and my wound was right where the gun was churning my hurt. Another fellow tied an old shirt, rolled into a pad, round the wound in my back and I just naturally had to sit there and keep on firing, to save my life."

That night, with the battle won, Tracy slept on the ground under a tree, after one of his comrades had washed both openings with burning iodin. The next day he rode six miles on a mule, to a little town, where he purchased peroxide of hydrogen and cotton, with which he soaked his wounds. Then like a hurt animal, he crept into a little Mexican hotel, and for two weeks kept to a dingy bed, sleeping, eating what the Mexican family brought him, and waiting for time and mother nature to heal the injury.

"How did you ever get well?" I once asked him.

"Don't know, exactly," he said. "I got tired of staying in bed and I just got up and went about my business, making believe to myself that I was all well again. And the first thing I knew, I *was* well."

The next time I crossed Tracy's path I didn't see him; I only heard the noise he was making with a machine gun in the hills around Ludlow, Colorado. The great coal strike was on and I was living with the striking miners and their families in their tent city in the Ludlow valley. In all our tents there were rifles, with ammunition aplenty; in the hills were the enemy searchlights that swept over our canvas homes during the night, and the enemy machine guns that barked, now and then, at shadows which had been mistaken by nervous mine guards for striking dynamiters. And we looked with awe upon the inhuman, armored automobiles that dashed along the roads with machine-gun barrels sticking from their sides and, from time to time, spat death on bands of marching miners. I found out later that, squinting at our camp, through the slits in the steel sides of an armored car, Tracy Richardson, more than once, had glimpsed our camp. The lure of the machine gun had drawn him to Ludlow.

"I never tried to weigh both sides in the scales to see who was right," Tracy told me in one of his long talks one day. "I took the one that seemed to me to be right, at the time; and the one that was most apt to win."

But the Ludlow work was too unmanly for Tracy. "I didn't mind working for the mine owners," he said "just as long as a fair fight was in sight, but when I saw the women and children in those camps, and knew that any day we might expect orders to fire on them, I quit the job."

Next, Mexico City, in 1914. Tracy came there to get a job behind a machine gun, from Huerta. But Huerta's cause was waning, and his funds were low; moreover he did not trust Americans. In a gambling-house one night, in Mexico City, Tracy, who never gambled himself, stepped up to a New York newspaper man who was having a phenomenal run of luck at roulette, and handed him a five-peso note.

"Play this on the next number for me," he requested.

The newspaper man played, and lost. None of us knew that it was Richardson's last cent; he wasn't the kind to speak of things like that to his friends. Within a few minutes he went out of the place and none of us saw him again for several weeks. He lost himself from our view somewhere in the big Mexican city, and hid his poverty.

Then, on April twenty-first, at five o'clock in the afternoon, came a shock to the Americans in the capital that none of them will ever forget. The news came over the wires that American marines had landed in Vera Cruz, and that desperate fighting was going on in the streets of the seaport town, two hundred and fifty miles distant. Mobs began to parade the streets of Mexico City, crying "Death to the Gringoes." The American club and the American hotel were attacked by crowds. Americans made their way with their families, after dark, to the American legation, where Nelson O'Shaughnessy, the American attaché,

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and his wife, received them under the somewhat shaky protection of the American flag.

And with these Americans, came Tracy from his out-of-the-way haunts of the city. He knew that, in a box in the basement of the legation, was a dismantled machine gun which had been stored for just such emergency as this. A score of American men, including the newspaper correspondents, unpacked two hundred rifles from their wooden casings, in the basement of the legation that night, while others opened tin cans of ammunition and placed supplies of cartridges at each window. But our hope was placed on Tracy. In a little side room, sitting on the cement floor, he whistled and hummed old songs, and washed the hard, rust-resisting oil from the steel parts of his machine gun, while he was putting it together and getting it ready to do the killing that might be in store for the night. His diffidence was gone.

Telephone messages brought the legation bad news from the center of the town. Mobs were starting for the American colony. Each new rumor flustered the crowd in the legation. Young men would dash to windows with loaded rifles; some of the women and children would cry with fear. But Tracy only whistled and worked. He knew what he could trust his machine gun to accomplish; what he could do with it to a Mexican mob. Tracy was the real master of the legation that night.

Soon we heard the roar of a crowd. Thousands of Mexicans approached the legation singing and shouting. They did not know that, in every window, American men were ready with good rifles; and that, in the yard, behind a machine gun so placed that it could sweep three streets, sat a young man who was ready, if necessary, to mow them down with a scythe of death. The Mexicans only made their roaring noises, shook their fists at the building and marched past. But Tracy Richardson was the one best bet for the women and children in the American legation that night.

Richardson in Company with officers of rebel Mexican army, 1912.

Richardson on his first trip as a filibuster, Nicaragua.

And then came Vera Cruz. Most of us reached it in a British refugee train, under the British flag. On the outskirts of the city, as we walked across a gap of torn railroad, toward the town where the American troops held forth, it was not the Stars and Stripes that we saw awaiting us, but the British Union Jack, held aloft by a hundred British bluejackets, who had come out from Vera Cruz to meet and guard us.

I remember how Tracy swore that hot tropical afternoon as we trudged across the gap toward the British flag.

"Why in hell do we have to be saved by the British when our own troops are so near?" he drawled. "What's this British flag doing, protecting Americans in North America?"

Some of us cheered for the British Jackies; but Tracy looked at them glumly.

There was no machine-gun work for Richardson within the American lines; one can't join the American army on the field of battle as one joins South American revolutionists. Tracy spent his time, in vain, around a machine-gun emplacement that was built along the beach road. At last he went to General Funston and asked for a position as a "scout." You may call it a "spy," if you please. There were many things that Funston wanted to know about the readiness of the Mexicans to fight. For instance, where had they taken the locomotives which they had removed in their retreat? There was a coast-line railway, forty miles long, on which they might have moved the engines; it was necessary for some "scout" to view every inch of that railway and reach the roundhouse at its very end. One night, dressed like an American miner (there was no use in trying to disguise himself as a Mexican) Tracy set out into the jungle from the American lines. In those days the Mexicans were hanging and burning American stragglers. As a life insurance risk, Tracy was far below par; but, as a "scout," he was worth a premium. Four days later, he returned to Funston, sneaking into the American lines at night, with the news that there was not a locomotive on the line—information that caused Funston to begin laying plans for advancing.

For several weeks Richardson practically lived outside the American lines, playing with death in its most gruesome form.

And then came the war in Europe. None of us in Vera Cruz or Mexico City expected it; the news that reached us was meager. True enough, the British, German, Italian, French and Dutch warships in the harbor of Vera Cruz departed silently, one by one, without ceremony, answering orders that were whispered to them through the air from the navy buildings in London, Berlin, Paris, Rome and the Hague. When the storm broke, most of us were ordered to Europe. We hurried home on transports, or crossed the gulf of Mexico to New Orleans or Galveston on oil boats, and hurried to New York to catch the Atlantic liners that would carry us toward the battle-fields in Europe.

The Strand, in London, nine months later, was where I next met Tracy Richardson. He was deathly thin; his face was gray and sallow; his smile was weak and there were marks of pain on his face. He wore the uniform of the "Princess Pats," of Canada.

(Continued on page 96)

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He said to her, "Oh go and play, Celia!"

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THE FIRST TIME AFTER

By

Dorothy Canfield

For about a year Dorothy Canfield directed the printing of a magazine for the war-blind at the Lighthouse in Paris. This poignant story of a blind French soldier has back of it her own experience of work among the war blind.

Illustrated by George Wright

THE little newspaper in his home town put the matter thus, "Our young fellow-citizen, Louis Vassard, has returned from the hospital to his home. He received a bad head-wound in the battle of Verdun and unfortunately has lost his eyesight."

Of course the family meant to keep from him this casual method of announcing the end of his world, as they meant to keep everything from the newly blinded man, but he overheard the item being read aloud in the kitchen, and took a savage pleasure in its curt brevity. He liked it better, he told himself disdainfully, than the "sympathy" which had surrounded him since his return home. He cast about for an adjective hateful enough, and found it—"sniveling sympathy," that was the word. He rejoiced in its ugliness; all his old sensitive responsiveness curdled into rage.

The hospital had been hell, nothing less, intolerable physical agony constantly renewed; and of course home, where he was petted and made much of and treated like a sick child, home was not hell; but sickened and embittered, resenting with a silent ferocity the commiseration of those about him, he felt sometimes that hell was the better place of the two.

The most galling of all his new humiliations was that he was never allowed to be alone. His ears, sharpened like all his other senses by the loss of his sight, heard the silly whispering voices at the door. "I can't stay any longer," whispered his aunt, who, for an hour, had been stupefying him with her dreary gabble. "Come, it's your turn," and he heard the dragging step of his old cousin advancing with a stifled sigh to do his duty by their martyred hero. Or, it was the light, irregular step of his little sister, irritated at being forced to do what would have been a pleasure if she had been left free.

He dared not protest against this as hotly as he felt, because, his self-control hanging by a thread, he knew that if he let himself go at any point, he would be lost, would be raving and shrieking to be killed like the man in the bed next him at the hospital. He swallowed down his rage and his humiliation and only said coldly, "You don't need to mount guard on me like that, all the time. I'm blind, I know, but I'm not an imbecile—yet!" He shocked them by his brutal outspoken use of the word, and they drove him frantic by beating about the bush to avoid it, always saying to others, that he "had had a bad head-wound and his eyes were affected."

He said once sternly, "Why should you think I'm ashamed to hear the word? You don't suppose it's any doings of mine, being blind!"

But no matter how bruskly or roughly he spoke, he could never anger them. He felt often and often that if only he could hurt them, startle them into irritability, he would be relieved. But they never varied from the condescending amiability one shows to children and sick people. He sickened and shivered at the thought of the glances of pitying comprehension with which they probably accompanied those never-varying soft answers.

And always they stayed with him. Even when for a few moments they pretended to go away and leave him, he heard the breathing and the imperceptible stirrings of some one left on guard. Or he imagined that he heard them, and scorned to grope his way to see. Instead he sat motionless, his mask of pride grimmer and harder than ever.

Next after their always being there, he hated their efforts to cheer him up. That had been the phrase of the doctor at the hospital, when they went there to take him away, "Now he must be cheered up. He mustn't be left to brood. He needs cheerful company about him." Of course there was his mother—and he was so young that only a few years of intense growth separated him from the time when he ran to her for consolation. Certainly his mother could not be accused of attempting too much to cheer him up, the poor mother who, try as she might, had not yet mastered herself so that she could command her voice when she looked into the tragic sightless face of her son. Himself poised on the brink of hysteria, he dreaded more than anything in the world the sound of that break in his mother's voice. Oh, yes, he realized it perfectly, it was not their fault, it was not that they did the wrong things, it was only that he hated everything they did—if they spoke cheerfully or wept, were silent or laughed. He was like a man all one raw sore, to whom every touch is torture.

He often woke up in the morning feeling that he could not go on another day, that he *could* not. Every one about him commented on his remarkable quiet. "He never complains, he talks about all kinds of things, he has the newspaper read to him every morning," they reported to visitors. They did not see the sweat on his forehead as he listened.

ONE day they had taken him out-of-doors, on the bench at the end of the garden. It was his little sister's turn to "be with poor Louis," the little sister who would have been so unconsciously droll and diverting if she could have been natural. He said to her, "Oh, go and play, Celia! Why don't you bring your hoop out here? Or your jumping-rope?"

But the conscientious, sensitive child, drugged by the fumes of self-sacrifice which filled the house, was incapable of being herself. She sat on the bench beside her big brother, holding his hand, talking affectedly, with an artificial vivacity, in as close an imitation as possible of her elders. The man to whom she chattered, winced, shrugged his shoulders and fell into a morose silence.

But Celia, after all, was only eight years old, and at that age, honest human nature is hard to stifle. Over across the road in the meadow was Jacques with his new net, hunting butterflies. And—she stood on tiptoe to see—yes, he seemed to have caught—could it be that blue-and-black variety they hadn't yet found? She darted away, ran back, caught her brother's hand, "Louis, just a minute! I won't be gone but just a minute!" she cried, and was off, her little feet pattering down the path to the road.

Why, he was alone! It was the very

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Then three clear whistling notes dropped down to him, a thrush trying his voice wistfully.

first time since— He did not finish the sentence, shrinking away in terror from the word, now that there was no need for bravado.

He stood up wildly. He must get away at once, to find some hidden spot, to be more and yet more alone. He knew that from the house they could not see the bench—oh, he knew every inch of the ground around the house from having played all over it from his childhood. He knew too that on the other side of the hedge there was an open field with a big clump of chestnut-trees, further along, opposite the hole in the hedge where you could scramble through.

He started down the path. It was the first time he had taken a step without having some one rush to lead him. His heart beat fast.

He followed the path, feeling his way with his cane. There was the hole in the hedge. Somehow, he was through, and walking on sod, soft under his feet; no, something round and hard was there. He fumbled, picked it up; a chestnut. He must be near the clump of trees. Alone, he had found the way!

He turned to the left. In the old days there was a little hollow where the brook ran, a little hollow all thickly overgrown with ferns just large enough to hide a boy who was playing robbers. If he could only find that place and lie down in the ferns again! Scorning to put out his hands to grope, he stepped forward slowly into the black infinity about him. After a few steps, something brushed lightly against his hanging hand. He stooped and felt in his fingers the lace-like grace of a fern-stalk. The sensation brought back to him with shocking vividness all his boyhood, sunflooded, gone forever.

He flung himself down in the midst of the ferns, the breaking-point come at last, beating his forehead on the ground. It was the first time that he could throw aside the racking burden of his stoicism. At last he was alone, entirely alone in the abyss where henceforth he was to pass his days and nights. Dreadful tears ran down from his blind eyes upon the ferns. He was alone at last; he could weep. At last this was not rage; this was black, black sorrow.

NOW they were shed, the tears, the great scalding flood of them had fallen. The man lay on his face in the ferns like a dead body on a battle-field, broken, drained dry of everything, of strength, of stoicism, of suffering, even of bitterness. For the moment there was nothing left—nothing but the consciousness of being alone, empty and alone in the blackness.

And yet was he alone, quite alone? Something in the black gulf stirred and made a rustle of leaves high over his head. The little sound came clear to his ears. Then three clear whistling notes dropped down to him, a thrush trying his voice wistfully, dreaming of the summer past. The angel-pure perfection of those notes sounded across the black gulf with ineffable radiance. The prostrate man at the foot of the tree, heard them ringing out in the echoing, empty rooms of his heart. They seemed the first sounds he had ever heard, the presage of something new, of everything new. He did not stir, but he held his breath to listen.

The bird did not sing again. And yet there was no silence as he had thought. Listening for the bird's note, he heard the delicate murmur of the leaves, light arpeggios accompanying the singing voice of the little brook, now suddenly quite loud in his ears. He felt the fern-stalks stirring against his cheek and divined their supple submission to the wind. The chestnut was still in his hand, unimaginably smooth polished, flawless. The breeze lifted his hair in a movement gentler than anything human—his blackened house was no longer empty of all things.

Presently his young body wearied of immobility. He found himself on his back, stretched out on the good earth, his arms crossed under his head, his eyes turned toward the sky he would never see again. His muscles

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He seemed to be limping. Something had gone wrong with one leg, but they had a rope round him and hauled him along, hands still bound behind him.

CHAPTER THREE

Beatrice Greets A New Lover

IF I have not enabled you to picture the Duchess of Siona as a calm, collected, dignified girl, very stately, with something of her rank and station always so present that that aspect of her took you even before her beauty, then I have told my story so far very badly.

But on this news, so startled was she that for the moment she was no more than perhaps the most beautiful woman of her age in Italy. No more than that. The essential womanhood she shared with these her ladies wrought in her, as a fact, exactly the effect it had had upon them; that is to say that her eyes shone, she blushed, through her parted lips her breath came quickly, her hands were raised, palms outward, breast high, her whole attitude became suddenly that of one who would spring, right, left, anywhere on the instant, from a danger, and yet would stay to ponder the thing. Looking at her you could have forgotten the duchess, and worshiped the beautiful startled woman. Taken unawares, the duchess had for a moment resolved into womanhood.

"What—where—who is it? Who says so?"

By now the lady who first bore the news to the garden was come upon the scene, having been left behind in most unfair and even unmannerly fashion by the rush of the others, who, racing ahead of her, had thus stolen her news and all the glory of its delivery.

"No, no!" she cried. "Let me tell her!" She was too late, of course. Swiftly the Duchess confronted her.

"Are you sure?"

"I was in your hall, your Grace. I saw him, talking to the guard there. A tall dark man. I heard Signor Filipo, I think it was, say to him: 'You are proposing to court our Duchess?' and he answered, 'I have decided to marry your Duchess.' And I ran into the garden to find you."

"Where is he now?"

From another door entered another young lady, all hurry, and her words as she entered the room came pat as an answer to the question.

"Excellency, he is coming up the stairs!"

Already the Duchess was disappearing. Words flowed from her in jets as she moved: "My hair! My dress! Chancellor, your robes! Francesca, Ada, come with me." In a trice she was gone, her two ladies vanishing with her.

Now the pack, still hungry for

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excitement, swarmed round the first bringer of the news. "Now tell us, did you really see him?"

"What is he like?"

"Is he tall?"

"Is he fair?"

"Or dark?"

"Is he young?"

"What is his name?"

They poured this torrent of questions, and more, at her as the flood pours from a reservoir through a broken dam. She swayed against it, held her hands to her ears in protest. They ceased speaking and panted instead.

"He is," she said, "a fine man. No, not young. No, not old. No, not gray. No, not so very tall; only tall. Very soldierlike. A great gentleman, I should think—indeed, one can see that. Very plain in his dress—not like some of the suitors, all velvet and ruffles and ribbands. And rather a terrible sort of man."

"How do you mean, terrible? Do you mean a snorting, fierce kind of man, angry——?"

"Oh, no, I mean his smile. It is very—kind—I suppose, but it frightens you."

"It won't frighten our Duchess."

THEY agreed unanimously that the stranger would not, could not frighten their Duchess. Each of them felt a little glow of pride as she ranged herself behind that doughty champion.

"But whatever brings him here—and just fancy what we were saying this morning! Hasn't any one told him the Duchess won't marry?"

"Perhaps he thinks he can make her. He looks the sort of man to make people do things. Hush! Here he comes—Look, look!"

Into the hall from the great stone staircase which led up from the main hall came a most interesting procession. First walked two pages, gay, young striplings of twelve or so, very takingly dressed, and carrying wands. Behind them came six men-at-arms, in dress of ceremony, which included light armor. Their pikes at the slope over each man's shoulder, their helmets, their breastplates, gave a fine military air to the procession. After them came a crowd of the Duchess's gentlemen and officers, doing the honor of personal escort to the new-come suitor, and behind them marched more men-at-arms.

All were in step—left, right, left, right—all shared in and helped to dispense that exhilarating air of military enterprise which the age loved to associate with its every ceremony. The guard was at its stiffest, the gentlemen at their stateliest, the stranger moved among them, in his place, head erect, eyes serenely directed forward, step exact. How fine it was! . . . If only there had been music . . . the tap, tap, tap of the rhythmic drum.

The guard lined up—some behind the state chair, some by the entrance to the room. Their pike-butts clashed unanimous on the floor, the points raised upward. The march of feet lost its precision as the group of gentlemen came to a halt.

The stranger moved easily forward a pace or two. Every woman's eye was on him, searching for detail that might serve to satisfy curiosity. He had been rightly reported. He was not young, truly, that is to say not as Guidomari, Filipo, Ludovico, were young. But it did not seem to matter now, strangely enough, to these young ladies, to whom only a minute ago youth in a man considered as a lover was the imperative first qualification. Guidomari, Filipo, Ludovico—suddenly they seemed extremely boyish, painfully young.

Nor was he old. His hair was black, thick, springing at the temples vigorous and somewhat curly. His face bore lines, by the mouth, by the nostrils, on the forehead. But these carried no implications of age. His neck was thick, sinewy, his shoulders square, waist small, legs slender but powerful, arms long. His nose was large, his mouth grim yet with a little upward twist on one side that suggested a certain comical view of life. His eyes were set so close under his dark eyebrows that he seemed at first to frown. Afterward you puzzled as to what he might be smiling at.

His dress was excessively plain. It seemed to suggest an almost ostentatious disregard of a lover's customary elegance—nay, one might believe its simplicity declared a wish to eliminate every trace of outward indication of his avowed purpose. No embroidery, no splash of color, no fretting of his leather belt; his dagger handle, his sword hilt, were unornamented. Sword and dagger were evidently weapons, and nothing more. In that directness and simplicity of purpose the man's character seemed to speak.

He stepped forward toward the group of ladies, laid his hand on his heart, and bowed, gracefully yet curtly, as if bowing were a thing he knew he could do with effect, yet disdained to linger over. Very fluttered, yet with a taking dignity, all the ladies courtesied in reply. The stranger, receiving unembarrassed the polite homage of the group, surveyed them gravely, and again bowed.

Again the ladies, bravely and fittingly upholding the reputation of the castle of Siona for good manners and a nice acquaintance with all those forms of courtesy that could harbor only in jest such a center of feminine refinement and notable delicacy of atmosphere, gave him back due answer, with stoop, pause and lift.

A third time the stranger bowed, and this time he made no haste, but delivered a bow of such spaciousness, such sweep, such deliberate and scholarly amplitude, that, achieving the majestic, it skirted the very edge of the pompous and even flirted with something perilously like caricature. It was, in a word, an exhibition bow, so completely what a bow should be in every regard that one felt a sense of relief when it was fairly over. And again the ladies courtesied.

I could wish you to have witnessed these salutations, in order that you might realize their singular effect upon the attitude of every man and woman in the gathering there When first the stranger bowed, the ladies in courtesying their answer were in a state of high excitement, pleasure, interest, even amusement, and one or two at the back of the group looked at each other and could not for the life of them refrain from giggling. At what? God knows.

I can only explain it thus—that here was confessedly the formal opening of a courtship, and from the beginning of things there has been that in womanhood that giggles at the notion. Resolve the meaning of that sly humor, and you have taken the first step toward the unriddling of that tremendous secret which all women share, the portentous mystery of which they alone hold the keys, and which they will never disclose till that moment arrives in which the world rends into its original atoms, sex vapors into nothingness, and the secret loses its meaning—and will, therefore, not be worth either keeping or telling.

The stranger saw that ill-controlled mirth—he was, as you will discover later, the sort of man who failed to note very little of what went on about him—and when a second time he bowed, his salutation differed from his first in this—that without conveying a hint of reproach, it made all the ladies aware that an indiscretion had been committed among them.

THEIR second answering courtesy visibly soared in both conception and execution far above the first. It was no mere meet and fit acknowledgement of the stranger's civility. It divested itself of levity, took on the right air of ceremony, even stiffness, reached after and perhaps would have achieved the dignity of the stranger's bowing, but for the fact that the slower among them could not on the moment lift themselves to the plane of the stranger's high intentions. The individual courtesying was good, but the timing was out. But their third courtesy topped the possible. They timed each other, waiting on Adelaise, bending with her, lingering at the stoop with her, rising with her, in such perfection, such just harmony of movement, that through each one of them ran a thrill of delight at her own achievement. And then they stood, demure, pleased, faces controlled, chins high, backs straightened, feet very elegantly placed, not merely

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In one wall, footed by the moat, was an opening the size and shape of a doorway. Leading from this over the moat and above it was a platform. On to this she stepped, and looked down upon the crowd.

the Duchess's ladies, but every woman of them determined to feel and look a duchess. If the Duchess were to shine among them now, she must be not so much a duchess as a queen. Almost, for a moment, they were anxious whether she could so soar.

And now, too, you may realize more of the wondrous change that had been wrought by this simple interchange of civilities. In his three bows, in the answers he had compelled, the stranger

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had lifted his visit from the plane of familiar interest on to one of high politics. This courtship was even now to take shape under their eyes purported not so much a marriage as an alliance. They were being permitted to take part in the ceremonial preliminaries of an Affair of State. Reigning princes, a king's son, a grand duke, had made venture here before now, but never had the case been other than that of a man seeking a wife. Now —it was different for the first time.

And this strange sense of contact with greatness, emanating from the stranger, enwrapping the ladies, spread now to all others in the hall.

NEVER did guard at Siona stand so miraculously stiff and soldierlike as these pikemen orderly ranged about the hall. Filipo, Guidomari, Ludovico, Anselmo, all the gentlemen of the guard were visibly, in stance and air, manhood ennobled by the spirit of soldiering. Arnolfo, the high steward, Farinata, the horse-master, Poccetti, the captain of the palace guard, the whole crowd of state and palace officials, accompanied often by their wives or other women relatives, arriving hastily as the news of what was forward reached them about the castle—all, men and women, responded to the strange compelling power. It was the finest, most distinguished crowd that ever thronged into hall in Siona Castle.

But the spirit of dignity stalked majestic among them. All, men and women, were like soldiers at a review. The stranger's very back seemed to survey them with the critical watchfulness that might lie in the eye, the frown, of some great and martinet commander.

All this from three bows, mark you.

But if you accept this wonder, grant me now a miracle.

They had not so much as got the stranger's name!

The Duchess of Siona was dressing, furbishing, preening, to receive a suitor —and not a man jack of them all there knew his name. He was there, in her hall, in a minute or two she would be coming in to receive him, to give him salutation for salutation, and they had not got his name.

True, they had asked for it, but from the moment when, passed in by the outer guard to the guard in the main hall, he had made known his errand, he had brought with him an atmosphere of such imperative urgency that delay in bringing him into the presence of the Duchess seemed out of the question. A swift summoning of an escort, the hasty assembling into their places of the gentlemen of the household, and hey, here we go, up-stairs into the presence!

Filipo had retained sufficient wits to put the question to him, though since he did not vouchsafe the information, it had been a most diffident matter, even on Filipo's part, who was not customarily diffident. There was about all the stranger said from the first a finality that seemed not so much to forbid as to preclude questioning, and when the query came at last it was with a painful hesitation.

"Sir," Filipo had said, throwing every possible tone of respect in his voice. "Sir, we do not yet know your name"—"and state," he had meant to finish, but somehow the idea of any question of state seemed on the face of it to be an impertinence.

The stranger had looked at him, not offended, and laid finger to lip.

"As to that," he said, gravely, "we must defer, as far as open announcement is to be made, until certain other matters, concerning her Grace and myself no less intimately, present themselves for dealing with. You understand?"

"Undoubtedly." Filipo assured him that—but he really did not. All he understood, or thought he understood, was, that if the plain procedure invariable in these affairs was being swept aside, as it undoubtedly was, it was for reasons which might involve rebuke to him, Filipo, if he presumed to question them.

"It is our custom," he began apologetically, "usually—and I thought——"

"You are right," answered the stranger, with a touch of approval in his tones that greatly gladdened Filipo; "yet, for a reason that her Grace will learn—and which you may or may not have made a guess at"—he looked with a dark, peering good humor at the young man, who strove to throw into his appearance a hint that indeed he had ventured on a shot at the mystery here, not unsuccessfully—"this matter," proceeded the stranger, "of name and state must be strictly between the principals."

No more. Indeed, anything more seemed impossible. With a bend of the head the stranger fell into place among her Excellency's gentlemen, the pages with their wands began to lead the way to the great staircase, the guard of men-at-arms fell into stride, and the progress began.

So here he was. Yet, though all dreaded to question, still in the minds of all there the wonder as to his identity must have been, was, in fact, a persistent and uppermost thing. Every newcomer hurrying in and taking his place whispered the same query. The matter could not help but be kept alive. Heads were put together; from somewhere in the group a spirit bold enough to venture whence Filipo had retreated must have appeared. Was it a sense of this that brought the stranger to further speech?

He regarded the group of pretty girls standing behind and about the state chair, whispering, eying, speculating. "Ladies," he said, with great seriousness, "I was told that I should know the Duchess by her beauty, but among such as you—" pausing, he looked them over with an air of bewilderment, "what guidance is that? Pray, tell me, are you all duchesses?"

Not too subtle, but in their present excitement subtlety might have missed. Adelaise answered him: "The Duchess is not here. You must await her."

In reply he bent his head. "Let her not be long then, else I shall have lost my heart before she comes." There was nothing in that. Any man with pretensions to gallantry could, and would, have said it. It was the obvious thing to say, but coming so quickly after the mental disciplining he had administered, it so sweetly condescended that it was most pleasurable. "Truly," thought they all, "this is something like a suitor."

And the buzz of whispered surmise murmured through the hall, dissipating itself in guessing instead of focusing to the direct question.

"It is the Duke of Lucca!"

"It is one of the French princes!"

"It is some great Austrian nobleman, don't you think so?"

"Some great man, at any rate—a Muscovite count, perhaps."

"Wait, we shall soon know."

"Hush, here she comes!"

The Duchess entered. The doors to the right of the chair were thrown open and held back by two pages; you might count three, and then she came in.

THE Chancellor, robed in cassock of black and gold, white wand of office in hand, led her in, walking half a pace in front of her, head bent, left hand holding her right high. She had taken little time to dress. Over the simple white frock she had worn scarcely ten minutes before, she had slipped an outer robe of gorgeous coloring, edged with gold embroidery, beaded with jewels. Her woman had taken down, brushed, and rebound her hair, which so gloriously crowned her that the coronet she wore seemed almost a blemish. She walked in her state walk, that is to say, poise of head, carriage of body were so adjusted that the grace, the moving beauty of her face and shape could be reached by the senses only after passing the barrier of the dignity and pride with which she now invested herself.

The guards stood rigid. All bowed as she moved toward the chair. She bowed in response, and reaching the foot of the three steps which led to the dais on which the chair was placed, she released her hand from the Chancellor's, faced the stranger, now isolated by the falling back of the group of gentlemen who had been grouped near him, and bowed to him alone, inclining her head and stooping, yielding to him the bending of her knees under her skirts, but abating her pride not a jot.

The stranger bowed in return, a

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formal, conditioned courtesy, a businesslike acknowledgement of her salutation.

She walked up the steps, turned, stood a moment facing the stranger, bowed her head without courtesy this time, received from him a reply as formal as his first, and seated herself.

The stranger stood, balanced on right hip, left foot forward, hands clasped on one another below his belt, regarding her coolly. Seated, she returned his gaze unmoved. He continued to look at her, and as he did so, with an hundred pairs of eyes scrutinizing him keenly, fifty pairs at least saw the firm line of his lips give a little as if at a sharp little intake of breath. But he said nothing.

The Chancellor intervened. "Sir," he said, "we expect you to speak."

The spell was broken. With a start the stranger responded to this injunction, recalling with apparently a slight effort his position and its demands.

"Forgive me, sir, if in this incomparable moment my eyes claim all my energies, and my tongue forgets its office." He bowed to the Chancellor, and stepped forward till he was no more than five paces from the Duchess. The height of the dais, seated as she was, brought her eyes to a level with his. A moment he hesitated, then with a touch of color under the bronze of his cheeks, he addressed her:

"Happy is the day, and auspicious the hour, that brings me into the presence of one as surely destined to reign in the hearts of men as the sun to give light and life to the heavens."

It was said with an air—but—it did no more, if no less, than was in the way men had then of paying compliment to women. Most of her lovers had said something very like that to her before. Therein lay disappointment; they had looked for something better than this from him.

THEY looked to the Duchess. She might or might not vouchsafe answer here.

She chose to. She gave a little sigh, a breath as of weariness all but suppressing itself.

"Well, well, Chancellor, I have lived through a month of this sort of thing before, and no doubt I shall contrive to do so here. Sir, do not for a moment think that I welcome you. I submit, I endure, but no more than that. Pray, proceed."

A bad start for him, everybody felt that. The women at least wished him better luck.

"Excellency," he said, "inured as I am to a life of hardship, unmerited hardship, acquainted with misfortune and with disappointment, I must yet express a grudge against the fate that till two days ago had denied me the smallest acquaintance with your city of Siona. I have seen many cities——"

The Chancellor struck in. "Sir, not too fast. Let us know your name and state, if you please."

All were agog. He had roused a hundred curiosities, but this was common to them all. Who was he? He would now declare.

He did nothing of the kind.

"I come to that, sir," and promptly came away from it.

"Arriving but lately in this city, at once so stately and so radiant with the charm of happy home life, thronged with stalwart and industrious men, estimable women, smiling babies, a hive of happy industry——"

Dryly the Duchess spoke. There had been so far neither frown nor smile on her face, and neither frown nor smile was here now, only the blank impassiveness she had learned so early to wear. But in her voice was a hint of something rising in her that to those who knew her flung a first faint warning.

"If you design a treatise on your first impressions of Siona, it shall in due time receive such attention as it may merit. But I understand that you come courting me. First, then, favor me with your name and state."

He had foiled Filipo's questioning, he had slid away from the Chancellor's point, but this was Beatrice, Duchess of Siona, and however thin the ice-patch here, he must skate over it as best he could.

"As to my state, that's a matter of such delicacy that if you please we will defer its consideration till we have established a footing of mutual confidence. As to my name, will it please you, for the present, call me Pedro?"

Up went her eyebrows. "Pedro—why Pedro?"

"Because that is my name, Excellency."

Heavens, was this impudence? Incredible! No man would dare—but then if not impudence, what? Stupidity? That man stupid? Impossible! What then? Innocence? Sheer lack of acquaintance with—with—Crowd in closer, ladies, closer, gentlemen; stare, all of you; let us have this out. Get at him, some one, question——

The Chancellor took the matter up without waste of time in courtesy.

"You say your name is Pedro. Pedro—and what else?"

"Pedro—nothing else."

The Duchess drew a deep breath, the court rustled. Some one among the ladies giggled faintly. The Duchess's eye flashed at her, the unhappy girl blanched, withered, crumbled into dust. A faint puff of air whirled the little handful away into space and she was gone. I admit that subsequently she appeared, alive and walking the earth as before, but I protest that you have here in strict truth exactly what happened to her at that moment.

"Since when," asked the Chancellor, struggling with his bewilderment, "since when have gentlemen been called 'Pedro' and nothing else?"

"I take your point, sir," answered the stranger with a most engaging air; "but I would ask you, had Alexander another name? Doubtless, yet men called him Alexander, and Alexander was content. Had great Cæsar another name? Had Charlemagne? And if you answer that it is not for me, as yet, to place myself on a level with these better-known men, yet if Pedro at the beginning of this business seems a thought too short, why, at the end of it, Pedro, Duke of Siona, would run very well, I think."

A shiver ran among them. Heavens! The man was trifling, trifling with the Duchess of Siona, in her hearing, before her very face!

The Chancellor turned to her aghast. "Madam——"

She took things out of his hands. By now she was boiling, all the puzzle of the last few minutes resolving itself swiftly into the certainty of a colossal piece of effrontery.

"Waste no more time. Who are you?"

"Excellency"— he deprecated her haste—"before there is the slightest possibility of a misunderstanding between us, let me make all clear. In venturing on this enterprise I understand it to be open to any man, and I claim to be no more nor no less than that, yet such a man as might well hope for better fortune than some have had."

SHE cut ruthlessly through his flourishes as an explorer in a strange land hacks his way through jungle growth.

"What are you?"

"At present a man, most gloriously disengaged; a free man, bound by no ties, and ready to respond on the instant to the beckonings of fortune."

A little upright line hinted itself between her brows.

"What were you before you came here?"

"A gentleman of a company."

"A lance-knight!" Even she could not be quite unmoved at this man's monstrous audacity. She looked at the Chancellor; helplessly he looked at her.

She turned again to the stranger.

"Whom were you serving?"

"Foresi."

"You left him?"

"Six weeks ago."

"Why?"

"The arrangement between us was that I was to get ten soldi a day for cutting throats. Nothing was said as to getting my own cut. I took the liberty of pointing out to Messer Foresi that cut throats all round was our sore portion if he persisted in carrying out his campaign against my Lord Malatesta, of Missona, in the manner he proposed. Being a stubborn and dull man, he persisted. Thereupon I left him."

(*Continued on page 101*)

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POETRY *of the* WAR

JUST THINKING

By HUDSON HAWLEY

STANDIN' up here on the fire-step,
  Lookin' ahead in the mist,
With a tin hat over your ivory
  And a rifle clutched in your fist;
Waitin' and watchin' and wond'rin'
  If the Hun's comin' over to-night—
Say, aren't the things you think of
  Enough to give you a fright?

Things you ain't even thought of
  For a couple o' months or more;
Things that 'ull set you laughin',
  Things that 'ull make you sore;
Things that you saw in the movies,
  Things that you saw on the street,
Things that you're really proud of,
  Things that are—not so sweet;

Debts that are past collectin',
  Stories you hear and forget,
Ball games and birthday parties,
  Hours of drill in the wet;
Headlines, recruitin' posters,
  Sunset 'way out at sea,
Evenings of pay-days—golly—
  It's a queer thing, this memory!

Faces of pals in Homeburg,
  Voices of womenfolk,
Verses you learnt in school-days
  Pop up in the mist and smoke
As you stand there, grippin' that rifle,
  A-starin', and chilled to the bone,
Wonderin' and wonderin' and wonderin',
  Just thinkin' there—all alone!

When will the war be over?
  When will the gang break through?
What will the U. S. look like?
  What will there be to do?
Where will the Boches be then?
  Who will have married Nell?
When's that relief a-comin' up?
  Gosh! But this thinkin's hell!

From "The Stars and Stripes."

TO A YOUNG SOLDIER

By DYSART McMULLEN

YOU who so loved your dreams,
  Dream now them all.
Here is your narrow bed,
  Your grassy pall.

Children and home and wife—
  Voices that call
All to a happy life—
  Dream you them all.

Never to find them vain—
  Something apart;
Never to feel the pain
  Clutching your heart.

Shame can not touch you now;
  Folly and sin
Into your silent house
  Enter not in.

Ever your name will be
  Gallant and bright—
Lad whom the land of France
  Covers to-night!

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THE TROOP-TRAIN

By AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

AHEAD of them the ocean with its devil-haunted miles—
  Those brown young faces with their brave, strained smiles!
And I must show a good cheer and wave as they go past
Because of all their Godspeeds mine may be the last.

Father of all free men, be Thou their strength and shield
In the perils of the furlough and the perils of the field.
Clean and strong and beautiful, bring them back again,
Those dear boyish faces at the windows of the train.

Yes, and make me worthy to welcome them that day,
To wave to them as gallantly as when they went away,
Saying—"Smiling I may greet you, for I have done my share;
Here have I been faithful as you were faithful there!"

THE REENLISTER

By ALFRED N. PHILLIPS, Jr.
Second Lieutenant, 303rd Field Artillery

A REG'LAR? See my ornament
  Bears the old brand "U. S."
I'm neat? Long army trainin' makes
  Y' careful of your dress.
No; never had no fam'ly life,
  Nor eddication. Shucks!
I'm just a low buck-private
  A drawin' thirty bucks.

What? Yes; been in the Islands some
  A shootin' "Gugus" up;
Laid in a Cuban prison once
  With fever—sick's a pup.
They stormed the fort to get me,
  Some boys—got killed—an'—Shucks!
I'm just a low buck-private
  A drawin' thirty bucks.

That ribbon? Yes, the Honor Med';
  I didn't earn it, though.
I kept the Lewis firin' 'cause
  I was too scared to go.
And then I flagged the cruiser—
  Yes, Haiti. Hero? Shucks!
I'm just a low buck-private
  A drawin' thirty bucks.

I've been a non-com. once or twice,
  Got "busted" 'cause of booze;
So when I "cash" the Army ain't
  Got very much to lose.
I hope I go—though—fightin' hard.
  The flag? I love it. Shucks!
I'm just a low buck-private
  A drawin' thirty bucks.

PIERROT GOES

By CHARLOTTE BECKER

UP AMONG the chimneys tall
  Lay the garret of Pierrot.
Here came trooping at his call
  Fancies no one else might know;
Here he bade the spiders spin
Webs to hide his treasure in.

Here he heard the night wind croon
  Slumber-songs for sleepyheads;
Here he spied the spendthrift moon
  Strew her silver on the leads;
Here he wove a coronet
Of quaint lyrics for Pierrette.

But the bugles blew him down
  To the fields with war beset;
Marched him past the quiet town,
  Past the window of Pierrette;
Comrade now of sword and lance,
Pierrot gave his dreams to France.

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Photograph by Underwood & Underwood.

As the flying camera sees a city.

The CAMERA in KHAKI

By Edward Hungerford

A GREAT airplane goes skimming through the air a mile or more above the surface of the earth. The folk of the little Belgian town go hurrying to cover. They do not know that the insignia upon the under surface of the plane—the blue star in a white circle within a red circle—indicate that it is an American machine and so does not drop bombs on houses or hospitals or helpless people. They do not know that its business is not firing—not the firing of explosives, at any rate. The Boches seem to scent it, and when they hear of an enemy airplane "on photographic mission" hovering over their lines, they get out the fastest and the best of their scouting and fighting machines to beat off the offender.

Sometimes the machine which bears the camera man and his tireless record-maker of details is not visible to the naked eyes of folk upon the ground. It is difficult to observe an airplane, even on a remarkably clear day, much over 10,000 feet aloft. And our big observation planes—like those of the French and British—frequently go as high as 20,000 feet, and—as we shall presently see—take photographs from that great elevation, photographs whose ability to record infinite detail seemingly passes the possibilities of science and enters the realms of the supernatural. The imagination of Jules Verne was sturdy; it would go to the rear rank, however, when compared with simple fact in the present war.

We have been accustomed to regard the airplane purely as a fighting machine. The device by which the machine gun of the scout-plane, firing 700 times a minute, was so bold as to fire between the two wooden blades of the propeller, revolving at an exact speed of 1,400 revolutions per minute so as not to shatter the blades, has excited our liveliest admiration. It is a pity that M. Verne could not have thought of it. But when this war is done we may know the airplane chiefly as an instrument of observation; its peace value is unmistakable along these very lines, even in the face of the crisis of the greatest war that the world has ever known.

It is the camera—the simple black box, which the genius of American manufacture has made almost universal to-day—that has given the airplane its value as an instrument of lasting observation. A man in a plane has other things in his mind than a detailed scrutiny of the terrain far beneath. He has to steer and manipulate the complicated mechanism around him, to say nothing of keeping his eye for enemy planes. And even if he had time or opportunity to observe the land underneath, his memory would hardly be equal to the task of bringing back every

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Seven French bombs dropping on a German munition works in Lorraine.

single blessed thing which had come under his eyes. And those eyes, sharp as they may be, would still be inferior to the eye of the camera.

The airplane has been called the eye of the army. May I venture then to suggest that the camera which it carries on high is the optic nerve of that eye? Nay, more; it is the retina of the eye—a changing retina, if you please, on which impressions are not fleeting as upon your eyes or mine, but are recorded permanently. And there are many such eyes; in the course of a single day's fighting thousands and thousands of such permanent retinas—each a little oblong of glass, four inches by five, but each telling in its own exact and unmistakable way the work and progress of the enemy.

William J. Slimmer is the best-known photographer in Centerport. By sticking hard at his job and steadily improving on it, he has built up a fairly prosperous studio. Folks like Slimmer and they like his work, and two or three years ago, when he took first prize at the State Fair with his portraits, half the county fairly flowed into Bill's camera shop, for he is popular as well as able.

Slimmer is a good American. The faded blue cap that his granddad wore in another war—all the way from Manassas to Appomattox—hangs upon a peg in the studio, an object of veneration. Last spring he felt the call of his country in her crisis. And even though his personal inclination had never been toward things military, he almost enlisted in the National Guard.

But there was Jessica—Slimmer's wife. Bill could not figure out just then what he could do with Jessica in case he went to war. If he had talked it over with her, she would have told him—just as she did later. But, at that time the National Guard recruiting officers discouraged the enlisting of married men and Bill dropped the matter, reluctantly. He was two or three years beyond the draft age and so the National Army passed him by. Yet Bill was not at ease in his mind. He felt that he ought to be helping, but kept wondering how he might ever do it.

His trade paper solved his problem. It carried a little notice that expert photographers were needed for observation work in the Signal Corps of the Army. Bill talked that over with Jessica. Of course, she told him there was but one thing to do. She would run the studio. Cousin Hattie and Uncle Fred both would come and help if she needed them. Bill would be the round peg that would fit in the round hole that his Uncle Sam had for him. And Bill wrote his Uncle Samuel down at Washington, at the precise address that the trade paper gave, and enclosed a few samples of his work.

It seemed an eternity before he had an answer to his letter; in reality it was but a fortnight. But there it was. Slimmer knew it at first sight; for it had no postage-stamp; merely one of those uncompromising notices in the upper right-hand corner of the envelope which tell you how much you must pay if you dare to use it for private purposes. The photographer grasped it out of his morning's mail, and slit it quickly open. It held a document. Slimmer read the document. Then jumped up, and with a glad cry to Mrs. Slimmer went dancing around the studio.

"Jessica, old girl," he shouted, "it's come!"

She lifted her eyes from her knitting.

"What's come, Bill?" she asked.

"My chance to do my bit. The

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Signal Corps wants me—you know, the photographic service."

What thoughts went through little Mrs. Slimmer's head I can not tell you. She only said:

"But, Bill, how could you run one of those airplanes—just like Lincoln Beachey up at the State Fair that prize year?"

"This isn't trick riding," replied Slimmer; "this is camera work—observation, they call it. It's a job for photographers. They're scouring the country for photographers. Jessica, they actually do want to give me a chance to get into it."

Mrs. Slimmer dropped her knitting and went over to her husband. She forced a smile to her lips as she caught his hands in hers and kissed him.

"And I?" she asked,

"You are to run the studio, Jessica, just as you've planned. You can do it, old girl. I shall start for Langley Field to-morrow morning."

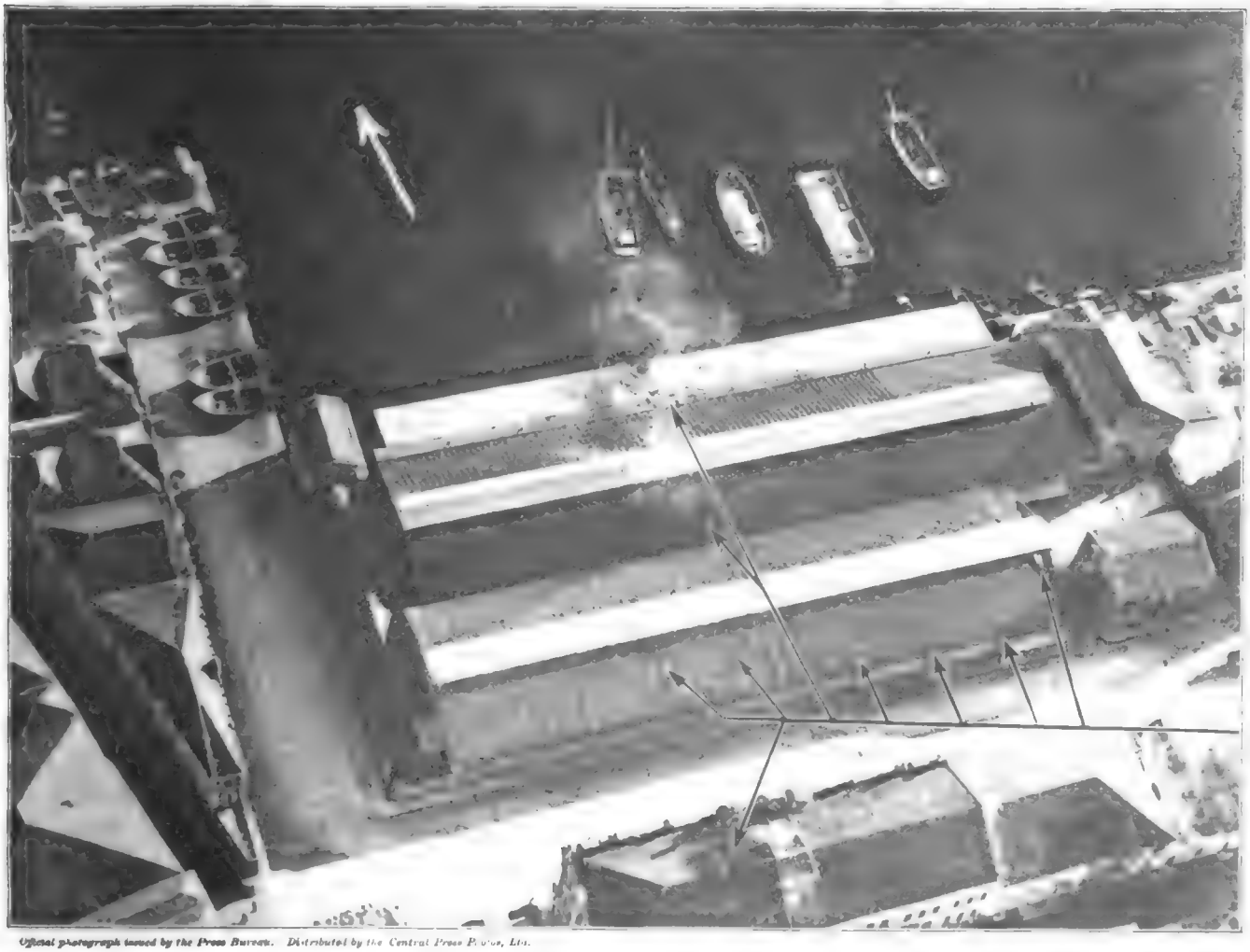
Three days later he stepped from a train at a little tidewater town in Virginia. And twenty minutes after he was off the train he was at the field, a huge, sprawling place, flat as the proverbial pancake and so ideal for airplane work, and tenanted by both men in khaki and by workmen finishing a great university of aviation.

The hardest winter that the Eastern section of the land has known in many years was just breaking up and the uncompleted Langley Field literally was a sea of mud. Slimmer picked his way through it to headquarters, presented his credentials at the special headquarters assigned to the photographic section of the Aviation Corps. Here he was brought to the commanding officer in charge of the work at the field—a young captain who took up his credentials and arranged his examinations—both the physical one as well as the one to determine whether he was capable of undergoing the severe special service of the Aviation.

Slimmer passed both—with credit to himself and to his training. And was whisked off by a smart and alert adjutant to the building set aside for the school training of army aerial photographers. The officer in charge there was, until a few months ago, a star camera man for the Chicago *Tribune*. The entire country has been raked for newspaper photographers for this service. These men have the rare combination of technical photographic knowledge as well as the reportorial facility to observe—that keen and somewhat indefinable thing that is called news-sense, perhaps for lack of a better name. The camera man of the metropolitan newspaper is a super-reporter. His eye and his note-book alike are in his camera-box, and there are no limits to his ingenuity.

I know one of these camera reporters in Boston who has as the two chief feathers in his cap, the fact that he has snapped Mrs. Jack Gardner and former President Eliot, the two most camera-shy folk in the Hub.

The way he got Mr. Eliot was characteristic of him. It was Commencement Day at Harvard, and the president, with a keen anticipation of what might happen, ordered all cameras confiscated at the gates of the yard. So when the young reporter of my acquaintance sallied forth to the exercises, he carried his camera almost as ostentatiously as his press-card. And expostulated violently when the men at the gate sought to take it away from him. But vainly. He lost his camera—until the end of the exercises, at any rate—and entered the sacred place chastened and saddened. When, at the proper moment, "Prexy" Eliot came marching down the walk the newspaper photographer quickly



Official photograph issued by the Press Bureau. Distributed by the Central Press Photos, Ltd.

The camera watches British seaplanes attack storehouses and railway sidings, Beyrut Harbor.

Arrows mark places damaged by bombs, the largest one showing a hole made by a large bomb in the roof of the railroad offices.

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dropped to his knees and, producing the second camera, which he had secreted about his person, thrust it between the knees of a distinguished Boston alumnus of the university and secured a "scoop" picture to spread across three columns the next morning.

There was nothing unethical about this trick—not in the mind of the camera man, at any rate. It was part of the job. If the president of Harvard had not been so fussy about his photographs, if only he had stood up good-naturedly like "Prexy" Wilson or one of the regular fellows while the camera

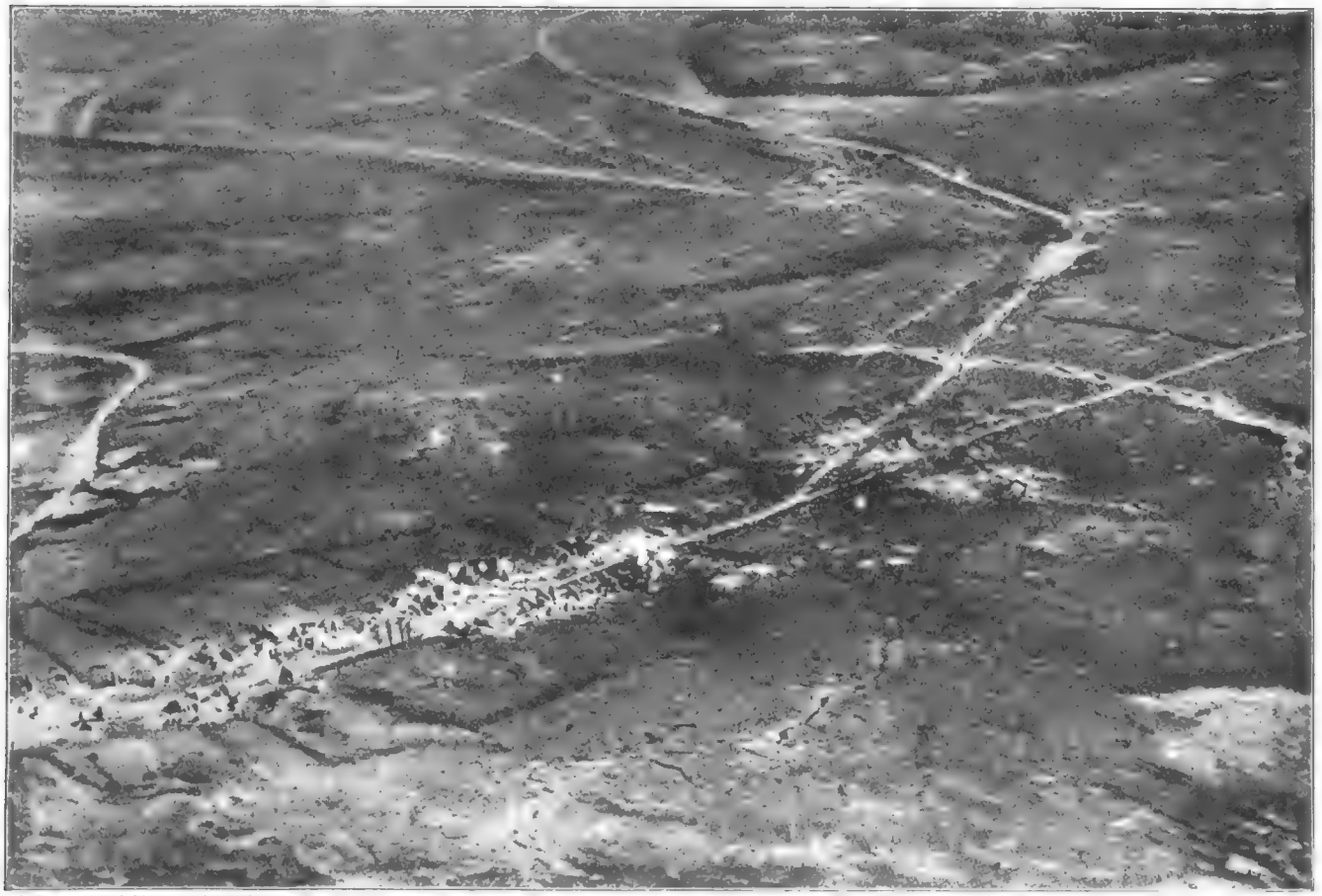
depleted as never before; and practically the only men left to swing the heavy camera are those who have grown a little too old for war service.

Slimmer passed his military examination quite as quickly as his mental one.

And straightway the examining surgeon began jabbing him in the arm with various and sundry needles—vaccination against smallpox, and the inoculation against para-typhoid and triple para-typhoid; which took so well that the star photographer of Centerport began to doubt whether he would ever again be able to get into the trim khaki

and that of the fellows in the regular service," his sergeant explained to him, "is that over there the rookies have a man-sized job learning military science, and here you have got to master that and yet learn the most technical, the most complicated and scientific phase of modern warfare. That's why we've only room for solid cream in this department of aviation. Ordinary talent doesn't last very long here. We're looking for the unusual."

Bill grinned. That was flattering; yet back of it was the hard and unpoetic fact that the photographic school



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Ruins of the village of Beaumont, north of Verdun, showing German reinforcements coming up from Wavrille wood through communication trenches.

squad from the newspapers volleyed at him, it would all have been over in sixty seconds, with good feeling all around. The point that I am trying to make is that the camera man of a big newspaper must develop his wits as far as the star reporter—and then a considerable distance beyond. And that very training—as we shall see presently—is a huge factor in his ability to help Uncle Sam in a very special and a very valuable way at this crisis in his life.

So it is that the camera men have been called, and have responded with the same faith and zeal and devotion that they have showed in going into the thick of a San Francisco earthquake or an Ohio flood or the aftermath of any great disaster on sea or land. To-day the newspaper art-rooms of the land are

coat which the headquarters clerk had issued to him.

He was getting his first real touch of army life and discipline. He had a mess-pan, and within twenty-four hours had learned to like stewed prunes and "pork and" four times a week, and to know that "slum" was the Army's caressing way of designating beef-stew. Moreover, he was adjusting himself to the camp schedule; up at five-forty-five o'clock in the morning, fifteen minutes of physical exercise, breakfast from six-thirty to seven o'clock, and right after it an hour and a half of military instruction. For, after all, Bill Slimmer was now a soldier and he had to learn at least the rudiments of the Army problem.

"The only difference between this job

kept steadily at it from nine o'clock in the morning to four-thirty o'clock in the afternoon five days in the week, and a good solid half-day on the sixth. And that in the evening there was the military school—the other part of his now double-sided job. There was, of course, time for grub, but no recesses. The entire course must be finished in five weeks. This was no kid school. This education was a job, and he was doing his best to measure up to that job—for his Uncle Samuel, to say nothing of dear little Jessica back in Centerport.

So he took very seriously all they told him about developing plates and from them making both enlargements and lantern-slides, all as if he had not been developing eight or ten thousand plates a month for the past dozen years or so.

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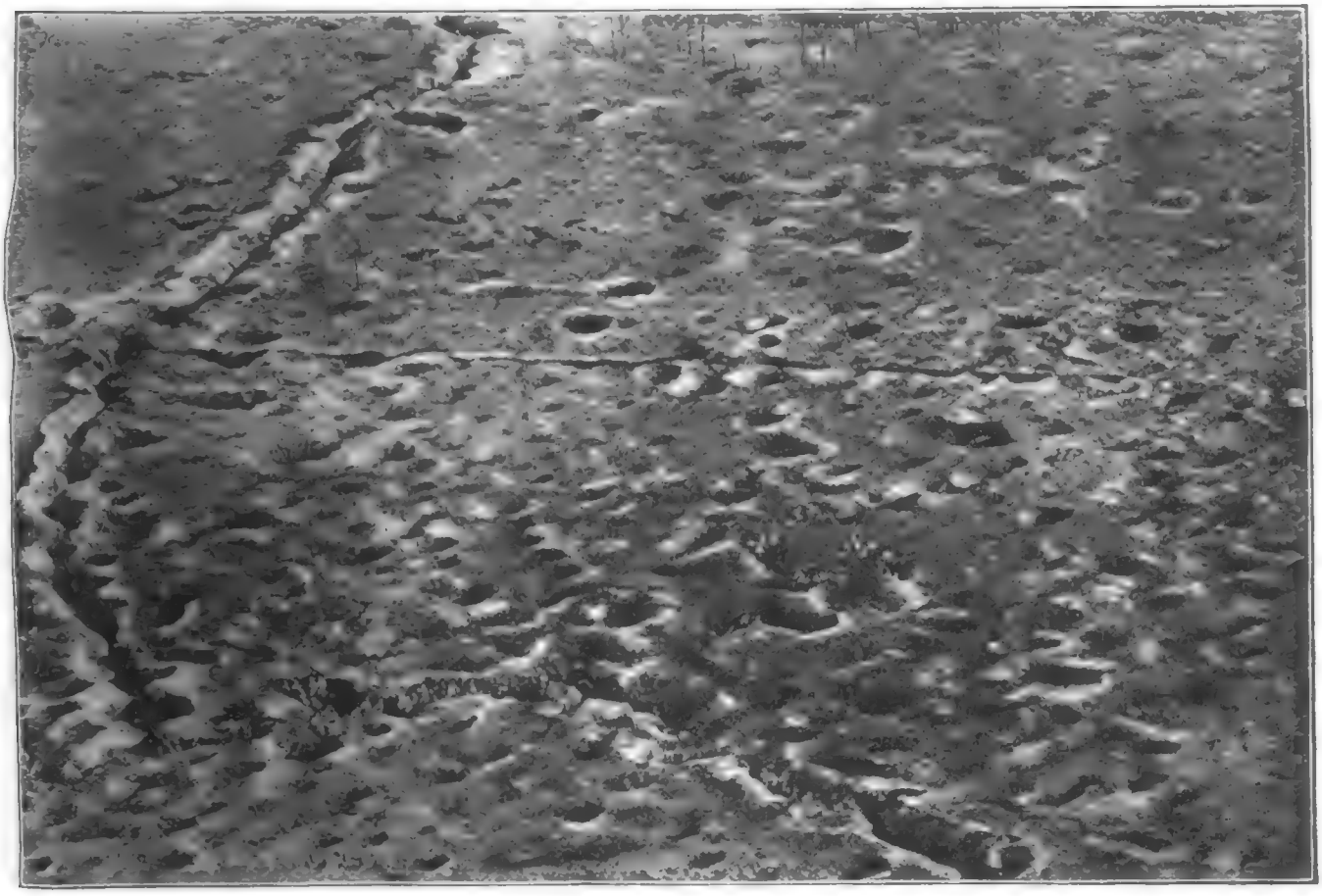
Only they altered some of his pretty firm convictions in photography. He had taught himself that the best-looking photograph possesses plenty of contrast; the smart young instructors of the class told him that they wanted gray prints of even tone and texture—no contrast whatsoever.

"You will understand the reason why when you come to interpretation."

And to interpretation—the translation of the photograph taken from on high—William Slimmer quickly came. He learned that as a map-maker the camera has no equal. In this country the camera, which is shot through the opening in the bottom of the fuselage, has its plate vertical with the surface of land or water underneath. Then, when the blank-plate magazine of the odd-looking camera is entirely exhausted, and the used-plate magazine filled, you descend to terra-firma, hurry to the dark room and begin the development of the negative.

Such pictures these! Here is the open sea, and the camera from on high penetrates its glassy surface—which really is not glassy at all to a man a few hundred feet above it and so not affected by the many refractions and reflections of that surface—penetrates to its very floor, save where the sea is very deep indeed. It can hold few secrets from that camera. A line across the negative in an unexpected angle shows a hidden water-pipe laid upon the bottom of a fairly shallow bay. And if the water were deep enough to hide a submarine from observers on shore or in boats, the camera would see the hidden craft—no, not merely the periscope, but the entire cigar-shaped hull, in all its detail.



Crossing No Man's Land—French troops entering German trenches.

This photograph has been slightly retouched to bring out minute details.

it has already corrected the wonderfully accurate detail sheet-maps of the United States Geodetic Survey. Its accuracy, its ability for recording infinite detail can not be equalled by man, not even by the most expert map-maker.

You drive an airplane across the face of the open country at a uniform height of, say, 8,500 feet. You take a magazine camera—and Slimmer, the first time he saw one of them, did not recognize it as the chief tool of his profession, but thought it some enlarged form of rat-trap or miniature style of army-stove—and make two dozen, three dozen, four dozen negatives, perhaps, as you skim across, taking pains all the while that the airplane continues at the same elevation and that

But the camera man's first job is not to make close examination—interpretation, if you please—of his negatives. He begins by "orienting" them. In plain English, he takes a good standard detail map of the locality which he has been photographing and upon it he begins to try and find the exact location of each and every one of his pictures. Sometimes, even in a comparatively simple and much-photographed locality, this becomes a difficult matter. Then, of a sudden, the camera man will come upon a solution of his problem. It may be two streets that radiate from each other at a peculiar angle. Diligent search of the map that the surveyors prepared a few years ago finally reveals two such streets—parting company at the same peculiar angle. The interpreter is hot upon the scent. And down one of these streets a little way is a bridge that carries the highway over a little brook, and down the other is a railroad crossing. The printed map shows these. And so now does the photograph.

With this start it is fairly easy at last to check upon the map the other important details of the negatives. Finally one can indicate the exact limits of the four-by-five-inch negative by a red-ink quadrilateral upon the printed map; rarely ever quite rectangular, because of the practical difficulty of keeping the airplane exactly parallel with the surface of the earth. But the marvel is that the aviators who take the camera observers up in their two-position-machines do so well with it.

So it was that they began teaching

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Looking down from a French dirigible.

Bill Slimmer the new art of making "mosaics," the art of patching print after print together until they formed a map of a section of the terrain near the field a full dozen miles square. He had known nothing else as fascinating or as perplexing since the picture-puzzle craze hit the land five or six years ago and Centerport had a library for exchanging the novelties. Only this really amounted to something. And when a man had completed his "mosaic," he had such a detail map as even the Geodetic Survey had never produced, and, as I have said, vastly more accurate.

One of Slimmer's "mosaics" had troubled him immensely. They had strapped him in a big two-position airplane—he, who had only known the thing as Lincoln Beachey's great exhibit at the State Fair and a treacherous toy, which some days refused to go up at all and other days would "loop the loop," while farmers' wives fainted and their horses ran away—they strapped him, William Johnson Slimmer, into one of those contraptions, and he, too, went sailing off into the eternal heavens, as easily as Beachey ever had done it.

And after he had recovered from the first sensations of the thing—the eternal and deafening racket of the motors and the propeller-blades; after he had ceased his first admiration of the wide spread of the land and the seacoast below him, of deep green woods and little white-housed towns—he began working his camera as quickly and as easily as if he had been on the job for months.

After he had recovered from the first pit-of-the-stomach feeling that a novice gets when the plane begins to bump and jump against the earth at the end of its descent, he hurried to one of the school dark rooms and began the development of his negatives.

They were good negatives. Slimmer's training in the little old studio at Centerport, his willingness to be shown at the classroom at the field, were together standing him in good stead. And when the next morning he put them beside the map of that which he had photographed the preceding afternoon, he "oriented" or located them, without great difficulty. That is, he located all but one without difficulty; but that one was a teaser. It really had Bill guessing. The two bridges side by side—highway and railroad—with the long dock sticking out at right angles to both of them, seemed to make an easy key to the problem. The dock meant that the negative must show water-front, the two parallel bridges, a stream breaking into that water-front.

Slimmer's finger followed each inch of that water-front, as the surveyor had placed it on the map, paused each time a stream broke into it. Finally, he thought he had it—the two parallel bridges were in the right position and proportion. But the rest of the negative did not check. It showed streets and houses—the beginnings of a brisk, small town at the west end of the two bridges; the very accurate map showed the open fields of what might have been a truck-garden.

Slimmer scratched his head. It was not likely that there would be two other such parallel bridges within the general locality in which they were making their experimental pictures. And yet those accursed houses and streets! He spoke to the chief instructor about his problem. That experienced young man—he had been with the school since it first opened, nine months ago—knitted his brows over both negative and map. He smiled in triumph.

"I've got it!" he said to his pupil. "The map was made four years ago and this little town at the end of two bridges has almost come into existence since then; since, they put the double-track trolley over there, and the soda-works at K——, doubled the size of the plant. See here."

He picked up a powerful magnifying-glass and placed it over the negative.

"A real-estate development," he said. "Look at those neat little houses and those new little lawns and flower-plots. You'd know Lonesomehurst, wouldn't you—whether you found it in Maine or Massachusetts—or California?"

And Slimmer understood.

After map-making, interpretation. The man from Centerport was coming nearer to the heart of the science of the camera on high. Now he was being taught the real value of the optic nerve of the Army—how its keen impressions were being placed not only on the photographs themselves, but upon the Army's retina—upon war maps traced from them and issued daily by the photographic section of the Signal Corps; not only to the Headquarters Staff, but to any other function which has a right to them and can make good use of them.

"Do you know anything about camouflage?" said the instructor in the interpretation division of the school.

Bill Slimmer looked him in the eye squarely, then grinned.

"You ask me that?" he replied. "And I've taken all the girls in Centerport from eighteen to thirty-eight and made them all look twenty-two, and shunted off the glass eye of the president of the First National Bank so he will photograph like a matinée hero. You ask me about camouflage?"

The instructor cleared his throat with a nervous little cough.

"This is another sort," said he. "Look here."

He put before the eyes of Slimmer a great sheaf of photographs—photographs taken from French and English and even American airplanes over the western front. They were not quite as sharp as the negatives which Slimmer himself had made; but that was because they were copies of original prints made "over there." The man from Centerport was already versed enough in the making of aerial photographs to have a pretty good understanding of them, even at first sight; while his instructor himself had ridden high over the zigzag trench lines of both friend and foe, and so was able to make a competent explanation

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Official photograph issued by the Press Bureau, distributed by The Sport and General Press Agency, Ltd.

A "vertical" showing an enemy airdrome.

Properly "oriented," such a picture makes a war map of intense value. The arrows point to places where airplane bombs have struck.

of them. He took a photograph out from the middle of the collection.

"What is it, Slimmer?" said he.

"A section of the front. There's the zigzag of the front-line trenches and there's the second and there's the third and there's the fourth—say, how many are there of these, anyhow? I thought that there were only three rows. And what are these loose ends sticking out ahead of the front lines?"

"One thing at a time. In a military sense, there are three rows of trenches, but each, in turn, consists of three parallel trenches. And those 'loose

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ends,' as you call them, are listening-posts. Sometimes they are used for throwing bombs. See, they are like little squares. And do you notice where that square seems to break—the trench to be solidly blocked?"

"Yes."

"Look more closely. Take the glass. There's a little fluctuation in the tone of the print at that point. You'll have to use the glass, Slimmer. The whole thing is not a sixty-fourth of an inch in any direction."

After a moment the student photographer had detected the slight discoloration.

"A little spot due to dust in the camera," he ventured, "or a fine drop of developer striking too soon."

"Nothing of the sort. That's a camouflage. Fritz found it pretty hot out there under the sun and he made a little covering across the narrow trench and over his head. Probably he painted it green or brown or some other neutral color. He might have tricked the human eye in the airplane that way, but he could not trick the camera's eye."

Sometimes I have thought of that mechanical eye in the high heavens almost as the eye of God himself. And this is reverent comparison, for can the human eye look down from an airplane, skimming along at the almost inconceivable height of 12,000 feet, and see the footprints of a single soldier making his way across either a grassy or a dirt field? The camera has done that very thing, and more.

Overnight the Germans have placed a telephone wire hidden from observation in a conduit in a shallow trench down on one of the highroads behind their lines. Hidden, did I say? A British airplane on a photographic mission passed over that highroad the next morning and made it part of one of its observation negatives. And the man who a few hours later developed the negative and interpreted it, found a minute line along the highroad which translated itself instantly through his experience into a hastily buried conduit.

He could trace it the entire length and when at the end it found its way into a rather ingeniously camouflaged emplacement for a huge gun, the conclusion was evident that forthcoming activity would be found at that point. It never had the opportunity to come. A British gun-captain three miles away was advised and by a little ingenious gunnery he put the emplacement out of business—as well as its twin, for these emplacements for huge guns are generally planted by the Germans in pairs. The aerial camera on the second morning returned a graphic proof that the aim of the British gunner was exceedingly good indeed.

Roads, they told Slimmer, form the largest opportunity and ofttimes give the largest reward for intensive study. Thus a highroad may present itself under close daily photographic observation as unchanged. Suddenly the observer sees something that gives him a little start. The highway has begun to widen. Traffic must have been brisk during the night. Chauffeurs and drivers in their desire to avoid the muck of the middle road have taken to the grassy sides, and left indisputable wheel-marks or hoof-marks there. The print goes to headquarters with a note to the effect that heavy traffic overnight must indicate some military preparation. And headquarters proceeds to act upon the tip.

Also roads may indicate other things. A group of them leading to some central radial point might show clearly, no matter how much camouflage had been attempted, the presence of gun emplacements, or perhaps—still more important—a headquarters for the enemy. And the chances are good that these last will be situate within a cemetery. The Huns seem to have a fancy for locating their quarters in God's acres. Perhaps they fancy that the sentiment and the deep religious feeling of the French will prevent them from shelling such places. If so, they are bound for an awakening. The French do have much sentiment and deep religious feeling, but they are in this war to win it, and that, for the moment, is not only their sentiment but their very religion.

These things and many more Slimmer learned at the school. He, who was once a master of social camouflage learned to penetrate the military article.

"Do you see that row of heavy trees at the very edge of the forest?" his instructor inquired one day, as he showed him one of the photographs imported from France. "There are German guns hidden under them."

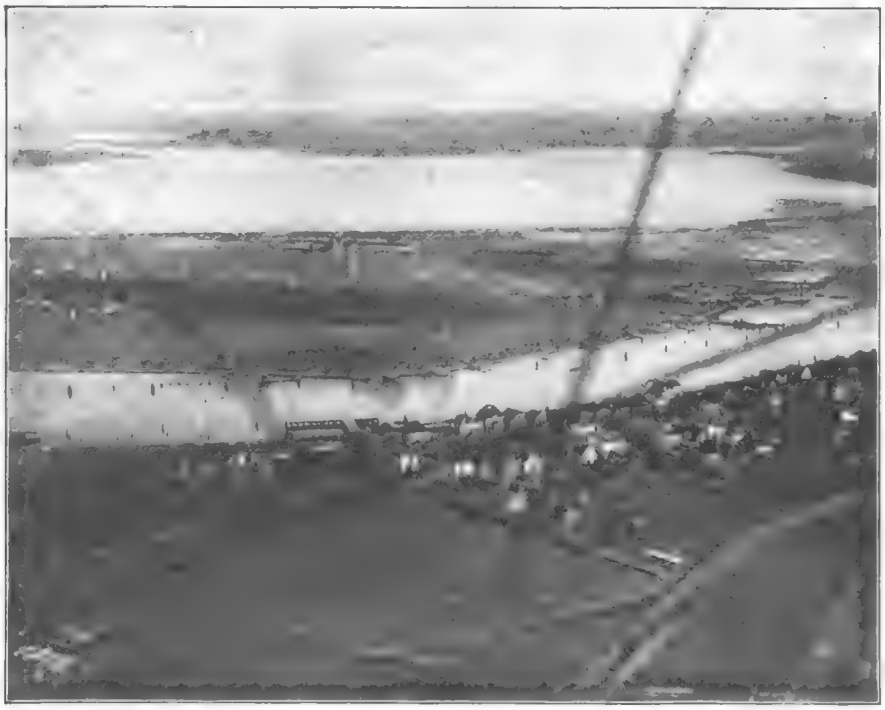
"I don't get the camouflage."

"Of course not. There's natural camouflage. The trees are enough. And Fritz has been smart enough not to let his tell-tale wagons come up in front of the wood. But the guns are there nevertheless; and there are seven of them."

"How do you get them?"

"With a little difficulty. The gas which the guns emit is poisonous and has its effect on the grass and other foliage roundabout. When you are a little more expert, Slimmer, you will be able to see the tinge in tones of your photographs. It is part of the trick of the game."

After interpretation the process of putting the changes in the situation since the last observation on tracing-maps is a purely mechanical one. It makes them quickly readable, even by the untrained layman. He sees the situation then as a sort of map to which he has been accustomed ever since the days when first he studied geography. Railroads, highroads, canals, towns, trenches, gun emplacements, ammunition dumps, railheads, all are depicted for him on a map which is edited and issued in a new edition every twenty-four hours if need be.



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The flying school at Lübeck, photographed from a German airplane, in April, 1915.

(Continued on page 110)

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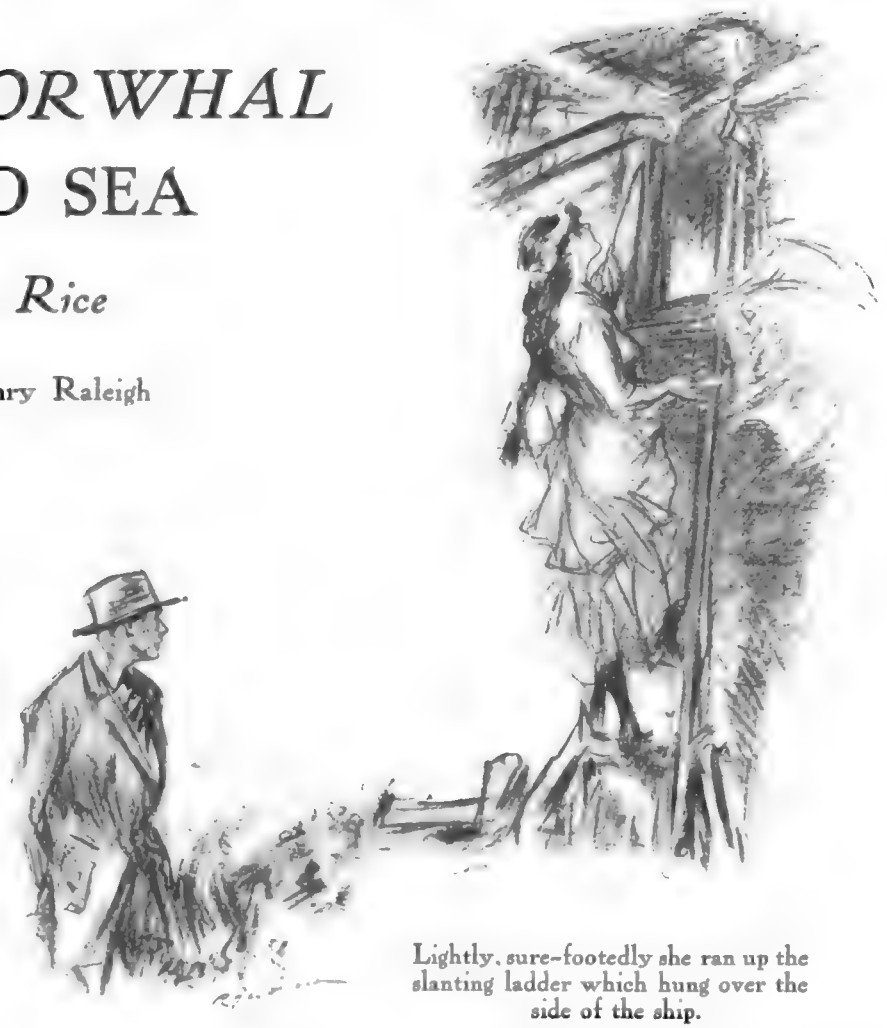
The OLD NORWHAL GOES TO SEA

By Louise Rice

Illustrated by Henry Raleigh



Lightly, sure-footedly she ran up the slanting ladder which hung over the side of the ship.

OH, FIRST came the herring, the king of the sea.
Windy weather! Stormy weather!
He jumped on the poop. 'I'll be Captain,' said he.
Blow, ye winds westerly, gentle sou'-westerly,
Blow, ye winds westerly. Steady she goes."

Mary Jane Marshall slipped on the calico dress whose only virtue was its cleanness, and went to the window to lean out into the sweet air of spring in California.

"Good morning, Captain Abner!" she called.

Captain Abner pulled off the cap which had a hard time of it confining his bristling shock of white hair.

"Mornin' to you, lass," he answered.

Mary hung her long plaits out over the sill, took a deep breath and trilled out the next verse of the old whaling chantey with a laughable imitation of the Captain's swagger:

"Oh, next came the flatfish. They call him a skate.
Windy weather! Stormy weather!
'If you are the Captain, sure I am the Mate!'
Blow, ye winds westerly, gentle sou'-westerly,
Blow, ye winds westerly. Steady she goes."

And then both crashed into the final stave, *con brio:*

"Oh, the ship, she was rigged and ready for sea.
Windy weather! Stormy weather!
And all of the sailors were fishes to be.
Blow, ye winds westerly, gentle sou'-westerly.
B-l-o-w, ye winds westerly. Steady she g-o-e——s."

For almost as many mornings as she could remember that had been the opening event of the girl's daily routine, and, that nothing might be omitted, a fretful, penetrating voice arose from somewhere within the house.

"*Mary Jane!*"

She turned her head back toward the room. "Mother," she said, cryptically and withdrew. The Captain could hear her running down the stairs.

The invalid's room was a contrast to the rest of the house. It had a rug and curtains and gay hangings, and a bed of snowy, lace-trimmed linen, where a thin, cross-looking little old lady reposed, a dinner-bell in her hand.

"I was just going to ring," she said, acidly. "With you and that crazy old man shouting I didn't think you could hear your sick mother calling."

"I came the very minute you spoke, dear," the girl replied.

Mrs. Marshall sniffed, and Mary, with strong, accustomed fingers, eased her mother on her pillows, trying not to be just a little bit angry.

Besides, it was spring, and a long day of hard work seemed not quite the thing. Mary Jane smiled, though, as she gave her mother a daintily poached egg and a fragrant cup of coffee.

She ate her own meal standing. What with the chickens to attend and the garden to hoe, and the invalid to serve, and her usual number of children's rompers to turn out, her eating would be a casual affair until the evening, when she would sit down with her mother to the supper which she contrived to make always a little festival.

She went about her tasks with the swift, quick motions which were characteristic of her, and occasionally she smiled, cheered by the audible proximity of Captain Abner. The amount of noise which he managed to keep up was surprising. It would have been very still, there in that lonely little house, if it had not been for him. All day, he whistled. At intervals he sang. He swabbed down the already immaculate deck with loud splashings; he hammered; he clamped about and swore his own particular oath:

"Oh, peaches an' cream—an' a nor'-wester!"

They could hear the Captain so plainly because their sun-blistered, unpainted squatter's cabin was perched on the bank of Oakland Creek, not twenty feet from the *Norwhal*, on which he lived. Farther down was the real squatters' colony, and away off, across a dreary road, was the trolley which led to Oakland and civilization.

Mary Jane's home was even poorer than some of the other makeshift houses, but the vines over its windows, the big garden patch behind it, and the flower-bordered path which led down to the *Norwhal*, were deceiving.

As for the *Norwhal*, herself, she was a surprising thing to encounter, there in that graveyard of ships. Oakland Creek, as every one knows, is the place where the old, worn-out riders of the sea sank to their unhonored ends. Their

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"Boy," he said, "did you ever wonder why your mother died so young?"

bleached skeletons, half-buried in the mud, are mournful sights, even under the warm California sunshine.

The *Norwhal* was another matter altogether. Her brasses winked and her chains were clean and the brick try-out works, with furnaces for rendering out blubber, amidship, were as ready for action as though she were about to clear from her port. She was a brigantine, rigged for square sails, and for fore and aft on her main. Captain Abner once in a while brought home a couple of old salts, when there might have been seen the amazing sight of those ancient but snowy sails spread to the still air of the sluggish creek.

Cunningly, the three old men would then try out falls and tackle, rope and stanchion; tapping here and there, searching the inward and outward parts until satisfied that the ship rode her anchor, true and tight. At evening the sails would come down and again be carefully stowed away, and the three would have a glass of grog in the spacious cabin.

People had sometimes laughed at the old man's care of the useless ship, but they were not likely to do it often. For one thing, he had a blue eye which could turn dangerous looking in a minute. For another, every soul up and down the creek was indebted to him in some way or another. Lastly, he was famous around the water-front of San Francisco, being an authority on the almost forgotten art of whaling, before steam and tonite bombs put it out of existence. At Meigg's wharf, at the foot of Powell Street, where seamen from the coasts of California and Alaska foregather, Captain Abner received the utmost respect.

Never, by word or look, did the Captain ever acknowledge that there was anything peculiar about him or his ship; so, as year after year slipped away, the little castaway community on the creek ceased to think about it. As for Mary Jane, hers would have been a sad life, indeed, if it had not been for the old man. Just how much actual money she and her mother owed him was a thing which she often thought of. Between the time when her handsome, worthless father had died and she had finished grammar-school, there had been no visible income. And even now, when the stream of children's rompers for a factory in Oakland gave a small stipend to the little household, many a deficiency in it was supplied by Captain Abner.

She owed to him, too, her acquaintance with the best in literature, and her familiarity with the magazines of the hour, for the Captain was a great reader, with a catholic taste which ran all the way from Nick Carter to Trollope, from Joseph Conrad to encyclopedias. The one thing which she owed him of which she was not conscious was her most priceless possession. It was her sense of humor. It was rare, indeed, that humor failed to carry her through the waking hours of the twenty-four, no matter how much the world might seem to be awry.

But to-day was full of disasters. She broke two needles in her sewing-machine and severely scratched her hands; and Mrs. Marshall developed one of those moods of impatience and complaint which she truthfully called her "spells."

About three o'clock, after getting her mother to sleep, Mary went up to her room, looking rather white. For the moment, she had a violent distaste for every single thing within the four walls of the place. She was just aching for a change.

She decided she would give herself a holiday and Captain Abner a surprise. She sprang up, reanimated and laughing, and began to put on her one pretty dress.

As it happened, another person had determined, only an hour before, to give Captain Abner a surprise. John Mason, the youthful president of the Lucas Mason Line, had been in his office all morning, a fact of which his employees were acutely conscious.

No one of them, however, need have worried, for John was bestowing less attention on them than usual. His frown had to do with a name on a check, at which he had been looking with growing irritation ever since it had been written by his fountain-pen.

Every month, when he made out that check, for a most substantial sum, to the order of Captain Abner North, John's efficiency was shocked. Every time that he computed the amount of money which had been paid the Captain in the years since the old *Norwhal* was laid up in the creek, he felt actually faint. Modern business, despite his father's scorn of it, pointed to this waste as criminal.

If it had not been for one little thing the matter would have been settled as soon as John came into the business. That one thing was this: When Lucas Mason was stricken at his desk, his son had reached him just in time to hear him whisper: "Remember to look after Abner."

John called his secretary, gave a few curt directions and departed for the

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day. He had intended to write to Captain North, whom he had not seen since he was a mere lad, but repeated efforts had failed to produce a satisfactory epistle; so, in desperation, he went down to the Ferry Building, and began his tedious trip by boat and trolley over to the *Norwhal*.

The sight of the creek deepened the frown on his forehead. Efficiency would have long ago sold those old hulks for firewood—would have cleaned out the wide, muddy waterway—would have made desirable homesites out of the land now occupied by the squatters—useless, non-productive citizens of a state to which they contributed little save their own vagabond lives! He determined to remember that telling phrase, and to use it in the speech concerning the creek which he would make at the next meeting of the San Francisco Business Men's League.

Before the *Norwhal* he paused. There was no getting out of it, it was a most disagreeable task which confronted that efficient young man. He felt it, despite his effort to drive it into the region of mere business. While he hesitated, scowling, a young girl came suddenly down a little path which led directly to the *Norwhal*. Her hair was in two long plaits down her back, her curly head was crowned by a wreath of flowers, she wore a white dress which innocently revealed the beauty of her body, and her face was lightened by a smile of such bewitching sweetness and mischief, that John felt the frown being automatically wiped away from his moody brows as he looked. She carried a faded pink parasol which partly shaded her face, and accounted for her not seeing the young man. Lightly, sure-footedly, she ran up the slanting ladder which hung over the side of the ship.

John started up the ladder as it still vibrated with her tread. His instant pursuit of her was the most natural and instinctive thing he had ever done.

Just as his eyes came on a level with the clock, he saw Captain Abner hastily rise from a coil of rope to meet the girl, who furled her parasol with an air, presented him with a large, ragged piece of cardboard, and, catching her skirts between her outstretched thumb and finger, sank down at his feet in a formal courtesy.

Frozen into immobility by his astonishment, the head of the Mason Line remained where he was, for the Captain, in response to this strange salutation, removed his cap, held it stiffly far to the right, and bent as low as his comfortable waistline would permit.

"Madam—your humble servant," was his greeting.

He held her in his arms as if she were again the little child he had first known and loved.

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The girl thereupon rose. "Captain Abner North, I believe," she said.

"Aye, aye, ma'am. Hand 'is honest Hinglish 'eart hand 'and hat your beauteous feet, ma'am."

"Oh, la, sir," simpered the girl, "methinks you are too precipitous, sir."

"What th' Sam Hill!" ejaculated John Mason's mind to him, reverting to very-little-boy talk in its stupefaction.

The Captain drew a chair in front of the tryworks, and handed the girl into it with a grand manner.

"Be seated, Queen of the May," he directed.

"Oh, honey, you're out of the period!" the girl expostulated, dropping into what was evidently her natural voice, a sweet, husky contralto.

"Well, we mixed it considerable, anyway," Captain Abner objected. "That was cockney English I started out with. I didn't get your lay quick enough."

JOHN had reached the peak of surprise. Mechanically he negotiated the last two steps and went on deck. Both the actors in the incomprehensible scene he had just witnessed looked quickly toward him. The girl turned red, and then she laughed, and her laughter showed such understanding of the state of mind indicated by the visitor's face that he surprised himself beyond words by laughing back at her.

The Captain looked at him for a minute inquiringly, and then came hastily forward with a beaming face.

"Why, *Johnny!*" he exclaimed, and wrung John's hand until it hurt. "Why—Johnny! Boy—you haven't changed a mite—not a mite. I'd have known you anywheres. How are you, Johnny, how are you?"

"How do you do, Captain?" John managed to reply. Johnny! No one had called him that since his mother died. It upset him. Besides, this was not the proper way to be greeted by an employee. Not at all. "Er—how do you do?" he repeated, fatuously, as the Captain continued to shake his hand.

"I'm as right as a trivet, Johnny," the old man answered, keeping hold of him and drawing him along to the girl, who had remained an openly interested spectator. "Here's Johnny Mason—my boss, my dear," he said to her, and his blue eyes asked that John should appreciate the facetiousness of that, "come to make a call, just when you and me's about to have some afternoon tea." Then, as he noted John's embarrassment, "Well, peaches an' cream, an' a nor'wester! I'm forgetting my manners. This is Mr. John Mason, as I've mentioned before, my lass, and John, this is—" he stopped and gravely consulted the ragged piece of cardboard, which he still retained, on which a name was neatly printed—"why, this is Miss Mary Jane Marshall."

"How do you do?" John mumbled, completely confounded by the merry twinkle in the girl's eyes, which seemed to ask that he share a jest.

"I do as Captain Abner tells me, thank you," she smiled, "and at present I am sure that is to go and get the tea while you and he talk. You must have heaps to say to each other."

"Open some guava, lass," said Captain Abner, as she moved away, "I'll attend to the things here. Sit down, Johnny," he ordered John, with just that commingled kindness and authority with which one addresses very young people. "You look warm. It's pretty hot for this part of the country, and you've had a long trip. Every time I go across the bay I come home tuckered out." He opened a sort of deep cupboard which backed up to the tryworks and took out a small folding table. This he spread with a white cloth, and then began laying it out for three with quaint blue crockery which he took from the shelves.

"The Mandarin set!" John almost whispered the words, then he leaned forward and carefully outlined with his finger the squat little man on the side of the teapot. Captain Abner crowed with delight.

"It's been many a year since you did that!" he exclaimed. "And here's the little mug you used to drink your milk out of; and here—is something else." He set gently down a blue-and-white cup and saucer, as fragile as the petals of the morning-glory. John had no need to ask what they were shown to him for. He took them carefully into his hand, and looked across the sunlit deck with eyes which saw a phantom—his sweet young mother drinking tea from "her cup."

Mary slipped her hand in his arm when Captain Abner came into the galley.

"I knew he'd come, some day," he said, to the tender, uplifted eyes, "but oh, my lass, what the world's done to Kate's boy! What it's done!"

Mary leaned a comforting shoulder against him. "Never mind," she said; "just think of what you are going to do to him. But you'll have to have patience. He's only a boy, yet."

The Captain nodded, but looked down at the curly head in some surprise. "That's right. But how do you happen to know so much about men and boys all at once, Mary?"

She considered that, while she made sandwiches with her sure, swift fingers, and then shook her head. "Don't know. Just seem to sort of feel it."

"H-h-m-m-m," remarked the Captain, non-committally, but he gave her a sudden speculative and wistful glance.

John sat back and drank his tea and said "yes" and "no" and "indeed" until they pitied him and talked to each other, including him in their gay or thoughtful glances, but otherwise letting him alone. He was thankful for that, for he did not know how to talk to these two odd people. He wanted to listen to them; and when he had, he was more perplexed than ever. They quoted books he had never heard of; they discussed Socialism and politics in vigorous English; they dropped into various dialects or into poetry, and laughed when John thought they had meant to be serious, and were grave when he considered that a jest was being made. It was bewildering, but distractingly interesting. He had not noticed how low the sun was dropping until the girl rose to go.

"Mother will be wondering where I am," she said.

"Coming over to-night, same as usual?" asked the Captain.

"Goodness, no! I'll have to sew to make up for playing hookey this afternoon." She held out her hand to John. "Good-by," she said. "I hope you'll forgive me for monopolizing Captain Abner all this time. And I hope you'll come out this way soon again."

She said it heartily, without a flutter of her lids, and gave his hand a frank, boyish pressure. John returned it, impressed by the sweetness of her eyes and her friendliness. In the circles in which he had always chosen to move, young girls were both more and less provocative than this one, who looked her invitation as well as spoke it with the most natural air in the world.

"Thanks," he answered. "I surely will." And a second later, as Mary stood before a bit of brass which Captain Abner had polished to the brightness of a mirror, it revealed to John that Mary winked at the old man.

IN BODY, mind and heart he suddenly stiffened. Nevertheless, he waved his hand, as the Captain did, as the girlish figure ran up the little path. He lingered a little after she was gone, but nothing was said about her, nor about the astonishing scene which had preceded his appearance. Nothing was said, in fact, about a number of things.

He went back to San Francisco, found fault with his favorite waiter and had a bad night. In the morning, however, he had definitely made up his mind. He would make another call or two upon the Captain, and gradually, so as not to shock the old fellow too much, he would introduce the subject of the general wastefulness of the creek. From that point it should be easy to proceed to the specific case of the *Narwhal*. As for the girl, she was of no importance, absolutely of no importance, to the president of Lucas Mason, Inc.

That being the case, it was certainly strange that he chose to make his next visit in the evening. Could it have been possible that he remembered that "to-night, as usual" of the Captain's? No,

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it must have been a mere accident, for he was barely civil to Mary Jane, whom he found in the cabin, deep in a magazine. Impractical to talk business with a third person present, of course; exceedingly difficult to keep the straight, unbending back of efficiency in a deep old chair which subtly wooed every one of your vertebræ to relax; utterly impossible to think of monetary affairs while a man with a voice like a silver bell carried you bodily away to unknown and adventurous days; days when the whaling-ships going out of San Francisco were so many that a regular supply ship, the *Jennie*, went up twice a year to them; days when the route to the northern whaling-fields was awhirl with canvas.

Captain Abner boomed on and on, and John lay back, chewing an unlighted cigar, and looked at the handsome, ruddy old fellow; but hypnotized as he was by the glamour of those seafaring days, he was conscious, all the time, of the girl.

But he listened, too. With Captain Abner, and the crew of the *Norwhal*, he rode out of the bay and started on the downward passage toward Hawaii; he felt the tedium of the long, slow working down to the equator; he raced before the great trade-winds which blew out of the southwest; he looked anxiously aloft for the lifting breeze when they struck the doldrums; he staggered through the roaring forties, saw the frowning black walls of Unimak Pass, and heard the seals coughing behind the white wall of fog which hid their breeding-place.

He felt in his own nerves the tingle of excitement which ran from ship to ship in the arctic sea when the first "bug light," announcing the capture of a whale, was lit. He heard the lookout on the topsail calling: "Blow! Blow! There's his ol' head. There's flukes!"

He heard the ice crunching against the stout ship's side, and the big lights cracking "like the biggest piece of silk you ever saw bein' ripped in two," and finally, breathing hard, he heard Mary and the Captain sing the chantey of "The Herring and the Skate"—and could have sworn that he heard, as well, the wind in the rigging and the sizzling of the blubber in the tryworks.

But not even the approach to a talk on the impossibility of paying Captain Abner a salary for doing what no one wanted done!

It was late when John let himself into his expensive bachelor rooms, and he had a distressing sensation, which he laid to having smoked one cigar too many. He took a cold shower and a sanitary gargle for his throat, and put himself very neatly and efficiently to bed. But the distressing sensation continued, and after a number of weeks he began to sheepishly acknowledge to himself that the matter of the *Norwhal* was getting on his nerves. His visits to her had taken a biweekly turn, and still not a word had been said about the subject which was, he assured himself, the sole reason for the visits. A good deal about old whaling days; serious discussions about the war; strange excursions (for John) into the realms of fiction and poetry; pleasant little repasts of toasted cheese and a bottle of beer—and then, the long ride home, and that irritating sensation coming on again.

By that time he knew a good deal about Mary Jane, and he had forgiven the wink, although he still regarded it as a most mysterious proceeding; but not more mysterious than her sturdy good sense, or her sweetness, or the courage with which she wrestled with grinding poverty and an irritating mother. To the Captain, too, he now accorded full recognition for his goodness and the real depth of his mind; neither was he blind to the quaintness of the friendship between the odd pair. In fact, he had come around to understanding that it would be brutal for him to do anything which could break

"God in heaven!" he cried. "What's the meaning of that?"

(Continued on page 93)

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TAM *o' the* SCOOTS

The Last Load

By Edgar Wallace

Illustrated by L. A. Shafer

The machine without warning buckled up and broke two thousand feet in the air. A wing dropped off and a crumpled thing which bore no resemblance to an aeroplane dropped straight as a plummet to earth.

ALONG a muddy road came an ambulance. It was moving slowly, zigzagging from side to side to avoid the shell holes and the subsidences which the collapse of ancient trenches on each side of the road had caused. It was a secondary or even a tertiary road, represented on the map by a spidery line, and was taken by driver Vera Laramore because there was no better.

From the rear end of the ambulance showed eight muddy soles, three pairs with toes upturned, the fourth at such an angle, one foot with the other, as to suggest a pain beyond any but this mute expression.

On the tail-board of the ambulance an orderly of the R. A. M. C. balanced himself, gaunt-eyed, unshaven, caked from head to foot in yellow mud, the red cross on his untidy brassard looming faintly from its grimy background. Beyond the soles with their worn and glaring nails, a disorderly rumple of brown army blankets, and between the stretchers a confusion of entangled haversacks, water-bottles and equipment, there was nothing to be seen of the patients, though a thin blue haze which curled along the tilt showed that one at least was well enough to smoke.

The ambulance made its slow way through the featureless country, past rubble heaps which had once been the habitations of men and women, splintered trunks of poplar avenues, great excavations where shells of an immense caliber had fallen long ago and the funnel shapes of which were now overgrown with winter weeds.

Presently the ambulance turned on to the main road and five people heaved a sigh of thankfulness, the sixth, he of the eloquent soles, being without interest in anything.

The car with its sad burden passed smoothly along the broad level road, such a road as had never been seen in France or in any other country before the war, increasing its speed as it went. Red-capped policemen at the cross-roads held up the traffic—guns and mechanical transport, mud-splashed staff cars and tramping infantry edged closer to the side to let it pass.

Presently the car turned again, swept past a big aerodrome—the girl who drove threw one quick glance, had a glimpse of the parade-ground but did not recognize the man she hoped to see—and a few minutes later she was slowing the ambulance before the reception-room of General Hospital One-Three-One.

The R. A. M. C. man dismounted, nodded to other R. A. M. C. men more tidy, more shaven, and a little envious it seemed of their comrade's dishabille and the four cases were lifted smoothly and swiftly and carried into the big hut.

"All right, driver," said the R. A. M. C. sergeant when four stretchers and eight neatly folded blankets had been put into the ambulance to replace those she had surrendered, and Vera, with a little jerk of her head, sent the car forward to the park.

She brought her machine in line with one of the four rows, checked her arrival and walked wearily over to her quarters. She had been out that morning since four, she had seen sights and heard sounds which a delicately nurtured young woman, who three years before had shuddered at the sight of a spider, could never in her wildest nightmare imagine would be brought to her sight or hearing. She was weary, body and soul, sick with the nausea which is incomparable to any other. And now she was at the end of it. Her application for long leave had followed the smashing up of her airman brother and his compulsory retirement in England.

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And yet she could not bear the thought of leaving all this; the horror and the wonder of it were alike fascinating. She felt the same pangs of remorse she had experienced on the one occasion she had run away from school. She branded herself as a deserter and looked upon those who had the nerve and will to stay on with something of envy.

Her plain-spoken friend was sitting on her bed in a kimono as the girl came in.

"Well?" she asked.

"Well, what?" asked Vera irritably.

"Are you sorry you are leaving us?"

"I haven't left yet," said the girl, sitting down and unstrapping her leather leggings slowly.

"You don't go till to-morrow, that's true," said the other girl calmly, "and how have you rounded off all your little—friendships?"

There was just the slightest of pauses between the two last words.

"You mean Lieutenant MacTavish?" asked Vera distraitly.

"I mean Tam," said the girl with a nod.

"Exactly what do you mean by 'rounded off?'"

The other girl laughed. "Well, there are many ways of rounding off a friendship," she smiled; "there's the 'If-you-come-to-my-town-look-me-up' way. There's the 'You'll-write-every-day' way—and—" she hesitated again.

"Go on," said Vera calmly.

"And there's—well, the conventional way."

Vera smiled. "I can't imagine Tam doing anything conventional," she said.

Elizabeth jumped up with a laugh, walked to the little bare dressing-table and began brushing her hair.

"Why do you laugh?" asked Vera.

"The whole thing's so curious," replied the girl, "here's a man who is head-over-heels in love with you——"

"In love with me!"

Vera Laramore went red and white by turns and lost, for a moment, her grasp of the situation, then grew virtuously indignant, which was a tactical error for if she were innocent of such a thought as that which her friend expressed she should have been either amused or curious.

"How can you talk such rubbish? Tam and I are jolly good friends. He is a real fine man, as straight as a die and as plucky as he's straight. He has more sense, more judgment——" She was breathless.

"Spare me the catalog of his virtues," said Elizabeth drily, "I grant he is perfection and therefore unlovable. All that I asked you out of sheer idle curiosity was: How is your friendship to be rounded off?"

Vera was silent. "I shall see him tonight, of course," she said with a fine air of unconcern, "and I hope we shall part the best of friends; but as to his being in love with me, that is nonsense!"

"Of course it is," said Elizabeth soothingly.

"What makes you think he is in love with me?" Vera asked suddenly.

"Symptoms."

"But what symptoms?"

"Well, you are always together. He drops bunches of flowers for you on your birthday."

"Pshaw!" said Vera scornfully. "I thought you had more knowledge of men and women. That is friendship."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Elizabeth politely.

"But honestly," asked Vera, "what makes you think so?"

"I won't tell you any more," said the girl, turning round and tying her hair, "but I will put a straight question to you, my dear; do you love Tam?"

"Of course not," Vera was red; "you are making me very uncomfortable. I tell you he is a good friend of mine and I respect him enormously."

"And you don't love him?"

"'Phone an ambulance! They've got Tam at last."

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"Of course I don't love him. What a stupid thing to imagine!"

"Such things have happened," said the girl.

"I have never thought of such a thing," said Vera, "but suppose I did, of course it's an absurd idea, but suppose I did?"

"If I were you and I did," said the girl, "I should tell him so."

"Elizabeth!"

"It sounds bold, doesn't it? But I will tell you why I make that suggestion, because if you don't tell him he won't tell you. You see, my dear, you are a very rich young woman, a very well-educated young woman, you have a social position and a large number of friends. Tam is a self-educated man, with no money and very few prospects and no social position, and, as you say, he is straight and honest——"

"He is the straightest and most honest man in the world," said Vera warmly.

"Well, in those circumstances can't you see, he would no more think of asking for you than he would of calling at Buckingham Palace and demanding the Kohinoor!"

"In America," said Vera, "we haven't those absurd ideas."

"Oh, shucks!" said Elizabeth contemptuously, "you seem to forget I was born in Pennsylvania."

And there the conversation ended, and for the rest of the day Vera was silent and thoughtful, excusing her taciturnity by the fact that she had a lot of packing to do and needed to concentrate her mind upon its performance.

The mortal foe to instinct is reason. They are the negative and positive of mental volition. The man who retains the animal gift of unreasoning divination, preserving that clear power against the handicaps which mind training and education impose, is necessarily psychic, or, as they say in certain Celtic countries, "fey."

Tam went up on patrol flying a new "pup"—a tiny machine powerfully engined, which climbed at an angle of fifty degrees and at a surprising speed. He pushed up through a fog bank at three thousand feet and reached blue skies. His engine was running sweetly, there was just the "give" in his little chaser, the indefinable resilience which a good machine should possess, his guns were in excellent order, his controls worked smoothly, but—

Tam was at a loss how to proceed from that "but."

He turned the nose of the "pup" to earth and planed down to the aerodrome.

Blackie left the machine he was about to take up and walked across to Tam.

"Anything wrong?" he asked.

"Weel," replied Tam cautiously, "I'd no' go so far as to say that there's verra much wrong wi' the young fellow."

Blackie looked at him keenly.

"Engines——?"

Tam shook his head.

"No, they were wairking bonnily——there's nothing to complain aboot only I just felt that 'pup' an' Tam was no thinkin' the same way."

"Oh!" said Blackie.

He examined the machine, a new one, with the greatest care, tested the controls, examined and sounded stays and struts and shook his head.

"Take up Bartholomew's machine—he went sick this morning," he said.

Tam superintended the preparation of Lieutenant Bartholomew's "pup" and climbing in gave the signal.

"What's the matter with Tam?"

Thornycroft, a flight commander of 89 A had strolled across and stood with Blackie watching Tam's tiny machine humming cloudward.

"Tam has what is called on the other side a 'hunch,'" said Blackie; "come and look at this machine and see if you can find anything wrong with it. She's new from the maker," he went on, "in fact, the young gentleman who represents the firm is at this moment in the mess laying down the law on aviation, its past, present and illimitable future—there he is!"

Thornycroft paused in his inspection to watch the newcomer. He was a young man of singular confidence, who talked so very loudly to the officer who accompanied him that the two men by the machine felt themselves included in the conversation long before they could make themselves audible in reply.

"Hello—hello," said Mr. Theodore Mann, "what's wrong—eh?"

"One of my best pilots took her up and didn't like her," said Blackie.

"Didn't like her? What's wrong with her—cold feet, eh? Bless you, they all get it sooner or later—'the pitcher goes often to the well,' et cetera. That's a proverb that every flying man should unlearn, eh?"

He leapt lightly into the machine and jiggled the joy-stick.

"I'll take her up if you don't mind—hi, you!" he called a mechanic, "start her up—ready—contact! Z-r-r-r—!"

The little bird skimmed the smooth floor of the aerodrome and dived upward in a wide circle.

"She's all right," said Thornycroft, shading his eyes; "what's wrong with Tam, I wonder?"

"Tam doesn't funk a thing," protested Blackie, "I've never known him—my God!"

Apparently nothing happened—only the machine without warning buckled up and broke two thousand feet in the air, a wing dropped off and a crumpled thing, which bore no resemblance to an airplane, dropped straight as a plummet to earth.

If fell less than a hundred yards from the aerodrome and Mr. Theodore Mann was dead when they pulled him from the wreckage.

Blackie directed the salvage work and returned a very thoughtful man. When Tam returned from his tour he sent for him.

"You have heard the news, I suppose?"

Tam nodded gravely.

"Now, tell me, Tam," said Blackie, "did you feel anything wrong with the machine—why did you bring her down?"

"Sir," said Tam, "I'll no' romance an' A'm tellin' ye Flyin'-Coor truth. I saw nothin' an' felt nothin'—the engines were guid an' sweet an' she swung like a leddy but——"

"But?"

"Weel, what would ye say if ye were zoomin' up an' of a sudden, for no reason, yeer hair stood up an' yeer flesh went creepy an' yeer mouth grew as dry as Sunday morning? An' there was a cauld, cauld sensation under yeer belt an' the skin aboot yeer eyes was all strained and ye smelt things an' tasted things sharper, as if all yeer senses was racin' like the propeller of a boat when her bow goes under water?"

Blackie shivered. "That's how you felt, eh?" he asked; "well, you needn't explain further, Tam."

"'Tis the airman's sixty-sixth sense," said Tam. "If he's worried or sad that sixty-sixth sense gets thrown up and becomes more veevid, if ye'll understand me."

"Worried? Sad?" said Blackie quickly, "what's worrying you, Tam? Haven't you had your pay this month?"

Tam smiled slowly. "What that young fellow, Cox, is doing wi' ma fortune doesna keep me awake at nights," he said; "the MacTavishes are feckless, extravagant bodies and it no' concairns me whether ma balance is one poond or two."

"What is worrying you?" asked Blackie.

"Weel," said Tam slowly, "A'm just a wee bit grieved. A frien' o' mine is leaving France."

"Friend of yours?" said Blackie, "who is your friend?"

"He is a braw big fellow about six foot high wi' muscular arms and curly hair," said Tam, "his name's Jamie Macfarlane, and his mither's a leddy in her own right."

Thus embarked upon his career of mendacity the artist in Tam compelled him to complete the picture.

"We were at school together, Angus and I."

"You said Jamie just now, Tam," reproved Blackie.

"Angus is his second name," said the glib Tam; "we were brought up in the same village, the village of Glascae, and tramped off to the same college at six every morning when the bummer went. There we'd sit, me and Alec."

"Angus," suggested Blackie.

"Me and Alec Angus Jamie Macfarlane," said the undisturbed Tam,

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"listenin' wi' eager ears to the discoorses of Professor Ferguson who took the Chair in Rivets at the Govan Iron Works Seminary, drinkin' out of the same mug——"

"Tam, you're lying," said Blackie, "what is really worrying you and who's your friend?"

Tam heaved a sigh. "Ah weel," he said, "A shall be wanting to go into Amiens, to-night, Captain Blackie, sir, and A've a graund poem at the back of ma heid that A'd like to be writing. You'll no' be wanting me?"

"Not till four," said Captain Blackie; "I want you to stand by then in case Fritz tries something funny. The circus paid a visit to 89 yesterday evening and it may be our turn to-night."

Tam closed and locked the door of his room, produced a large pad of writing-paper, an ink-well, and fitted his pen with a new nib before he began his valedictory poem.

Never had a poem been more difficult to write to this ready versifier. He crossed out and rewrote, he destroyed sheet after sheet before the rough work of his hands was ready for polishing.

"How may a puir wee airman fly
When ye have carried off his sky?"

the verse began, and perhaps those were the two most extravagant lines in the farewell verse.

He wrote a fair copy, folded it carefully, inserted it into an envelope and slipped it into his breast pocket. He was to see Vera that night and had no other feeling but one of blank helplessness, for he had neither the right nor the desire to reveal by one word his closely guarded secret, a secret which he fondly believed was shared by none.

His plan was to give her the envelope on the promise that it should not be opened and read until she had reached America. He had invented and carefully rehearsed certain cautious words of farewell, so designed that she might accept them on the spot as conventional expressions of his regret at her leaving, but pondering them afterward, could discover in these simple phrases a hint of his true sentiment.

Such was the difficulty of composition that he was late for parade. All the squadron which was not actually engaged in routine duty was present. Ordinarily they would have been dismissed after the briefest wait, but to-day Blackie kept gunners, observers and pilots standing by their machines.

At half-past four Blackie hurried across from his office. "There's a general alarm," he said. "Everybody is to go up. Tam, take number six and patrol the area."

As the machines rose a big motor-car came flying on to the ground and two staff officers alighted.

Blackie turned and saluted his brigadier. "We only just got the message through, sir," he said.

The general nodded. "It was signalled to me on the road," he said; "I expected it. Who is in charge of that flight?"

"Mr. MacTavish, sir."

"Tam, eh?" The general nodded his approval. "The circus is getting big and bold," he said; "Fritz has a new machine and he is making the most of it. There they come, the beauties!"

He slipped his field-glasses from the case at his belt and focused them upon the sky. The enemy came, a graceful V-shaped flight of monstrous geese, throbbing and humming, and the wandering patrols above changed direction and flew to meet them.

As at a signal the V parted at the fork, each angle divided and subdivided into two, so that where one broad arrow-head had been, were four diamonds. The anti-aircraft guns were staining the evening skies brown and white till the attacking squadrons came gliding like tiny flies into the disturbed area, when the gun-fire ceased.

And now friend and enemy were so mixed that it needed an expert eye to distinguish them. They circled, climbed, dived, looped over and about one another, and it seemed as if the tendency of the oncoming wave was to retire.

"They're going. They've had enough," said the general.

Two machines were wobbling to earth, one in a blaze, whilst a third planed down toward the enemy's lines. The fighters were going farther and farther away, all except three machines that seemed engaged in weaving an invisible thread one about the other.

Under and over, round, up, down, and all the time the ceaseless chatter of machine-guns.

Then one side-slipped, recovered and dropped on his tail to earth. The fight was now between two machines, the maneuvers were repeated, the same knitting of some queer design until—

"Got him!" yelled the general.

The German plane fell in that slow spiral which told its own tale to the expert watchers. Then suddenly his nose went down and he crashed.

"Who's the man? Tam, for a ducat!"

Blackie nodded.

Tam's machine was planing down to earth.

"He'll miss the aerodrome," said the general.

"That's not Tam's way of returning at all," said Blackie with knitted brows.

The machine dropped in the very field where the Sausage Killer had been brought down a week before. It did not skim down but landed awkwardly, swaying from side to side until it came to a standstill.

Blackie was racing across the field. He reached the machine and took one glance at the pilot. Then he turned to the mechanic who followed at his heels.

"'Phone an ambulance," he said; "they've got Tam at last."

For Tam sat limply in his seat, his chin on his breast, his hand still clasped about the bloody grip of his machine-gun.

THE matron beckoned Vera.

"Here's your last job, Vera," she said with a smile, "take your car to the aerodrome. One of the pilots has been killed."

Vera stared. "At the aerodrome?"

Control it as she might her voice shook.

"Yes— didn't you see the fight in the air?"

"I came out as it was finishing—oh, may I take the ambulance?"

The matron looked at her in wonder. "Yes, child, take the Stafford car," she nodded to an ambulance which waited on the broad drive.

Without another word Vera ran to the car and cranked it up. As she climbed into the driver's seat she felt her knees trembling.

"Please God, it isn't Tam!" she prayed as she drove the little car along the aerodrome road; "not Tam, dear Lord—not Tam!"

And yet, by the very panic within her she knew it was Tam and none other.

"To the left, I think."

She looked round in affright.

She had been oblivious to the fact that a doctor had taken his seat by her side—it was as though he had emerged from nothingness and had assumed shape and substance as he spoke.

She turned her wheel mechanically, bumped across a little ditch and passed through a broken fence to where a knot of men were regarding something on the ground.

She hardly stopped the ambulance before she leapt out and pushed her way through the group.

"Tam!" she whispered and at that moment Tam opened his eyes. He looked in wonder from face to face, then his eyes rested on the girl.

She was down on her knees by his side in a second and her hand was under his head.

"Tam!" she whispered and thrilled at the look which came into his blue eyes.

Then before them all she bent her head and kissed him.

"From which moment," said Blackie afterward, "Tam began one of the most remarkable recoveries medical science has ever recorded. He had three bullets through his chest, one through his shoulder-blade, and two of his ribs were broken."

Tam closed his eyes. "Vera," he murmured.

She looked up, self-possessed, and eyed Blackie steadily as the doctor

(Continued on page 100)

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Gregory and the reporters.

The WHITE ARC

By Henry Kitchell Webster

Author of "The REAL ADVENTURE"

Illustrated by W. E. Hill

CHAPTER THIRTY
Helena's Last Challenge

THERE was an incredible lot of blood. The pale, silken rug on which she had fallen was sodden with it—a dark purple—and a sharply outlined continent of it lay map-wise on the floor. But this, the beginning of the horror, was also the end of it, for there was, about the attitude of the body, nothing of that convulsive distortion in which violent death so often grotesquely masks itself. It was still Helena lying there, dead and marble white, but as she had familiarly lain in life, utterly relaxed; utterly—somehow—satisfied. The eyelids were dropped shut. The colorless lips were parted.

Wondering—awed beyond the possibility of feeling any other emotion—Hugh softly crossed the room and knelt beside her and pressed his hand upon her breast where now her heart was still, to make his first acquaintance with Death. What a superb—finality there was about it! What a guarantee of good faith it gave! The only ultimate guarantee.

The natural emotions, grief, pity, self-reproach, eluded him altogether as he knelt there gazing at her. They—or the positive negations of them—would come in time to him, to harass or sustain. There would come, too, in the near approaching hours, a review of the strange stormy life they had led together; the attempt at a solution of its moral enigmas—the search for a clue to the meaning of it all. All he could feel now was a curious futility—a sense of having been outdone—left behind. There was something strangely triumphant about this last still relaxation of hers. He could read the sighing, contented, "It is finished!" upon her parted lips.

"We should only destroy each other, you and I," she had said to him years ago, up there in Alice Hayes's flat, the day of his first visit. He had been talking confidently, like the sophomore he was, about the possibilities of their "friendship." She had seen clearly enough then. Had she ever been blind? Or, open-eyed, had she challenged the destruction she saw? Challenge! That had always been the note of her. And now, in the acceptance of this last challenge of hers, she had found —peace.

The last time he had seen her —a week ago—here in this very room— had hated her; had wanted to kil for the abominations she had ut —he her tered

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about Jean. That was what she had invited him to do—challenged him to do. And he had looked at her and gone away, hating her. But it was a futile hatred. He had not said a word; had not lifted a hand. A hatred she could smile at now. He glanced at her lips again to see if the smile was there.

The hatred was gone—the loathing—the horror of her—that he had brought with him fairly to the threshold of this room.

There had been, indeed, a strong access of it in the last few minutes before he turned into his house. It had been sharpened to an edge. A face had thrust itself into his preoccupation just as he and Greg, walking back from the laboratory, were approaching the point where their ways would naturally have parted.

He had been a thousand fathoms deep, of course; had hardly spoken to Gregory in the whole mile they had just walked together. Indeed, had hardly been conscious he was there. But this face, the face of a man walking toward them, close to the building line, but coming just here into the luminous zone of a drug-store window, became suddenly and sharply visible to him—a pale face, dabbled, shiny with sweat. He had gripped Gregory's arm and commanded him to look. He had felt his brother's muscles turn to steel under his fingers, but Gregory had not spoken until after the man—walking straight along, not noticeably fast; doggedly and with rigid eyes, like a somnambulist—had passed. Then he said what Hugh, somehow, had already guessed:

"That's Gilrain! That's the man!"

They had paused and looked back after him. And then, Gregory's eyes having asked a question which Hugh's sharp shake of the head had answered, they had walked on together.

Unidentified, the look of the man would have been repulsive. An abject surrender to panic is always that. But as Helena's lover—this rat-like thing, huddling along in the shadows, dropped below the level of human-accountability and vengeance altogether! Became the mere symbol of the loathing Hugh felt for his wife!

Gregory's "Something's happened—for him to look like that! I'm going home with you!" was accepted by his logical faculties as reasonable enough, and he fell in with the quickened pace that Gregory took.

INDEED, this premonition mounted in a swift gradient to certitude as they entered the silent but brightly lighted house, looked into the dining-room where all was just as the two who had dined there had left it; the coffee cups, the half emptied glasses, the little silver ash-tray with the extinguished ends of two or three of Helena's cigarets on it. Where were the servants who should have come in to clear away?

No, the tragedy, as such, had not been a surprise to Hugh when, from the threshold, he looked in upon it. The bewildering thing had been the sudden recession of all the horror and disgust he had brought to that doorway with him. The tranquility of a last supreme satisfaction was as legible in the white body he knelt above, as a seal set in hardening wax.

It came upon him, a haunting surmise with all the force of a demonstrable conviction, that the man Gregory had called her lover—the loathsome rat they had seen out there in the street—had no real significance in the affair; had been a merely casual instrument—the first that came to hand—in the accomplishment of her now completed purpose. Completed, no doubt of that! She had finished her course. She had kept—some sort of faith, obscure to him, she must have kept, or the transubstantiation of death would not have left her beautiful, like this.

The surmise glanced forward again, lifted another horizon. This course of hers, this seeming devious course, and this obscure faith, had they a reference—some sort of constant reference—to himself? Was he the object of her perpetual challenge? Was it to him that she had been trying, vainly till now, to bring something home? And was it the belief that she had, at last, succeeded that had left that look of ineffable contentment on her parted lips?

He must solve the riddle, somehow. But not now. There must be things to do. An hundred things. Gregory must be somewhere. He rose and went to the door and called him; voicelessly at first, but again in a voice that sounded natural enough.

Even Gregory, looking thoughtfully down upon her, gave her the grace of a long moment of silence, and it was with an evident effort that he roused himself, laid a consolatory grip on Hugh's shoulder and—took charge.

"There's no doubt but it's all over, is there?" His voice had the brusk, deep tone one hears in crises. "She's quite dead?"

Hugh's "Yes" was a little startled. It had not occurred to him to doubt it. He added: "Yes, I'm sure."

"The doctor's the first thing, anyhow, I guess. Shall I try to get Darby?" Darby was one of Chicago's most eminent surgeons, but the Corbetts, antedating his fame, were among the few barnacles of a general practise that he had never scraped off.

Formalities, however necessary, were not in the focus of Hugh's mind at all. He assented indifferently to Darby. Gregory, however, did not move toward the telephone—stayed where he was, looking thoughtfully down at Helena.

"I'm glad it happened—this way," he said, indicating the revolver which lay beside her hand. "This way rather than the other. I mean, that she shot herself instead of——"

He broke off and looked closer; stooped down, stared, took up the revolver and scrutinized it. Then he put it back, accurately, where it had been.

"She didn't do it herself," he said, in a changed voice. "She was shot—murdered. By Gilrain."

Hugh considered this in silence for a moment. Then gravely he said: "That doesn't change anything, really. It comes to just the same thing."

IN THE context of his own thoughts this comment was clear enough. Death was still, he meant to say, the completest expression of the thing she had sought; still represented, somehow, a triumphant accomplishment—self-inflicted or not. The murderer's bullet had been challenged—welcome.

But to Gregory—naturally enough—this was lunacy.

"Old man!" he expostulated, patiently. "Try to think what it means. It means that the whole rotten story will have to come out. Every rag of it. It won't take two minutes for them to see that it isn't an ordinary burglary murder. They'll question the servants. Where are all the servants, anyhow? And they'll question us. And they'll have enough to go on, God knows, right there. The whole pack will be loose—detectives, reporters, photographers, sob-writers. They won't miss one dirty rag of it. If Gilrain's caught, there'll be a trial. If he isn't, there'll be a hunt for him. I don't know which will be worse. That's the difference it makes. Unless——"

"That mustn't happen," Hugh said. "That can't be allowed to happen. The thing wasn't the way it looks to you. There was something in it you don't understand. I don't myself, clearly. But she doesn't deserve to be dragged through the mud, and she sha'n't be! I'll protect her from that, anyhow."

Gregory nodded and gripped his brother's shoulder once more. And this time with much more genuine feeling.

"It will want thinking out," he said, and then walked irresolutely over toward the telephone. "We can't have Darby," he said; "that's the first thing. We'll need a crook—a man we can buy. And we'll need the same kind of a trained nurse. And an undertaker and his assistant. There's four we'll have to buy, body and soul. And the servants, here in the house. All but Martha. She'll stand by, from loyalty to the family, I think. That chauffeur of yours. He'll have seen more or less, too. We've got to get them all. Because there can't be even a whisper."

Hugh had dropped into a chair. His face was whitening, his eyes looked sick, as the foul tide rose higher around him. But he nodded a dazed assent.

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There was a moment of silence. Then, abruptly, Gregory turned away from the telephone and faced him. "Hugh, it *can't* be done! It's impossible! Because of what they'll think. What every one will think, the minute the proposition is put up to them. They'll think you killed her yourself. They're bound to. And that means that, somehow, it would all come out, including our attempt to shut it up. And when it did, you'd be done for—don't you see?—because then it would be too late for us to tell the truth. My word wouldn't be any better than yours."

That, curiously, brought Hugh out of his daze. He rose deliberately from his chair, walked over to the window, and for a little while stood staring out over the snowy roofs. Then he came back to Gregory.

"All right," he said, "we'll let it go at that—let it look like that. That's disastrous, but not—filthy. And it's truer, somehow, than the other. It was I that killed her, you might say. She saw it all. It was all in her voice when she telephoned to me out at the laboratory last Saturday. Oh, I'm not raving! Or at least, not much. There's a sort of truth in it. Anyhow, Gilrain doesn't figure—except by chance. She'd have found somebody."

Up to that point he had spoken quite collectedly. But at Gregory's incredulous stare, he went to pieces. "Oh, you don't have to understand it!" he cried, frantically. "I won't have the other thing, that's all you need to know! I won't have it! I'll take it on myself."

"You won't," said Gregory. "It may suit you to get yourself hanged for murder, but don't your father and mother, and your brothers and sisters count for anything? Yourself! Good God, Hugh, isn't there anybody but yourself in the world?"

Hugh's face was that of a man in a nightmare. He had added one name to Gregory's catalogue. He turned back, unsteadily, to his chair.

"You're quite right," he said. "I can't protect her that way. I'm—a little out of my head, I guess, in addition to being a fool. You'll have to take charge. I'll do as you say." Then, "We don't have to leave her lying there, do we? Can't I take her and put her in on her bed?"

Gregory nodded, and refrained from offering to help. It wasn't necessary, of course. He waited until Hugh had carried his burden into the adjoining room; then he went to the telephone.

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE

The Way Out For the Corbetts

A MERE footnote is all that remains to be made upon this tragic conclusion of Helena Corbett's stormy life adventure. An ironic sort of footnote, it happens to be. For one of the consequences of that last week of hers and the pulling down of the pillars of her temple, conspicuously—maliciously, I might almost say—falsified her expectations. The Corbett family, those upholstered complacent Corbetts, put in the pillory for once, wincing at sneers to which no answers could be made, trying with a sort of ludicrous futility to wipe off the stain of an indelible disgrace—that expectation, which must have been in the back of her mind from the beginning to the end of her episode with Gilrain, was never realized.

There was indeed the space of an hour or two when they confronted it; Constance and Frank Crawford—that is to say—shrewd old Dr. Darby, a Mr. Worldly-Wise man, if ever one there was, and Rodney Aldrich—Rodney was a lawyer—all summoned in the first five minutes Greg worked at the telephone. Five unusually acute intelligences, these were; but it was, after all, due to no resourcefulness of theirs that the almost unendurable course of events they foresaw was evaded. It was partly plain good luck, and partly a shrewd guess by a member of the tribe whose activities they dreaded the worst, a reporter.

The good luck was this: when Gregory, summoning all the resolution he possessed, informed the police at the Chicago Avenue station that his brother's wife had been found murdered in her boudoir, and that the family had reason to suspect that a man calling himself Frank Gilrain was the murderer, he was cut short in the middle of his statement as to how the man looked, and where he had last been seen, by the amazing information that Gilrain was already locked in a cell, booked under the charge of carrying concealed weapons; and that a search had revealed the fact that he had on his person a sum of thirty-two hundred dollars, in bills of large denominations.

The theory of robbery was too easy and obvious for the police not to jump at. Greg and Rodney knew, of course, that this theory could not hold water for more than an hour or two; but it did give them time to breathe, and Gregory managed a noncommittal answer to the question whether or not that sum of money had been taken from Hugh's house, promised an immediate investigation, and hung up.

"I never kept any money about," Hugh said, when they questioned him, "but I don't know about Helena. She does all the banking and book-keeping. She is very good at that—was, I mean. You will find everything in good order, I imagine, right in her desk there."

With this permission it didn't take them a minute to find the counterfoil of the check, the last she ever drew, for thirty-two hundred dollars, made out to currency. It crossed their minds at once that she had drawn it for Gilrain, and the question under what influence, what compulsion, she had done it, asked itself instantly. But when Hugh got the drift of their thoughts, he discouraged the notion that they had found the clue.

"Blackmail?" he said, with a smile. "You will draw blank in that cover. She would never have tried to buy silence from anybody." He added to Constance: "There are a lot of things she wasn't, that she might have been; things that plenty of us are."

HE PROVED to be right about that. The search they made through her letters and papers revealed no hint that she had felt herself in anybody's power, let alone Gilrain's. They were still completely at a loss, therefore, when Rodney and Greg went down into the drawing-room about ten o'clock to receive the reporters.

They were much too wise, of course, to attempt to take the line that this was a private matter, none of the public's business. Greg told, with an admirable appearance of complete candor, the story of his return to the house with Hugh from the laboratory where they had been discussing a matter of important business. He told how they found the body; made a note of the absence of the servants, and the servants' explanation of how it came about. He described the loaded but undischarged revolver, which lay by Helena's hand, and admitted that the nature of the wound precluded the theory of suicide. When he got to the end of the story, he answered their questions about the facts freely.

But when the questioners asked for theories, speculations, he turned them over to Rodney, and Rodney, while he made no bones of admitting that they had a theory which accounted for the crime, was adamant when it came to revealing it. Publication at this stage would be fatally premature, and the issue was so grave that he didn't even feel justified in taking them into his confidence, though he knew how high a standard the newspapers, in the main, lived up to in the matter of respecting such confidence.

This was pure bluff, of course. He and Frank and Gregory were casting about desperately for a theory other than the amorous one which was staring them in the face. But the admission that they had no theory would have fired the indignation of every one of those reporters, and by one o'clock, when the papers went to press, there would have been half a dozen which their respective authors would have been ready to fight for to the last gasp.

One of the group, who went away with a good grace enough when Rodney dismissed them, was a man both he and Gregory had encountered professionally before. In the presence of the others he had made no parade of this fact, had

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kept in the background, rather, and asked only a few perfunctory questions. But half an hour after the others had gone, he came back, and asked for a private interview. He was the sort of reporter, in these days of cooperative press bureaus and rewrite men, oftener encountered in fiction than in fact—a veteran of the old tradition.

"I haven't come to ask for anything to publish," he assured Rodney, who received him. "I have an idea I know what your theory of the crime is. At least, I have one of my own, and I suspect yours squares with it. I am not going to ask you to confirm it, either, unless you like." He paused there for a moment, then deliberately shot his question in: "Has Mr. Hugh Corbett's work in his laboratory lately had anything to do with the war?"

Rodney is still proud and amazed over the feat of self-control he then and there performed, in not embracing that reporter with a gasp of joy. He held his breath for ten seconds, before he trusted himself to speak; but when he did it was in his coldest professional tone. "I can't feel warranted in answering that question without consulting Corbett," he said.

"I'll give you a little more to go on before you do that," the reporter went on. "I have been working on these German spy cases for months. Their main industry, just now, is blowing up munition plants, of course, and I have no doubt they have laid some sort of plans for the Corbett works at Riverdale; but it strikes me that there may be an even closer connection through the laboratory. I suppose they think they already know all there is to know about metallurgy. Still they would hardly leave a man as famous in that line as Hugh Corbett without paying him some attention.

"Well, here's where it joins on. They're doing most of their work through the I. W. W., and other radicals and pacifists, and of course, Mrs. Corbett's connections with those circles are well known. It strikes me as natural that they should approach her, and that there might have been some conflict in her mind between what she took to be her duty under her principles and her loyalty to her husband. Or, for that matter, she may simply have been leading them on all the while with the idea of finding out what they meant to do, not realizing, perhaps, how desperate they were, or what a serious business it was. Well, there's my theory, and you can see for yourself how my question fits into it."

"I think Corbett will be willing to answer your question, but I'll go and ask him," Rodney said, and managed not to burst until he got out of the room. They gave the reporter the answer he wanted, told him that the work Hugh was doing in his laboratory had indeed something to do with the war. If they had dared, they would have given him a thousand dollars as an unworthy token of their gratitude. He had shown them the way out—the only possible way out.

"Connie, can you pray?"

It is not necessary to chronicle their subsequent activities in detail. Broadly, this is what they did: they found in Helena's bank-book the deposit of the last three thousand dollars. They asked Hugh about this and found that it was nothing he knew about. Frank Crawford was a director in that bank, so they assigned him the job of discovering where the check came from; and about one o'clock that night a shivering receiving teller, answering the 'phone in his pajamas, confidently told him. Yes, it was a thing he would be willing to swear to. They had been watching Bertsch's checks for weeks, under instructions to report anything that looked at all suspicious. Hugh's denial that he had ever done any business with Bertsch, on top of this, gave them something more than conjecture to go on.

With that, Rodney went to the state's attorney, next morning at breakfast time, and contrived to convince him—without presenting the situation directly in that light—that there were more *kudos* for him in the political aspect of the crime than in the personal. He took Rodney to his office with him, and sent for Gilrain.

By ten o'clock Gilrain had made a confession—in the main true. Helena, he said, had agreed to rescue him from the presumably treacherous doctor whom Bertsch had consigned him to, to shelter him for a week, and to serve as intermediary between Bertsch and himself, for the transfer of the three thousand dollars necessary to carry out his plans. But at the last moment, he said, she had welshed, and upon his demanding the three thousand dollars which she had brought home that day, had threatened him with a revolver instead. He had shot her, under the belief that she had been on the point of

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killing him. He was willing, he said, to tell all he knew about Bertsch and the other members of the conspiracy—he conveyed the impression that he knew an appalling lot—in consideration of leniency being exercised in his behalf. He did not ask complete immunity. Indeed, in his shattered condition, that morning, incarceration—safe incarceration—for the duration of the war, looked better to him than precarious liberty.

It was Rodney's suggestion that he be permitted to plead guilty to an indictment for manslaughter, and the state's attorney, sighing over the lost opportunities offered by a high society murder trial, finally consented.

Thus it came about that, by the day set for the funeral, all danger of the outbreak of the uglier scandal—the really indelible disgrace which had seemed inevitable for an hour or two that Friday night—was definitely passed.

There was, of course, a lot of excitement; there were newspaper headlines that bruised like blows. There was a high-voltage crackle of speculation. Constance and Eileen were often aware, when they came into a company of their friends, that the current of conversation had been abruptly switched to another circuit. But all this, compared to what might have been, seemed like the result of a heavenly intervention in their favor. Indeed, it was known in the family that Eileen seriously regarded it like that.

Discussion simmered down to two alternatives; one that Helena in a fanatical devotion to her pacifist and antinationalist principles had been prepared to betray the secrets of her husband's laboratory or to connive at the destruction of the plant at Riverdale, but had experienced at the last moment a change of heart which had cost her her life; the other that she had never meant anything of the sort, but had merely led the plotters on in order to learn—and the better frustrate—their plans.

It was this latter—the sentimental-heroic version—that finally gained almost universal acceptance. An ironic footnote it makes to Helena's stormy life. One hates to imagine her poor ineffectual ghost becoming aware of that gossip; learning how that last week of hers on earth had come to be regarded.

CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO

The Corbett Family Tries to Understand Hugh

YOU know the Corbett family well enough by this time, I think, to understand how this unexpected dénouement of the tragedy affected them. They would have faced disgrace for Hugh, would have fought for and beside him back to the last ditch. They would have sympathized with him in his misfortunes, in any misfortunes, that is to say, that they could interpret even dimly in that light.

But they were a realistic lot, and they enveloped Helena's death in no romantic or sentimental atmosphere whatever. None of them had ever liked her. The nearest thing to it in the family had been Robert, Senior's, touch of gallant admiration. They regarded it as an unqualified misfortune to Hugh that he had ever seen her, and her taking off, by that same token, as a piece of plain good luck for her husband. What was more, they felt pretty sure that Hugh himself hadn't cared much for her after he was fairly over his first infatuation, and that he had, in words of one syllable, been making the best of a bad job.

Even their heavy-handedness would hardly have gone the length of open congratulation, nor would they have expected him to avow the sentiment which, as a matter of plain common sense, they felt he ought to feel. There were certain minimum decencies, even among their outspoken selves, which they expected to maintain. But Hugh's conduct during the fortnight that followed the funeral, became, as the days went by, an irritating enigma, a thing they observed with what patience they could command, incredulously. This state of mind was most marked in his mother, just as it was least so, or absent altogether, in Constance. Consequently, it was over Constance's head that Mrs. Corbett's slowly accumulated high tensity of exasperation finally burst.

When one considers the facts, it isn't very hard to understand how she felt. Gregory's telegram, containing little more than the bare announcement that Helena had been murdered, had reached her and her husband in San Francisco before they had fairly got the alkali dust from their journey west out of their lungs. Its guarded phraseology made it horribly alarming.

She lived through three absolutely ghastly days on the way back with her husband, and from Cheyenne on, with Bob, who deepened the gloom rather than lightened it by treating their unspeakable surmise with a gloomy certainty. Of course, Hugh had killed his wife. Bob had felt quite sure all along it would only be a question of time before he did.

It was, of course, in the highest degree exasperating—in her relief from three days like that—to find Hugh as gloomy as he might have been expected to be if everything had turned out as badly as possible, instead of incredibly well. She stayed bottled up for three or four days after the funeral, and then one morning she burst, as I said, all over Constance. It was a morning, too, that Constance had laboriously swept clear for dealing with large arrears in the way of letters.

Mrs. Corbett came in, very warm and rumpled and out of breath, stared with marked disapprobation at the bright little wood fire Connie had been luxuriating in, slammed open a window, muttered "You'd have suffocated in another ten minutes!" as a sort of defiant apology when the early March wind swept a handful of papers off her daughter's desk, and dropped panting in the chintz-covered wing-chair.

"Of course you get warm when you hurry like that," Constance said. "Mother, I'll have to put it down. It's blowing all the smoke out of the chimney. Let me get you a drink of water."

"Gin and water," growled Mrs. Corbett. "Raw gin. That's what I'd like—No, of course I don't want any. I've been talking to that brother of yours. Another ten minutes and I'd have tried to shake him. That's what he needs."

There were three of Constance's brothers she might have been talking to that morning; but Constance had no need of asking her which one she meant.

"I should think he had been shaken enough in the last two weeks," she observed, which for a while reduced Mrs. Corbett to inarticulate mutterings.

"I've been trying," she said at last, "to get a little bit of common sense into him. I wanted him to leave that horrible house of his and come back to us, his old room—things as they were. Bob's going to stay around for a while, and Anne talks of coming. We'd be a family again, like old times. The best thing in the world for him. Only he wouldn't hear of it.

"It was on my tongue to tell him," she went on, finally, "that if he meant to go on like this I didn't want him to come. I can't bear the sight of a sick cat, and that's what he's acting like. Oh, I didn't say that!"—this was in acknowledgment of Constance's look of horror. "I held my breath instead. I don't like to cry even when there is something to cry about. My nose gets red and I feel like a fool. I didn't on the train, not a drop, all those three days while I had to watch your father turning old under my eyes, thinking what those idiotic telegrams of Greg's made us think. And then when we got home to find that what had really happened was the best piece of luck Hugh's had since the day he first saw the woman! You can't deny that's true, and neither can he. It's all infernal nonsense. But he's got a look about him." The tears came again just at the memory of it. She squeezed them bruskly out of her eyes and surrendered.

"What *is* the matter with him, Connie?" she demanded. "He's like a man hag-ridden. Is the woman haunting him?" She turned suddenly and stared at her daughter. "I have thought, off and on, that you know something the rest of us don't. I believe you do.

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Both had tears and tight throats, but there was a wonderful serenity in their hearts.

There has been a sort of look about you, too, now I think of it."

Constance was a little disconcerted with the suddenness of this attack, but she quickly pulled herself together. "I don't think I've got any special look," she protested, turning to her dressing-table mirror as if for information. "Of course, I've been through it all with him from the beginning. I don't think you would find it so hard to understand how he is taking it if you'd done that. He was all worn out, of course, when it happened. He hadn't had any regular sleep or meals for a week. He had been working so crazily hard."

"Work!" sniffed his mother. "Work never hurts a Corbett." She turned, once more, a penetrating, thoughtful look upon her daughter.

Constance hurried on: "And what I think makes it harder for him is that he knows it's good luck, and he can't be sorry. That would be positively ghastly, I think, to have people sympathizing with you over something you feel like a criminal for being glad about, and not have a soul anywhere that you could tell the truth to."

Mrs. Corbett scouted the theory as fine-spun nonsense. "Why can't he tell the truth to us? We know it already, don't we?"

In the next breath she answered her own question: "No, we don't. That's exactly the point I am getting at."

Another momentary silence, and then before Constance could summon her breath to protest, she pounced: "Tell me exactly what Jean's got to do with this."

At that Constance slumped. "If you know she has got anything to do with it, you must know pretty nearly as much as I do," she said. She paused there a moment in the hope that her mother would go on to reveal the sources and the extent of her own information. But Mrs. Corbett merely waited grimly, and with a sigh Constance began the tale.

"I can tell you all I had anything to do with," she said. "I had talked with

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Jean just that afternoon, after the concert, so I knew a little and guessed a good deal of how things were between them. When Greg telephoned for Frank and me to come right over to Hugh's house because they had just found Helena there dead, I waited long enough to call up Jean and tell her. I couldn't bear the thought of her seeing the morning newspapers, unprepared. And, of course, we didn't know then what the papers would say. What they *mightn't* say. As soon as I got a good chance with Hugh I told him I had done it. He seemed relieved then. But by the middle of the next morning, when he hadn't heard anything from her, he was terribly restless—frantic nearly.

"So I offered to go and see her. And I did. Drove straight over about ten o'clock. It was a shock to me to see how she had taken it. I had been with her just the day before, you see, and had been, well, fairly carried off my feet by her courage. She is the bravest little thing, always. And that day there was a perfectly terrifying prospect ahead of her—not knowing what despicable thing Helena might have planned to do, or might already have done. She never even wavered. She was ready for anything. Ready to see anything through. Ready to go through fire or over hot plowshares. It simply took my breath. I didn't know whether it was right or wrong, but for the time I didn't care. It was so splendidly beautiful.

"But that next morning when I saw her she had completely gone to pieces. It was just a panic. I couldn't understand it all then. I don't very clearly now, because, of course, as far as practical results are concerned, Helena's death makes everything come right. But at the time, it seemed just to have annihilated her.

"The thing she seemed most terrified about was that Hugh might come to see her. It seems she had made him promise he would, the night before, over the telephone. He'd called her up from the laboratory, just after she left me. She wanted me to make him promise *not* to come. I tried to quiet her. I thought perhaps she had a wild idea that Hugh had killed Helena himself. But it wasn't that. And there didn't seem to be anything else to say. But she did manage to pull herself together, a little, just as I was going, and gave me a message for him. I was to tell him that she wouldn't go away if he wanted her not to.

"Well, that was what I had to go back with to Hugh. I tried to soften it down, of course; made as little as I could of her not wanting to see him, and as much of her being willing to stay, in case he didn't want her to go south with Ethel and Mother Crawford. But it didn't do any good.

"He saw it all just as if he had been there. He wasn't angry, or hurt, or even surprised. I was all three, of course, angry a little and surprised a lot. And he explained it to me with that same look on his face that he has had ever since. She came to the funeral but didn't see him. It was the next day, of course, that they started for San Antonio. I'm not sure she didn't send him some sort of word; but I don't believe she did."

DOWN in her heart, Mrs. Corbett was as fond of Jean as any of them—had been ever since the days of Anne's wedding. Against the mere breath of hostile criticism she would have defended the girl as hotly as Constance herself; but the rather doting affection that all the rest of her family lavished on Jean made the expression of her own seem superfluous, and her favorite attitude had always been a grumbling, humorous dissent from the extravagances of the others. Now, in a moment of genuine indignation, the knowledge that anything she said about the girl would be subject to a heavy discount, drove her farther than she would otherwise have gone.

"I have been a fool," she burst out. "We've all been fools not to see that there was something behind those innocent ways of hers. She's been making love to him, I suppose, ever since she came back from England. But this that you've just told me is the first I have known of it. Hugh hasn't said anything to me. That was just a guess of mine. I thought there might be something like that. She ought to be whipped! Oh, the way she's taking on now doesn't need any explaining! I can understand it well enough. Very romantic it was, of course, as long as it was only a question of notes and kisses—understanding him so much better than his wife did, and all that! But now that it has come down to the question of common every-day marriage, it isn't so nice. Though 'she won't run away, if he wants her not to!' Bah!"

It was not often that any one attempted to check this formidable lady in full career. About the only person who had ever tried it was Hugh. But Constance, though she trembled, did it now.

"Mother," she said, "you sha'n't talk about Jean like that! Not to me!"

"What!" boomed the old woman. "I'll talk about her as I please. To anybody."

"You won't," said Constance, "because you know it's not fair."

A realization on Mrs. Corbett's part that this charge was entirely true added itself to her astonishment over her daughter's defiance. She subsided, muttering, and gave Constance a chance to go on.

"I think," Constance said, a word at a time, "that Jean is about the finest, bravest, straightest person I know. Most of us are cowards beside her. I am, anyway. She's always loved Hugh, of course, and she's been the only one of all of us, lately, who *has* loved him—in a way that did *him* any good, I mean. The rest of us have sat around talking about poor old Hugh and saying what a pity it was that his life should have been spoiled by that dreadful marriage of his. But she loved him well enough to like Helena, too, as long as she thought he did. And she helped him. Made him happier than he's been before—ever, I guess. And she'd have done anything, I believe, that she thought would make him happier. Even then, though she didn't know they were—lovers.

"She didn't find that out till a little while ago—on Philip's birthday, that was; up at our house at Lake Forest. I don't know how it happened. It just flamed up, I suppose. She came back from there the next day, ready, I'm sure, to do anything he wanted her to. Oh, she didn't tell me much, but I knew before she'd told me anything. It was just there in her face, for anybody to see that wanted to look. Rose Aldrich did see it—spoke to me about it."

Mrs. Corbett had listened to this protest with no more interruptions than an occasional incredulous snort or two, but at this point she propounded a question: "All right! be as sentimental about it as you like. But how do you account for the way she has acted since? How does Hugh account for it?" She sat back more comfortably in her big chair, crossed her legs comprehendingly, lighted one of her abominable cigarets—good signs of her recovery of her normal frame of mind, these were—and settled back to listen.

"It isn't easy to make it sound sensible," Constance admitted. "But I think I can see how she felt. It was wrong—I mean it was what everybody would call wrong—for her and Hugh to love each other. But she was ready to make any sacrifice that it cost; ready to go through and pay the price for it, if Hugh wanted her to. And then all at once what would have been such a desperate thing for them to do, such a hideously costly thing, was made perfectly safe and respectable because Helena, with a horrible sort of difference, did it first. Helena had a lover just as Jean did. But Helena's lover killed her, and that was what made Jean safe with hers. And it made her love for Hugh seem as horrible as Helena's. As if it might, except for luck, have happened the other way. Oh, you can't talk about it! If you don't see it, you don't. But Jean did, and Hugh did, too. And he made me see it; partly, anyhow."

Mrs. Corbett after a profane and purely rhetorical demand to be told what the world was coming to, subsided into a thoughtful silence. Constance, her eyes bright with tears, which she didn't brush away, sat staring at

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the blaze. At last Constance spoke.

"I wish I knew," she said, "whether I have got or ever did have courage enough to throw away all the small things for the one big one. Whether I'd ever have married Frank, no matter how much I loved him, if it hadn't happened to be a perfectly sensible, correct thing to do."

"You can thank your stars you don't," her mother said gruffly, with a long exhalation of pungent smoke. "The girl's mother knows. What she had to do didn't involve anything disreputable, to be sure. But it cost her almost as much. And look at her now. Worn away to a wisp! You wouldn't change places with her?"

"No," Constance admitted, with a sigh. "I suppose not."

"Well, there we are," said Mrs. Corbett. "If you're right about Hugh, and if all that ails him is that Jean has gone away without saying good-by to him, why, it will all come right in time, I suppose. She'll get over her flutters, he'll get over his mopes, and they'll patch it up and think they're the happiest pair in the world. But, Connie, I don't believe you're right about it. I believe there is something else. I don't believe a man over thirty could look like that over anything a snip of a girl might have done to him. That explanation will comfort your father, though, and he needs comfort badly enough, God knows. And it may satisfy Greg."

SHE had begun to move, ponderously, toward getting to her feet, but with this mention of her eldest son she sank back into her chair again. "Greg's worse than I am, you know," she said. "He's simply got Hugh on the brain. Calls me up from the office two or three times a day. He wants your father and me to take him somewhere—which we'd do in a minute, if he'd go. But he won't. Greg thinks that anything may happen if we let him go on like this; thinks he may go clean off his head, or do something—desperate."

"Do you suppose Greg knows anything that we don't?" Constance asked.

"Oh, he had a talk with Hugh; a 'sensible' talk, the day before the funeral. He's told me all about it. It seems Hugh's made some sort of discovery out there at his laboratory——"

"Corbettite," said Constance. "I know about that. That's what he was working on, that last week. Doesn't Greg believe it is a discovery?"

"Why, as a scientific thing—yes," Mrs. Corbett said. "Greg thinks it may make him famous, fifty years from now; among scientific men, anyway. But Hugh has an idea it can be used now. In the war. For airplane engines. He wanted to turn it over to Greg, for him to make an enormous lot of, out at Riverdale, and he took it very hard when Greg refused to consider it."

"Why did he refuse?" Constance demanded, aroused at once, as always she so easily was, on Hugh's behalf.

Her mother nodded. "I took it that way, too; abused Greg like a pickpocket for ten minutes without waiting to hear any more. I wouldn't like to be a Prodigal Son's elder brother, for a fact. He took it so patiently he made me ashamed of myself. He was all broken up over the way Hugh had felt about it. But he assured me, seriously, that as a manufacturing proposition, a scheme for bottling lightning-bugs would have been just as practicable. Hugh's never made more than a pound or two of the stuff at a time, he says. Doesn't even know that it can be made in quantities. Hasn't any idea how much it would cost, if he could. He admits that he could have bought gold cheaper, pound for pound, than the samples he has made have cost him.

"Oh, that doesn't mean anything!" she exclaimed when Constance looked aghast at that. "Only that experiments of that sort always cost like the devil. But that's another thing, of course. Corbett and Company are going to be hard up for a while, Greg says, until he knows how this tractor business is coming out. He's making a great big investment in that and doesn't feel at all sure he'll get any of it back. He talks about passing the next dividend just as a matter of precaution.

"And then, on top of that, comes Hugh with a thing Greg says you might easily spend a hundred thousand dollars on before you knew for sure that you really had something valuable, and a quarter of a million after that, making people believe that you had!"

Constance's eyes filled up again, at that. "Poor old Hugh," she said.

"You can't deny it was sensible," Mrs. Corbett remarked, as she lighted a match for a fresh cigaret, but she paused in the act of applying it, to add in a ferocious whisper: "Too damned sensible!" and let the flame reach her fingers unheeded.

"What worried Greg most," she went on, after this error had been duly recognized and corrected, "was that Hugh was so meek about it. Made no row at all; didn't even argue. Just said, after a while, that he saw Greg was right about it, and went out—Well, he was," she concluded, furiously, "and I told him so."

She had announced her intention of going home and had allowed herself to be helped into her coat, when she turned on her daughter with another question: "Connie, can you pray? Really, I mean. With a belief that the prayers were—going anywhere? I haven't—like that—in years. But I'll have to, pretty soon, unless this Verdun thing stops—and something happens to Hugh. He's one and they're millions. Great God, what a world!"

CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE
Hugh Wins Through

SOMETHING did happen—not precisely to Hugh, though the effect of it got round to him in time—within a week of this talk between Mrs. Corbett and Constance.

It was an episode which will come to be regarded, I venture to guess, as one of the curiosities of history, when Time has given us a perspective upon it and its results; so mad it was in its inception, yet so successful; so trivial, yet, considering the detonation it produced, so capitally important—namely, the bandit, Villa's, projected conquest of the United States, his invasion of the State of New Mexico, his sack of the town of Columbus, his unhampered retreat, his immunity from retribution.

Looked back upon from a day a little more than two years later, when I write these lines; from a day when we are buying each fresh edition of papers to learn whether the thin line of British on Messines Ridge still holds out; whether the German torrent is breaking through upon the Channel ports; from a day when our ships, heavily packed with troops are putting out to sea in a frantic urgency of haste lest our tardy reenforcements arrive, after all, too late—looked back upon from to-day, that raid of Pancho Villa's seems as remote, as completely the affair of another epoch, as Dewey's battle in Manila Bay.

Yet it is my belief that history—if there are to be any more histories—will attribute to it a greater causative importance than the sinking of the *Lusitania*. This was too much, we said. Our patience had been tried too far. Let this murderous bully be caught and punished without more ado.

And then, blankly, we began to realize that even this petty piece of retributive justice was beyond our immediate military resources to accomplish.

Days passed and more days, and still the punitive expedition did not start. The army had no supply-trains, no airplanes that would fly, no machine-guns worth mentioning. There were a thousand deficiencies of *material*, but greater than these was the deficiency in men.

It was only by stripping the border, already too lightly guarded, that a mobile force of the few thousand that were needed could be scraped together.

And when, finally, it was possible for them to move, they were obliged to move not so much in pursuit of Villa, as, with infinite circumspection, where and how they could without giving offense to Carranza, who had proscribed the use of railways and the passage through town or cities. The thing was an appalling farce, yet it was deadly serious. If we offended Carranza, Mexico would

(Continued on page 112)

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PLAYTIME *at the* TRAINING-CAMPS

Photographs by
Lewis W. Hine

Romance.

"Good morning!"

Wounded in the funny-bone.

The greatest American indoor sport.

Visitors' day—"somebody's sister."

A session with "Phoebe" and "Little Dick."

No bleachers but a great old game.

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The SOLDIER'S LIFE *is not* ALL WORK

Boudoir secrets.

Grooved!

The mascot.

With the "bare 'uns."

"Wrastling" is popular.

A visit with the folks before bedtime.

The good old ones—and a couple of new ones.

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KHAKI KLIPPINGS

Queer Questions

DEAR Editor: I have just been issued my new woolens. I put them on last night and they tickled so much I laughed all night and couldn't sleep. If I don't get more rest I will be unable to drill. What shall I do? BEE V. DEE.

WORRIED Bee V. Dee: If the situation is desperate and you must escape from the woolens, sneak out some dark night with your rifle and hold up a moth. If he does not submit, immediately strike him on the head with the butt of your gun. Take your prisoner back and stow him into your woolens. After several days he will begin to starve and will start to eat the underwear. Let him eat.

MESSY EDITOR.

DEAR Editor: Do you know when the war will end? A TREMULOUS BIRD.

DEAR Tremulous Bird: No. I haven't decided. MESSY EDITOR.

(From *The Sheridan Reveille*, Camp Sheridan.)

A Doughboy's Dictionary

ABRI—An underground shelter entirely populated by soldiers and cooties.

ARMY RIFLE—Something eternally dirty which must be kept eternally clean.

BAYONET—A long, sharp, pointed object whose only satisfactory resting-place is the midriff of a Hun.

BUTTONS—The modern counterparts of the sword of Damocles—"you hold them but by a single hair."

CAMOUFLAGE—Wearing an overcoat to reveille.

CHRISTMAS BOX—A broken-into parcel partly filled with wristlets, mufflers, heavy socks, knit helmets, mittens, kidney pads and tummy bands that arrives in France about the middle of July.

COMMISSIONED OFFICER—One who has to be saluted.

COOK—The one man (with the exception of the mess sergeant) who can spill the beans.

DUGOUT—The most satisfactory life-insurance policy sold in the less healthy portions of France.

INSURANCE PREMIUM—Something that puts about one-sixth of your pay where you will never be able to get at it.

MESS KIT—A collapsible contrivance designed to convey beans from the mess line to the table.

MESS SERGEANT—See Cook.

MESS TOOLS—A collection of implements designed to convey beans from the mess kit to the human face.

NON-COM.—One who does not have to be saluted, but who has to be obeyed on the hop.

(From *The Stars and Stripes* A. E. F.)

This Really Happened

END OF LETTER: "Good-by, my dear, for the present. Yours, Jack." Then—"x-x-x-x-x-x-x-x-x. P. S.—I hope the censor doesn't object to those crosses."

ADDED BY FRIEND CENSOR: "Certainly not! x-x-x-x-x-x-x-x!"

(From *The Sheridan Reveille.*)

"A WISE old owl lived in an oak,
The more he saw, the less he spoke,
The less he spoke, the more he heard
O soldier, imitate this bird."

(From *The Sheridan Reveille.*)

Etiquette Talks for Doughboys

Mess Manners

By Bran Mash

RULES for table deportment in the Army are far different from those in civilian life, as any one who has ever heard a company at mess will readily recognize. To begin with, it is impossible for a man to drink out of the saucer, for the simple reason that there ain't no such piece of crockery. Thus one of the cardinal principles of correct behavior at table has got to be abandoned from the start.

Leaving the spoon in the canteen cup, and thereby deflecting some of the undue heat from the cup's interior to the surface of the spoon, is perfectly permissible and should be practised on all occasions when the coffee is actually hot; that is, when the drinker happens to be pretty well up forward in the mess line. Warming one's chilled hands on the exterior of the cup, meanwhile exclaiming, "Oh, boy!" is also condoned in army usage. The grand old indoor sport of blowing into the coffee to cool it is likewise *de rigueur*, and also excellent for developing the lungs. In the most select army circles it is customary to save a little of the coffee to loosen up the goo in the mess tin when cleaning it.

(From *The Stars and Stripes.*)

(To be continued)

O. U. Heller

O. U. HELLER, the hero of so many five-part pictures, risks his life time and time again that movies may be made for his country at a salary of two hundred thousand dollars a year. He has a beautiful country home, Heller Paradise, where he does his bit every third Thursday in summer, digging, in superb white flannels, in the quaint Italian garden back of his pergola. His favorite portrait is the one above, showing him debonair in his sport shirt.

Gerald X. Knockwood

GERALD X. KNOCKWOOD is a great favorite with the matinée girls. He can't help it. There is nothing he doesn't dare do—in the movies. He throws the villian over his shoulder, he heaves his chest at least twice every reel, he brushes his hair in Byronic waves, and puts down tyrants wherever he sees them—on this side of the water. His favorite portrait is the one above, showing him debonair in his sport shirt.

From (*The Gas Attack*, Camp Wadsworth.)

Melville Manly

MELVILLE MANLY, who leads triumphant armies across the battle-fields of Movexico, has just signed a contract for next season for one hundred and seventy-five dollars. In every picture you see him in, he goes over the top (of a cliff) or uses a gun with great dexterity and blank cartridges. Mr. Manly has organized a Violet Milo cigaret fund for American soldiers in France. His favorite portrait is the one above, showing him debonair in his sport shirt.

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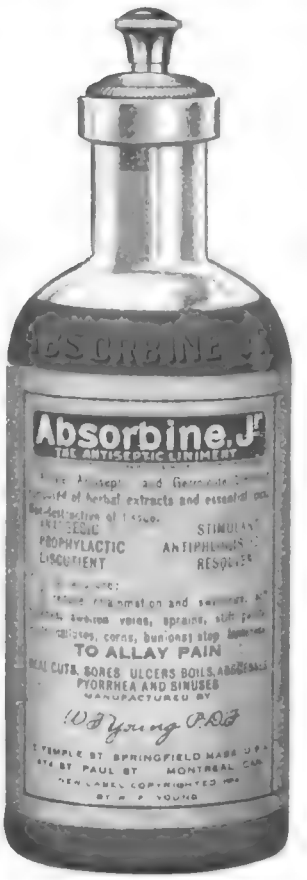
Athletes



Use Absorbine, Jr., for the muscle that has been strained, for the cut or laceration that runs a chance of infection, for the abrasion that pains and the limbs that are stiff and lame from over-exertion. A few drops of this clean, fragrant liniment acts quickly and effectively and leaves no greasy residue.

Applied before a contest it conditions the muscles and minimizes fatigue.

Absorbine, Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Is a positive antiseptic and germicide which increases its efficiency. When applied to cuts, bruises, sores and wounds, it kills the germs, makes the wound aseptic and promotes rapid healing.

The positive merits of Absorbine, Jr., for conditioning athletes are recognized by successful trainers everywhere, as well as physical directors in colleges, preparatory schools and Y. M. C. A. gymnasiums.

USED AS A RUB-DOWN

after violent exercise or physical exertion it puts vim and energy into jaded muscles and gives the body the glow of health. A good formula for a rub-down is one ounce of Absorbine, Jr., to a quart of water or witch hazel.

Absorbine, Jr., is just as valuable in the home as in the club house locker, for taking care of the little injuries that are "part of the day's work" and in relieving soreness and strains.

Absorbine, Jr., will not destroy tissue; it is positively harmless. It is composed of vegetable extracts and essential oils, and contains no acids or minerals. It does not stain, and, being fragrant is pleasant to use. Only a few drops required at an application.

What Athletes Say of Absorbine, Jr.

"I do quite a bit of athletics and find Absorbine, Jr., great for sore muscles."

"I have used Absorbine, Jr., and find it a handy traveling companion for athletes as it certainly does good work on strained or stiff arms, sore muscles, etc."

"I have used Absorbine, Jr., and find it an excellent liniment for my pitching arm."

"For general household use and as a rub-down after athletic exercise I have found Absorbine, Jr., highly efficient, as it gives quick relief."

(Complete reports with names and addresses mailed on request.)

Absorbine, Jr., is sold by leading druggists at $1.25 per bottle or sent direct postpaid.

A Liberal Trial Bottle will be mailed to your address upon receipt of 10c in stamps. Send for trial bottle or procure regular size from your druggist to-day.

W. F. Young, P. D. F., 121 Temple Street, **Springfield, Mass.**

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THE EYES OF THE BLIND

(*Continued from page 16*)

And he tossed the money upon the table-desk that stood between Wilder's chair and his own. His young mouth was suddenly as harsh as the older man's; his gray eyes were steely.

"Listen, Wilder," he said, coldly. "It's a wonder of a game. I marvel that I don't fall for it, but—I'm too curious. I want to know why. Put your money in your wallet; I won't charge you a cent for listening. Tell me."

WILDER stared at him. His face expressed shocked surprise.

"Why, Mr. Deems! You speak as though you doubted my good faith!"

"Do I? What a rotten actor I'd make! My voice gives me away, doesn't it? Doubt your good faith? Why, my dear Mr. Wilder! You stagger me; you daze me. Doubt you? Never in the world! I can tell a con man around the corner. But why *me?* Why little Bobbie Deems, who never saved a penny in his life, and—it's the missing paper; that's what it is! Please, pul-lease don't disappoint me! Say that it is the missing paper."

Wilder pocketed his money; he rose from his chair; he slowly drew on his gloves.

"A game, eh? You are as simple-minded as that, eh? Not simple-minded enough to take our money, but simple-minded enough to think that you can get away with a thing like this? You are a fool, Mr. Deems."

"I know it," said Deems, humbly. "I'm stupid. But—don't hurry; tell me about it, won't you?"

Something foreign came into Wilder's tones; not a trace of accent, but a certain stiffness of speech, as though he chose words from an uncertain vocabulary. He no longer beamed; his lips had relaxed into their natural grimness, into a menace that was half sneer.

"There are several ways of attending to affairs, Mr. Deems. One way is—to pay. That sometimes is easier. The other way—to exact payment—that is not so difficult, Mr. Deems. You choose that we shall attend to the affair in the second way. I bid you good morning, Mr. Deems."

There was finality in his tones. Yet he paused at the door; Deems sensed then a weakness in the man's character, a willingness to temporize. His mouth was cruel, not firm.

"You are young, Mr. Deems. It is quite possible that you do not pause to think. We would not be too harsh with you. Perhaps the money is not enough, eh?"

"Enough? Suppose that you tell me exactly what you want of me?" demanded Deems.

"Why quibble, why waste time?" demanded Wilder. "If your honor is sensitive—to offer you a pleasant vacation, that seemed the simplest way. But if it is merely a question of how much—we stand ready to pay. You are wiser, perhaps, than your years would indicate. But remember that wisdom makes compromises. We are more or less, apparently, in your power. But that renders us the more dangerous to you, as you must apprehend, Mr. Deems. A hundred thousand dollars, no questions asked, you to absent yourself from America for at least six months. What?"

"And in return?" questioned Deems.

"You tell us exactly how much Rogan said to you?"

"Rogan?"

Wilder struck the table with his gloved hand. "Do not play the fool, Mr. Deems. Rogan! The man who died here last night, and whose funeral expenses you are paying."

Deems's lips pursed. "And suppose that I told you that Rogan told me nothing?"

Wilder smiled. "Then I should ask you to give to me the memorandum that he might have given you."

"And if I told you that he gave me no such memorandum?"

"Then I should remind you that you spoke, but a moment ago, of a paper," said Wilder.

"And I should reply that I was joking," said Deems.

"And expect me to believe it?"

"I should insist that you believe it," retorted Deems quietly.

"I am lacking in a sense of humor. It is impossible for me to catch the point of your jest."

"I can understand that; it was a stupid joke," admitted Deems. "Still, I was joking."

"Yet, for a hundred thousand dollars, one can well become serious."

"Not this time. The man Rogan told me nothing, gave me nothing."

"That is your last word? We shall not come again, Mr. Deems."

"You disappoint me. You have no idea how you make a morning, Mr. Wilder," grinned Deems impertinently.

For a moment the eyes of the two men met. There was something so menacing in the glance of Wilder, that for a moment Deems thought the other meditated an attack. But the menace departed.

"You have my deep sympathy, Mr. Deems. One always pities a fool."

He had passed through the door before Deems could think of an apt retort.

"Dead men, pretty midnight visitors, and now—a hundred thousand dollars—and I think the beggar meant it. Rogan—" Deems's utterance grew incoherent. Wilder had been in deadly earnest, and for all that he might be a bit crazy, his visit here had not been purposeless, had not been the weird act of a maniac. The money that Deems had held in his hand had been real.

Deems's eyes narrowed as he turned into Third Avenue from the street where stood his apartment, to take the elevated to Park Row. The visit of Wilder was connected with the dead man, whose name, apparently, was Rogan. Could the visit of the girl be connected with either of the others? If so, what *was* the connection? That she should have known Rogan, should know Wilder, was quite absurd. Wilder was uncanny, a personage hinting of hidden evil; and Rogan, poor, commonplace-seeming little man—he could not have moved in the same class that held the girl of last night.

And yet, if Wilder knew Rogan—The girl had bent over near the fallen portières. Had Rogan dropped something? Had she come in search of that something? He stopped, brows wrinkled in speculation two-thirds of the way across the street. He leaped to the sidewalk just in time.

Bound north, but on the west side of the street, the automobile had not sounded a horn. Racing at upward of forty miles an hour it was now, as from the vantage of the sidewalk Deems stared angrily after it, a block and a half away. On the wrong side of the street, and breaking the speed law—the blanked utter idiots! And yet, as long as half-wits were permitted to run motors, sane people should take heed to their street crossings. He forgot his narrow escape before he had mounted the steps to the elevated. Also, he almost forgot Wilder and Rogan; the girl was so much more intriguing.

IN THE "D" pigeonhole at the office he found an envelope addressed to him. It contained his afternoon and evening assignments. The first was a routine matter of the dullest; the latter was rather promising. There was to be a dinner of the Anti-War Society—and——Deems scrutinized his instructions closely—he was not to write the story for the paper; some one else was to attend to that; he was to call at the home of Stephen Gryce, owner of the *Record* and personally report to the publisher the events of the dinner. It was an odd assignment, but—everything in the world was odd. For instance, what could be odder than the trio of happenings of the past fourteen hours or so?

"Gentleman to see you, Mr. Deems," said an office boy.

"What's his name?" questioned Deems. He was angry that his pleasant

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How I Improved My Memory In One Evening

The Amazing Experience of Victor Jones

"Of *course* I place you! Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle.

"If I remember correctly—and I *do* remember correctly—Mr. Burroughs, the lumberman, introduced me to you at the luncheon of the Seattle Rotary Club three years ago in May. This is a pleasure indeed! I haven't laid eyes on you since that day. How is the grain business? And how did that amalgamation work out?"

The assurance of this speaker—in the crowded corridor of the Hotel McAlpin—compelled me to turn and look at him, though I must say it is not my usual habit to "listen in" even in a hotel lobby.

"He is David M. Roth, the most famous memory expert in the United States," said my friend Kennedy, answering my question before I could get it out. "He will show you a lot more wonderful things than that, before the evening is over."

And he did.

As we went into the banquet room the toastmaster was introducing a long line of the guests to Mr. Roth. I got in line and when it came my turn, Mr. Roth asked, "What are your initials, Mr. Jones, and your business connection and telephone number?" Why he asked this, I learned later, when he picked out from the crowd the 60 men he had met two hours before and called each by name without a mistake. What is more, he named each man's business and telephone number, for good measure.

I won't tell you all the other amazing things this man did except to tell how he called back, without a minute's hesitation, long lists of numbers, bank clearings, prices, lot numbers, parcel post rates and anything else the guests gave him in rapid order.

****

When I met Mr. Roth again—which you may be sure I did the first chance I got—he rather bowled me over by saying, in his quiet, modest way:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts or something I have read in a magazine.

"*You can do this just as easily as I do.* Anyone with an average mind can learn quickly to do exactly the same things which seem so miraculous when I do them.

"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth "was originally very faulty. Yes it was—a really *poor* memory. On meeting a man I would lose his name in thirty seconds, while now there are probably 10,000 men and women in the United States, many of whom I have met but once, whose names I can call instantly on meeting them."

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted, "you have given years to it. But how about me?"

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. This is not a guess, because I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study, I show you the basic principle of my whole system and you will find it—not hard work as you might fear—but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you."

He didn't have to prove it. His Course did; I got it the very next day from his publishers, the Independent Corporation.

When I tackled the first lesson, I suppose I was the most surprised man in forty-eight states to find that I had learned in about one hour—how to remember a list of one hundred words so that I could call them off forward and back without a single mistake.

That first lesson *stuck*. And so did the other six.

Read this letter from C. Louis Allen, who at 32 years is president of a million dollar corporation, the Pyrene Manufacturing Company of New York, makers of the famous fire extinguisher:

> "Now that the Roth Memory Course is finished, I want to tell you how much I have *enjoyed* the study of this most fascinating subject. Usually these courses involve a great deal of drudgery, but this has been nothing but pure *pleasure* all the way through. I have derived much benefit from taking the course of instruction and feel that I shall continue to strengthen my memory. That is the best part of it. I shall be glad of an opportunity to recommend your work to my friends."

Mr. Allen didn't put it a bit too strong.

The Roth Course is priceless! I can absolutely *count* on my memory now. I can call the name of most any man I have met before—and I am getting better all the time. I can remember any figures I wish to remember. Telephone numbers come to mind instantly, once I have filed them by Mr. Roth's easy method. Street addresses are just as easy.

The old fear of forgetting (you know what that is) has vanished. I used to be "scared stiff" on my feet—because I wasn't *sure*. I couldn't remember what I wanted to say.

Now I am sure of myself, and confident, and "easy as an old shoe" when I get on my feet at the club, or at a banquet, or in a business meeting, or in any social gathering.

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speculations about the girl were once again broken into.

"Didn't say."

"Be out in a moment," said Deems.

He walked to his desk. Clancy, of the Ship News Department, gave him a wave of the hand as he walked out of the city room. Deems nodded pleasantly; he liked Clancy. He opened his desk and took out pencil and copy paper. His afternoon assignment was of the sort that would necessitate notes. Then he started for the door. He was half-way to it when he heard a roar like the blowing-out of a tire. But motors do not run on the twelfth floor of the *Record* Building. He was the first to reach the outer office.

Clancy lay upon the floor, a bullet-hole marring his good-natured features. Beside him lay a stranger, also dead. And the office boy stared at Deems; he spoke hoarsely, affrightedly:

"He t'ought Clancy was youse, sir; I heard him call him 'Deems.' "

CHAPTER THREE

Cross-Purposes

GRYCE looked at his cigar; his nostrils, broad nostrils, quivered faintly as he sniffed the fragrance. Huge of feature, yet relieved from grossness by the intellectual eyes and forehead, one felt that here was a man whose appetites were ever clamorous, were held in restraint only by a strength of will. The trim body, one knew, was trim not wholly through nature or physical discipline; the tailor had done his full share.

"The greatest man the world has ever seen?" He looked at his guest. His eyes grew speculative. "Alexander, Napoleon, Darwin—that's too hard a question. Unless, of course, you permit me to call man Him whom millions call God."

"Yet He lived and died a man," said his guest.

"Then there is no room for argument. Christ, of course, stands supreme."

"And yet to-day we worship Mars," said the other.

Gryce frowned. "I would hardly say that. Doesn't it seem to you that Christ is warring against Mars, and that we of the Allied nations fight on the side of Christ?"

His guest applied a match to his cigar. "Yet one is permitted to ask oneself whether or not Christ would have combatted evil with evil."

"But are we of the Allied nations doing that?" demanded Gryce.

His guest lifted his shoulders. "I yield to no one in my love for France," he said. "And yet——"

Gryce inclined his head. "I understand the patriotism of the Comte de Grecque; the whole world understands it. You and I are simply discussing theories——"

"——that might have been made actualities," said de Grecque.

Gryce watched a smoke ring shatter itself against a lamp. "How?" he asked.

"Suppose that Belgium had not resisted; suppose that my beloved country had not taken up arms in defense of herself. Suppose that our great ally, England, had not entered the war?"

"Why, then the German heel would have been ground into the face of civilization," asserted Gryce.

De Grecque shrugged. "You and I are but human, my friend. I at once joined the army of France; I served until it seemed that I could serve France better in the field of diplomacy. My actions belie my words. And yet that does not mean that I believe in my actions rather than in my words. It means that having the limited intellect of human beings, the limited imagination, I was unable to see any other course than that of desperate resistance to a cruel foe. I am still resisting, in so far as one man may, the aggressions of that cruel foe. But at times, when I think upon the countless dead of Europe, I wonder whether, had Christ been alive in human flesh at the outbreak of the war, he would have counseled resistance or non-resistance. Mind, to withdraw now—I would not counsel that—but to see another great nation drawn into the vortex—I wonder."

His rolling eyes ceased their movement and rested upon the wide face of Gryce.

"To-day is the day of great change," he continued. "The world is anxious to change. To emulate Cæsar, to emulate Christ! That is the choice you make."

"I make?" Gryce met the look of the Frenchman.

"That the world makes. You perhaps are more typical of the world than any man I know. You are not sure; you see an armed, threatening foe, killing and maiming and destroying what lies in his course. Your blood is red. And you are armed with righteousness. And yet—you wonder. Is it not so, my friend?"

"I opposed our entrance into the war, but now that we are in it—" Gryce's eyes clouded; incertitude was in them.

"Exactly!" de Grecque cried. "Because a majority adopt a certain course, one changes one's concepts of right and wrong. You thought it wrong for the United States to enter the war. That is so?"

Gryce nodded heavily.

"And yet now you try to reconcile your former beliefs with your actions of to-day. You are supporting the war."

"Would you have me treasonable?" asked Gryce.

The Frenchman's harsh mouth twisted in a smile. "It is so hard for us to bear in mind that we talk abstractly. I, Comte de Grecque, a pronounced pacifist, served three months in the trenches. And I did so gladly, proudly. Treasonable? Not so, my friend. I simply ask why it is that when one's country is attacked, one loses sight of the teachings of the Great Master."

"There are passages from the New Testament which do not uphold the pacifists' conception of Christ," said Gryce.

"Yet the Christian God is the Prince of Peace," smiled de Grecque.

Gryce threw his cigar into the fireplace. He rose and walked up and down the room. "I know, I know," he said. "And I understand that we are both anxious for our cause to triumph. I realize that we speak abstractly. And yet, if there is truth in the abstract, why is it not truth in the concrete?"

"It is," said De Grecque. "But we lack the courage to face it or, having faced it, we refuse to recognize it. Public opinion is a mighty force. But you, you make public opinion. You are a great publisher; millions read your newspapers; if you were to throw the full weight of your newspapers against the sending of an army to France——"

"But that—you, who have fought for France, who now serve over here—do you counsel that I should help the ends of Germany?"

"Listen, my friend. This war will be won or lost before America's might can be felt. For America to send her legions abroad means merely that America must suffer—it does not mean that France will be the gainer. To break relations with Germany, to admit what Germany by her deeds has insisted upon, that a state of war exists—that is America's proud part. But it is enough. To whom can the world turn for counsel, for mediation, now that America has entered the war? But if America should be in the war in name only she might prove in the end the salvation of the world. Germany would trust her as a fair arbiter. But if German troops have clashed in the field against American troops—Did I believe your country able to equip and transport armies to France *in time*, I should not speak this way. But the world knows that you will be too late. And it is as a lover, not of France alone, but of the world, that I spoke.

"I NEED not say to you, my friend, that I have put into speech for the first time that which I have believed for months. The world must be saved not only from the dominion of Germany, but from the dominion of forces that Germany's heinous acts have set loose. The spirit of hatred, of revenge—it must not be freed. And you, Mr. Gryce, are the one man in America who can see to it that this spirit is held in leash. It is daring to play the rôle of

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the lover of mankind; more daring than the rôle of the hater of mankind. The world has its Napoleon, its Alexander, its Cæsar. One may name the destroyers until the tongue grows weary with the utterance. But there is but one great Lover, and His name lives forever."

"He was crucified," said Gryce softly.

"He was," said de Grecque.

Gryce ceased his pacing up and down the room. He stared at the Frenchman.

"You do not speak for yourself alone, de Grecque."

"I speak for the war-worn world," replied the other.

"Yet there must be men of your acquaintance who agree with you?"

"I do not need to say to you that I am a man of the world," said de Grecque. "Men of the world do not often need actual speech to know the feeling of others. But I can assure you, Mr. Gryce, that I have weighed my words carefully; that I know whereof I speak when I say to you that the best thought of Europe agrees with me. It is not well that certain things be said too openly. A people can not understand the abstract. They would read treason with superpatriotism. But you yourself—you are not alone in your opposition to America's taking an active part in this war?"

Gryce shook his head. "I believe that there are millions with me," he stated.

"And you can make those millions articulate," said de Grecque. "And when the war is over and America learns the true horrors that Europe has suffered, America will bestow honor upon him who had vision and did not fear to use his vision."

He rose to his feet. He beamed upon the publisher. Their hands met. "I am with you," said Gryce. "With you for the betterment of mankind, no matter where it leads me."

His big body was slumped back in a chair and he was staring at the logs in the fireplace whose flames took away the chill of the April night, when his daughter entered the room. He looked up and smiled an invitation. She sat down on the arm of his chair and her right hand slid naturally around his neck; her fingers caressed his wide cheek.

For a moment the two sat in silence. Then the girl spoke:

"I am beginning to wonder, Daddy, whether education should not be banned by law."

"Heresy!" he cried. "This from a settlement worker!"

"I've been to the dinner of the Anti-War Society," she told him. "Intellect, Daddy; intellect, educated and refined down to the point almost of nothingness. I wonder if reason has advanced the world one-tenth as far as instinct and emotion. To hear them talk—

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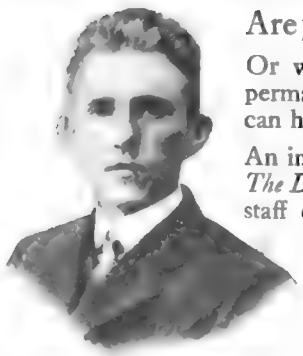

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ugh," her mouth was pretty in its moue; "they're traitors! But such plausible traitors. I haven't brains, Daddy, and I couldn't get up and denounce them. For all the pacifists have a thousand specious arguments; they quote dates and figures and conversations until your head reels. As if one needed intellect to determine between right and wrong!"

Gryce's body stiffened. "How did you happen to be there, Lydie?"

"Invited," she answered. "Because your papers stood for peace, they seemed to think that you weren't for war, now that it's been declared. Everybody preferred peace, if it could be gained honorably. But you—you're for prosecuting the war to the utmost, as everybody knows. They're insolent in daring to invite me! But I went, and I'm glad of it, for I know what sort of people pacifists are now. An idea is more to them than the life of a baby. Daddy, I hate them."

"And yet, there may be great good in what they say," said Gryce.

The girl slipped from the arm of the chair; she faced her father.

"Good! When they propose that we shall permit the German outrage to continue? You aren't serious, Father?"

"And if I were?"

"I won't believe it," she told him.

Eyes wide, face flushed, she stared at him. Her lips trembled, but the speech at the tip of her tongue was interrupted by a knock on the door. A servant announced that the gentleman from the *Record* had arrived.

"Show him in here," said Gryce. He refused to meet his daughter's eyes, the eyes that for the first time in his memory were accusatory. As for Lydia, she made no further attempt at speech.

While yet she was several feet from the door, the servant opened it again, announcing, "Mr. Deems."

The newspaper man stepped into the room; at sight of the girl he paused, looking uncertainly from her to her father. Then, as she so evidently waited for him to pass, he advanced into the room. But Lydia Gryce started forward at the same time. One of those amusing collisions, that it always seems could have been avoided by the ordinary use of eyesight, occurred. The girl stepped back.

"I beg pardon," she said.

She waited for Deems to step aside. Instead, he stared at her. Beneath his gaze her eyes lowered; her face, that had been crimson as she walked away from her father, grew pale.

"Have you heart trouble?" asked Deems.

Into her face the color swept again. Gryce turned in his chair.

"That you, Mr. Deems? Why, have you young people met before?"

Lydia had regained her self-possession now. "I think not," she said.

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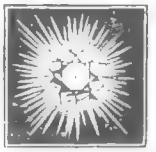

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The publisher stared at the reporter. "Did I hear you ask her if she had heart trouble?"

Deems flushed. "Why—er—I said that I always start trouble," he answered. "I clumsily bumped into your daughter and——"

"Oh!" grunted Gryce. "Lydia, this is Mr. Deems, one of my young men on the *Record*. Good night, daughter."

"Good night, Father." She bowed to Deems and left the room. He stared after her. Well, instinct had not lied; the girl who had come to his apartment last night was pretty. Pretty? What a weak, piffling word "pretty" was? Beautiful, for that matter, was all too inexpressive. For Lydia Gryce was one of the loveliest girls in New York. And it was Lydia Gryce's voice that he had heard last night!

Gryce was unaware of the young man's amazement, for Lydia had said, "Good night, *Father*." It was the first time in her life that she had not called him "daddy."

CHAPTER FOUR

A Scrap of Paper

THE man servant accosted Deems at the foot of the stairs.

"Miss Gryce wishes to speak to you," he said. He ushered the newspaper man into the reception-room.

The library had been rather dimly lighted, but this room was brilliant. Her hat removed, the girl stood beneath a chandelier. Deems could appreciate her beauty to its full extent. Yet, even as he waited for her to speak, he realized that Lydia Gryce was one of those rare beings whose charm could not be gathered at a glance. Beauty depends so much upon expression; and Lydia Gryce was not rigid of feature. Now, her lips parted, her eyes the least bit apprehensive, she made Deems think of some shy sprite of the forest poised for flight. Yet there was nothing helpless about her expression; rather, it savored of defiance. He knew that those gray eyes, slightly clouded now, would be just as lovely when the spirit of mockery peeped from them. The mouth would be even more delicious when it smiled. And he was quite certain that, no matter how she tried, the low broad brow could never wrinkle. Her dark hair, so brown as to be almost black, caught the gleam of the electric lights. Her flush warned him that he was staring. He lowered his eyes as she spoke:

"Mr. Deems, why did you follow me here?" She came directly to the point.

"Follow you? I came here to see your father, Miss Gryce."

"You were at the meeting of the Anti-War Society. I saw you taking notes. Yet you come to the house instead of going to the *Record* office," she accused.

"There was another man covering

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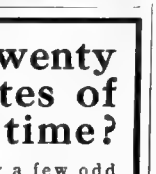

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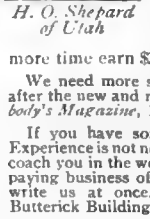

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the story. I made notes to report to your father," he replied.

"Notes for my father? But he can read his own paper."

Deems shrugged. "That will be tomorrow morning."

"But why—you are honest, Mr. Deems?"

"I never lie except when it is unavoidable, Miss Gryce."

"As when my father asked what you had said to me?"

He bowed. "Exactly."

The apprehension left her eyes. They met his squarely. "What did my father say to you?"

"Nothing, Miss Gryce. I merely told him briefly the events of the evening."

She was silent a moment. It seemed as though she were weighing carefully her next speech. "You are acquainted with the Comte de Grecque, Mr. Deems?"

He shook his head. "I have heard the name. Isn't he with some mission over here?"

She nodded. "Did you have any visitors to-day, Mr. Deems?"

"One, at my rooms. Another called at the office and asked for me. He killed a friend of mine and himself."

The girl shuddered faintly. "You knew neither of the men?"

"Neither of them."

"Would you mind telling me what your first visitor wanted?"

"He seemed to have an idea that I was in possession of information of value to him. At any rate, he offered me a great deal of money."

"What was the information that he wanted?" she asked.

"I don't know. A man died in my rooms last night. Because I was sorry for the chap and offered to pay his funeral expenses, the man Wilder—he called himself that—seemed to think I had been the dead man's confidant."

"And you were not?"

"Seven thousand dollars is a lot of money to me, Miss Gryce. Wilder offered me more than that."

"Yet you might want more," she suggested.

He lifted his shoulders. "Who may tell the wants of a man?"

"Did you tell the man Wilder that I had been at your rooms last night?"

"Had I known this morning that it was you who had come to my apartment I should, of course, Miss Gryce, have told him. I never fail to babble of all my affairs to the first questioner."

He felt childish, without dignity, before he had finished the querulous speech. It did not need the slight trace of contempt in her eyes to make him ashamed of himself.

"And when you refused to give Wilder information——?"

"An automobile almost got me, and a friend of mine is dead," he answered.

"And the man Wilder—he wished promises of secrecy?"

"It amounted to that. I was to leave the country."

She looked at him coolly, impersonally. "Suppose, Mr. Deems, that we stop fencing? To attempt cross-examining a newspaper man is futile. Wilder offered you more than seven thousand dollars. You admit that you want a great deal more than that. A hundred thousand dollars! I do not wish to bargain with you. Perhaps you might be bought much more cheaply. That does not matter. You will take a hundred thousand from me?"

Deems smiled. "Let's stop fencing, Miss Gryce. Why not tell me exactly what you wish of me?"

"The paper that Rogan gave you; the same paper that de Grecque wanted from you—Wilder, if you think it safer to call him that."

"Safer?"

She made an impatient movement with her hands.

"One hundred thousand dollars, Mr. Deems, and immunity."

"Immunity?" He looked at her blankly. "Miss Gryce, I've been moving in the dark ever since last night when I awoke to find you moving in the dark. A man dies in my rooms; a girl visits my rooms; a stranger, whom you tell me is the Comte de Grecque, offers me a preposterous position; you offer me a hundred thousand dollars. My death is attempted. A friend of mine dies in my stead. Miss Gryce, don't you think you ought to offer some explanation?"

From her purse she drew a tiny piece of paper. "It is silly giving you information that you already possess, but the oblique mind prefers indirectness." She unfolded the paper. "You were quite amusing last night, Mr. Deems; I think the stage lost something when you entered newspaper work. Your nonchalance, your perfect willingness to let me go—but that is the attribute of the good bargainer. To await offers rather than to seek them; that is good business."

On the table she tossed the bit of paper that she had been unfolding. Deems could see that it was blank.

"Now, Mr. Deems, give me the real paper that Rogan gave to you before he died."

He shook his head. "If I had such a paper it would be yours at once, Miss Gryce."

"The hundred thousand will be *cash,* Mr. Deems."

"But I tell you that I know of no such paper," he protested.

"I do not think it would be quite fair of me to threaten you with the same sort of thing that de Grecque has attempted," she said. "I would rather appeal to your purse. But I assure you, Mr. Deems, that we who are fighting in the dark to protect our country, may, if forced to it, use a weapon stronger than bribes."

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Deems's eyes widened. "If it is a matter involving America, why not appeal to my loyalty, Miss Gryce?"

She laughed. He had never expected to hear such bitterness of tone from lips that he knew could be so merry.

"YOUR loyalty? One appeals to what exists, Mr. Deems. I suppose that because my father is deluded, you think he is wicked; that you, and those with you, can use him; that you can appeal to him to call me off! I warn you, Mr. Deems, that you are wrong in your estimate of my father. It takes him long to make up his mind; he may make minor errors for a while. But in the end—You can afford to temporize with de Grecque; you can make sport of me. But my father is a powerful man, one of the most powerful in this country, and when in the end, he finds that he has been deceived——"

She paused, breathless. Deems stared at her. "Will you please listen to me, Miss Gryce! I suppose that I should resent being prejudged. But that doesn't matter. You talk of loyalty, of disloyalty. You speak of de Grecque —whom you say is my visitor, Wilder; —you talk of deluding your father, of an appeal to him to call you off. Miss Gryce, if I give you my word of honor that I am absolutely bewildered, that I haven't the faintest idea of what all this means—" He paused, eying her questioningly.

"Yet you held out for a bigger price from de Grecque," she accused.

He shrugged impatiently. "It all sounded so absurd, Miss Gryce, that I let you interpret my action to suit yourself. But I give you my word of honor that I have no knowledge of the paper that you seem to think I possess; that I know nothing of Wilder or de Grecque; that the man Rogan——"

"You will even tell me that you had never seen Rogan before?" she demanded, incredulously.

"I even tell you that," he answered. Then, as suspicion blazed in her eyes again, he went on hurriedly: "I give you my word, Miss Gryce. More than that, if I can help you——"

"You? Help me? You who hold out for a bribe that——"

"Have I accepted your offer?" he reminded her. "After all, a hundred thousand dollars is an enormous bribe, Miss Gryce."

"Perhaps you think I could not pay it?"

"In which case I should probably ask to see your money," he said.

Her expression grew thoughtful. "And yet, last night, your attitude toward me—why didn't you detain me? A burglar, in the night—and you were *not* afraid of my pistol——"

He grinned—the likable grin that made him friends. "Miss Gryce, did you not realize that I'd turned in for the night? Could I pursue a lady down the street in pajamas?"

She tried to hold her expression of suspicion; she even fought for indignation; but she smiled.

"That *was* a difficulty," she admitted.

He pursued his advantage. "Why can't you trust me? Tell me what it is that you thought to find in my rooms. What it meant."

"And you maintain that Rogan was unknown to you? His funeral expenses——"

"After all, he was a human being, and he'd seemed to appeal to me. To bury him—is that too unusual?"

"It isn't common," she said. Her gaze softened. "If I could believe you——"

"Try me," he begged.

Something of eagerness in his tone made her stiffen. It was as though she sensed his tremendous personal interest in her and resented it.

"I said that I did not care to threaten you, Mr. Deems. Let de Grecque and those allied with him do that. It seems to me—if you haven't already made terms with de Grecque——"

"My friend Clancy is dead," he reminded her. "You don't truly think me the sort to make terms with men who have killed my friend?"

"No-o, "she admitted. "Still—have the police found out who did it?"

"The murderer had nothing on him by which he might be identified. There'd been nothing learned of him when I visited police headquarters tonight, Miss Gryce. Please trust me. My friend dies from a bullet meant for me. His murderer—my God, when a man deliberately commits suicide after murder; when he commits murder knowing that his own death inevitably must follow—he is either a maniac, or——"

"Yes? 'Or?' Involved in terrible matters, Mr. Deems? Exactly. Yet you ask me to trust you on your unsupported word, when we *know* that Rogan bore a paper into your apartment, and that you carefully placed a substitute paper on the floor to deceive me."

"It hasn't occurred to you that I knew nothing of your contemplated visit?" objected Deems.

She shook her head. "Put yourself in my place. Rogan's mission is vital. Yet he visits you. You want us to believe that he entered your apartment in his blind seeking for aid? With no intention of going there?"

"That's what I want you to believe, because it's the truth."

"But the substitute paper?" she countered.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Suppose that Rogan had lost the original earlier?"

"And was unaware of the loss?" she asked.

He nodded. "Look here, Miss Gryce! You ask me for that paper. So does de Grecque. I refuse it to de Grecque. He tries to have me assassinated. Why should I refuse to give it to you when de Grecque is my enemy? Is there a third party who wants it?"

"You've not given it to my father?" she demanded, unexpectedly.

"Why?" he asked.

"I don't know why. I ask if you have."

"And I reply that I have not. And I ask you, once again, to trust me, Miss Gryce. If I can be of service——"

"You can," she said. "If you will find the paper that should have been on Rogan's body, but that was not there when he was searched at the morgue—if you can find who took it——"

"And the nature of the paper?"

Her eyes narrowed. "You will know it if you find it, Mr. Deems. Provided you *are* honest, now. No one can mistake that paper. It is an oiled paper—exactly like this one here." She pointed to the creased sheet on the table.

DEEMS sighed. A wildgoose chase— Then he looked at the girl. Whatever this amazing mixup meant, the girl was in it. That she was the daughter of a multimillionaire who happened to employ Deems mattered not at all. Deems was not conceited, yet he was thoroughly American, which means that he considered himself as good as any one else. The girl was unmarried; unless it were a secret, she was not engaged. And somehow intuition told him that she was not engaged.

"I'll find it; or I'll find who took it from Rogan," he promised recklessly.

Outside, he shook his head wearily. What was it all about? And her father, Stephen Gryce! More cross-purposes! And de Grecque! If de Grecque was Wilder — he hadn't even described Wilder to Miss Gryce; she knew that Wilder was de Grecque. How? She couldn't have been loitering near Deems's apartment house, but she had said, "We." Whatever it was in which she was involved, others were involved in it also. One of those others might have watched the Deems's apartment.

He found himself walking too close to the houses. He stepped out nearer the curb. When two attempts on one's life have been made it behooves one to walk cautiously. He was still alert when he entered his apartment. And yet he was taken by surprise. For the man sitting in his easy chair as he switched on the light was not de Grecque, nor did he hold a weapon in view. But it was Rogan, the man who had been pronounced dead in this very room last night.

The next instalment of ***"The Eyes of The Blind"*** *will appear in the August number.*

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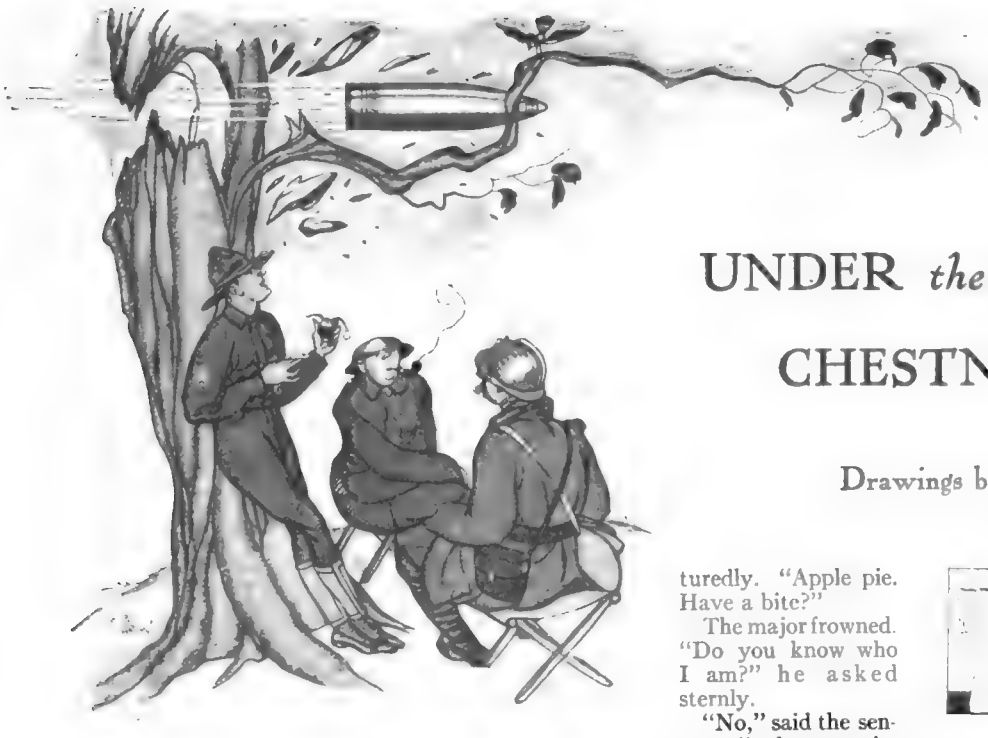
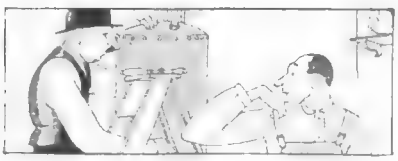


EDITOR'S NOTE—Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We will gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

UNDER *the* SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

Drawings by Ralph Barton



A PLUMBER and a painter were working in the same house. The painter arrived late and the plumber said to him, "You're late this morning."

"Yes," said the painter, "I had to stop and have my hair cut."

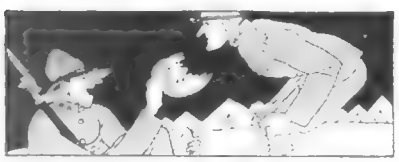
"You didn't do it on your employer's time, did you?" said the plumber.

"Sure, I did," said the painter; "it grew on his time."

THE captain and his family were returning to their quarters a little late, after a Thanksgiving dinner, and were stopped by a sentry on duty for the first time. "Who goes there?"

"Captain J, Company C, and family," was the response.

The rookie was slightly puzzled as to procedure, but rose nobly to the occasion: "Advance Captain and be recognized, rest of family mark time."



A NEW volunteer, who had not quite learned his business, was on sentry duty one night when a friend brought a pie from the canteen.

As the volunteer sat on the grass eating pie, the major sauntered up in undress uniform. The sentry, not recognizing him, did not salute, and the major stopped and said:

"What is that you have there?"

"Pie," replied the sentry good-naturedly. "Apple pie. Have a bite?"

The major frowned. "Do you know who I am?" he asked sternly.

"No," said the sentry, "unless you're the major's groom."

The major shook his head.

"Guess again," he growled.

"The barber from the village?"

"No."

"Maybe," said the sentry with a laugh, "you're the major himself."

"That's right; I am the major," was the stern reply.

The sentry scrambled to his feet.

"Good gracious!" he cried. "Hold the apple pie, will you, sir, while I present arms!"

IN ONE of the many navy schools a young instructor was attempting to teach English to a gruff old sailor. "What is a complete sentence?" he said.

"Solitary confinement, bread and water," was the grim reply.

AN UNMISTAKABLE son of Erin entered a crowded street-car, with a short-stemmed pipe in the corner of his mouth.

The conductor eyed him with great disfavor for several moments, and then, seeing that Pat exhibited no apparent tendency to correct the error of his way, strode into the car, tapped the offender on the shoulder, and spoke as follows:

"Don't you know that you can't smoke in this car?"

"I'm not smoking!" came the reply.

"You are!" retorted the representative of the railway company.

"I'm not!" said Pat.

"Well," demanded the irate official sarcastically, "you've got your pipe in your mouth, haven't you?"

"I have," replied Pat calmly, "and I've got me feet in me shoes too, but I'm not walking, am I?"

BEN B. BRODSKY is the movie king of China and Japan. He is enthusiastic over the task of converting the Celestials into famous histrionic screen artists, but sad and pessimistic over their inability to secure a proper conception of the English language.

A friend of Brodsky happened to be in Canton, and called at the studio during Brodsky's absence. A budding star interviewed the caller.

"Melican mans, all same name Finishey, come look see," Brodsky was advised on his return. "Come stop allee time Oriental Hotel. Come back, mayte, byumby."

Brodsky, considerably puzzled, and desiring to miss no opportunity of meeting an American friend so far away from home, hastened to the hotel and feverishly examined the hotel register. His friend's signature was there, but in his intentness to discover a name similar to the one given by the actor, Brodsky overlooked the name of Dunne completely, and returned to the studio more mystified than ever. He found Dunne smilingly awaiting him. After hearty greetings Brodsky called the budding Charlie Chaplin and inquired whether Dunne were the caller reported as Finishey.

"Sure," the Chinaman advised. "Allee same mans. Dunne—Finishey, allee same name."

AT A political meeting the speaker made a jest, and finding that his audience had missed the point, he said playfully:

"I had hoped that you would laugh at that."

Then from a remote corner of the hall, a plaintive voice broke the silence: "I laughed, Mister."

Then everybody did.

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BELGIUM

(*Continued from page 26*)

Though he spoke French he did not like to do so and in this audience he expressed himself with a rough voice in German, which the Baron von der Lancken, standing on his left, translated into French for us. He shook hands with me first and thanked me for what I had done on behalf of German interests, and spoke of certain American consuls in Germany with whom he had recently had relations. He spoke then to the Marquis, expressing his regret for an incident that had occurred at Namur a few days before, when Villalobar had been insulted by a *Kommandant*. And then he had a few words for van Villenhoven, to whom he spoke in German, something or other pertaining to Holland.

He seemed to have prepared, or more likely Baron von der Lancken had suggested to him, something personal to say to each of us, and this said, the brief audience, which had been invested with the formality of a private presentation at court, ended, and we drove back in the black afternoon, with its lowering clouds and winds, under the impression of an interesting, a strong and possibly a hard personality.

TWO days later General Baron von Bissing came to return my call, accompanied by the Baron von der Lancken and an aid, and by General von Kraewel, who had succeeded General von Lüttwitz as Governor of Brussels, all in full uniform with decorations. General von Kraewel was a little man with close-cropped hair and a white mustache and the complexion of a man who loves the open air. He had lived in England and was something of a sporting man, I imagine, for he talked of horses and jockeys. They stayed only a moment, long enough for a cup of tea and a cigaret, and were gone in their gray motors. I never saw General von Kraewel again, for after that, at the request of the Governor-General, we were to have our relations with the *Département Politique—Politische Abteilung*—at whose head the Baron von der Lancken was to be detailed.

The first important act of the new Governor-General was to impose on the population of Belgium, by a decree of the tenth of December, a contribution of war amounting to four hundred and eighty million francs. Another decree dated the eighth of December, convened the Provincial Councils of Belgium in extraordinary session for the eighteenth of December. The session was to be opened and closed in the name of the German Governor-General; it was not to last longer than one day; its session was to be held in secret committee, and the sole object of the deliberation was to be the method of raising the contribution of war levied on the Belgian population. And, furthermore, a quorum was not necessary to the validity of the acts of the session.

LIII

ONE evening after dinner, as we were standing before the fire that blazed in the great chimney in the drawing-room of his home on the Avenue Louise, one evening in November, Monsieur Emile Francqui gave me, in his vivid way, a portrait of Mr. Herbert C. Hoover. It was an impressionistic portrait drawn with broad rough strokes, a portrait which impelled the admiration that seemed to inspire so much of it, and he completed it finally with a swift gesture that described a half arc under his own chin, as he said:

"A jaw, you know!"

The dinner we had just had had been arranged in honor of Mr. Hoover, but he had been detained at the Dutch frontier and had not arrived in time; we were expecting him then in the morning, and we were awaiting his coming impatiently, for the great task of organization was assuming proportions that were appalling. I had never met my compatriot and I knew him only as the rich American who had so ably organized the repatriation of American refugees in London on the outbreak of the war that Mr. Page had at once suggested him to organize the *ravitaillement*, and I had of his personality only such impressions as might be derived from the two laconic dispatches he had sent me. But Mr. Francqui had known him fifteen years before in China, where they had been associated in one of those vast colonial enterprises for the exploitation of the kingdom.

He spoke of Mr. Hoover that evening in terms of unqualified admiration; he said that he was precisely the man for the work there was to do, and that Belgium was lucky to have him to its aid. His description, indeed, evoked a figure in such heroic proportions that I was prepared to see a man physically somewhat larger than the man I found nervously pacing the floor of my office the following afternoon when I went down in response to the card that had been sent up.

He gave the impression of being tall, though he was of medium height, because he was slender, and he had extremely small hands and feet; his hands, however, as at that first moment, were usually in his trousers pockets, and they nervously jingled and incessantly clinked together the coins that he carried loosely there, as of that generous American prejudice that scorns a purse because it indicates parsimony. He was dressed in modest blue serge, and wore a black cravat. His face, smooth shaven, with a somewhat youthful air, was not at all the face of the sanguine type of business man, but a face sensitive, with a delicate mouth, thin lips, a face that wore a weary expression, as of one who dispensed too much nervous force and was always tired. It was a face which, with its dark, sometimes intently scowling eyes, under the wide white brow, over which the black hair fell in something very nearly approaching disorder, would have marked him as an idealist, had not its dominant feature set him down indubitably as a strong-willed man of force and action. That feature was the broad, firm jaw; one noted it instantly, and remembered the effective gesture of M. Francqui in describing the feature that naturally would impress him most. Perhaps the brow and the jaw might indicate the possession of both qualities without implying any conflict between them, for one could not talk with him long without seeing that there was great idealism there; it showed in the first words he spoke concerning the Belgians and their sufferings.

He had them on his heart already; it showed in his eyes, that were soft and pitying when he spoke of them.

Sinking into a deep chair, he spoke in a low, agreeable voice, but was soon turning to practical ways of help. I could describe to him the situation and tell him of all our troubles inside, and from him learn what had been going on outside. He had had many troubles of his own, but he seemed to surmount them all bravely. He had just arrived by motor from Holland and he was accompanied that afternoon by Mr. Shaler, Dr. Rose and Mr. Bicknell—Dr. Rose and Mr. Bicknell representing the Rockefeller Foundation, came to investigate conditions in Belgium. They began cross-examining me and for two hours I answered questions, and when I was through I was as tired as though I had been making an argument before the Supreme Court.

THE work had grown even before it could be organized. Our original conception had been that the *Comité National* was perfectly competent to distribute food through the communes with its own people, if it could only get the food to deliver. In my own boundless ignorance I had no notion of the quantity of food required until I read the memorandum prepared by the *Comité National*. The war would soon be over anyway, and if we could only get over the winter all would go well. The American people would provide the food, by diplomatic negotiation,

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we would arrange to have it pass the blockade, and the *Comité National* would distribute it. But there were limits even to American charity; and now England, who was managing that blockade, imposed restrictions and conditions as to supervision; there would have to be more delegates, scores of them, not Belgians but Americans, to supervise the distribution and see that the guarantees were observed; hence the Rhodes scholars, hence, ultimately, the C. R. B., that vast American organization that would work side by side with the vast Belgian organization, the *Comité National*, each dependent on the other, moving with equal dignity in their respective spheres, like coordinate branches of our Government under the Constitution.

This organization, as I have told, had already been functioning, but there were many defects in the C. R. B. and it was to remedy these that Mr. Hoover had crossed the North Sea and come to Belgium.

Only a few days before, in the course of a conversation Villalobar and I were having with the *Geheimrat* Kaufmann, I had told him that already the American organization had arranged to import two million seven hundred thousand pounds for Belgian relief, and when he had translated this into German terms — fifty-four million marks — the *Geheimrat* dropped his lead-pencil on his desk, fell back in his chair, and exclaimed, "*Sapristi!*"

Sapristi, indeed! But that was only a beginning; a mere drop in the bucket.

I watched Mr. Hoover the next morning when we all went with M. Francqui in the dismal rain to visit the soup-kitchens—Mr. Hoover, Dr. Rose, Mr. Bicknell, Consul-General Watts and others. It was natural that Mr. Hoover and the representatives of the Rockefeller Foundation should be impressed by the organization which the Belgians, who are famous organizers, had already set up in their efficient, human way.

THEY could see the effect of it in the great building, once used by an express company, in the days when there was use of express companies, as a hangar, where that morning an army of cooks were brewing the soup in the great caldrons. They could note it in that station in the Rue Blaes, near the Boulevard du Midi, in the very midst of the Quartier des Marolliens, where the soup was served to the long line of hungry in waiting. The station had lately been a concert-hall and its garish decorations were still clinging in mockery to its walls.

The people of the Quartier stood in a long line that trailed its misery down the sidewalk. They stood with the divine patience of the poor, there in the cold rain, shivering in shawls and old coats and wooden shoes, with bowls or pitchers, and each with his number and his card, issued by his commune. The long line advanced a step at a time into the station and paused by the tables where each received his—I wish we had another pronoun, it was so much oftener her!—bit of coffee and bit of chicory, which the Belgians, unfortunately, like to mix with their coffee. He received, too, his pot of soup and his loaf of daily bread which, in answer to the old prayer that had suddenly acquired such significance, came so mysteriously from that far, dim America across the sea. The numbers were checked off, the lines inspected by persons acquainted with the neighborhood. If one was missing the absence was instantly detected.

"Where is Jeanne to-day? Is she ill? Or what?"

One felt very humble in those human presences. It was a sight that I could not long endure, and I knew what was going on in Mr. Hoover's heart when he turned away and fixed his gaze on something far down the street.

They came, hundreds and hundreds of them, in silence, received their rations, paused to make a formal bow, said "*merci*," and passed out.

That "*merci*" somehow stabbed one to the heart, and brought an ache to the throat, and a most annoying moisture to the eyes. The time came when, if visiting Americans asked to see the soup lines, I sent some one to show them.

It was perhaps worse at those kitchens when the children were fed. This part of the work had been admirably organized by the *Petites Abéilles*, a society of Brussels women who had long worked among the children of the poor. Dr. Caroline Hedger, that noble Chicago woman whose life has been a blessing to countless thousands of children in that city, spent long weeks working in Belgium that winter, rendering noble service in the cause of humanity, and her admiration of the *Petites Abéilles* was to me the final proof of their effectiveness. Each child in the neighborhood was examined by a physician, the kind of nourishment it required almost scientifically determined, and this noted on cards of different colors, each color representing a certain ration. They were given milk, usually a liter a day, a ration of bread with jam and phosphatine or chocolate, or something of that sort.

We went to one of the stations where clothes were distributed, under the management of Madame Phillipson-Wiener; the same admirable Belgian organization, the same Belgian economy. There were new clothes and old clothes; all the principles of modern hygiene observed, each garment disinfected, washed, examined, necessary repairs made, pressed and sent out. If beyond repair, it was made over into something similarly useful; even old socks were used to make caps for children. And what we had seen that morning was being repeated all over Belgium.

We were all very tired that night after a day of so many emotions. It had been a doleful morning's business, though not without its reassurance of the goodness that still was in human nature.

Mr. Hoover went away, but Dr. Rose and Mr. Bicknell remained and, joined by Mr. Henry James, also a representative of the Rockefeller Foundation, went on a tour of Belgium and even of the invaded portion of Northern France that then was inaccessible.

And we resumed the interminable discussions of the organization of the interior work of the C. R. B.

FINALLY the Rhodes scholars began to arrive, clean-limbed young chaps whom one could admire unreservedly. They came as volunteers, to work for no other reward than the satisfaction of helping in a great humanitarian cause. The work never could have been done without them, or half so well by men who had been paid for their labor. I suppose the world has never seen anything quite like their devotion; it used to amuse us when it did not depress us, that the Germans were mystified, could not understand it, and were always trying to find out the real reason for their being there. *Messieurs les militaires* could never get out of their heads the suspicion that they were spies, and now and then treated them as such. The son of the Governor-General, like Walt Whitman's learned astronomer, "lecturing with much applause there in the lecture room," explained to his auditors that the Americans were growing rich out of the work; but possibly he could imagine no other motive for maintaining it. It was, in fact, as fine an example of idealism, and I am tempted to add of American idealism, as, in its ultimate organization and direct management, it proved to be of American enterprise and efficiency. The young men were under the heaviest adjurations from all of us to maintain a strict neutrality, and this they all did. Not one of them was ever guilty of an incorrection, not one of them ever brought dishonor upon the work, or upon their nation, or its flag, or upon the various universities whose honor they held in their keeping and on which they reflected such credit. They showed remarkable tact, diplomacy even, and they were all neutral, "strictly neutral," as their coterie phrase had it. Raymond Swing, a newspaper correspondent, observing them at their work, remarked, however, that some were born neutral, some achieved neutrality, and some had neutrality thrust upon them.

The Rockefeller Foundation returned from their tour, and I suppose

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there is no harm now in saying that they did not come back in a very neutral frame of mind. They had seen such sufferings in Belgium and northern France as made them weep, and they urged that the work of the Commission be extended at least to that little strip of northern France which thrusts itself up into Belgium there by Givet and Philippeville, where people were actually starving.

We were already having appeals from other lands that lay outside Belgium. My colleague, Count d'Ansembourg, Chargé d'affaires of Luxembourg, was asking us to extend the work of *ravitaillement* to the little duchy, and one morning the Mayor of Maubeuge and one of his aldermen came in to ask us to help them revictual that city.

And then Mr. Hoover, to our relief, came back. He had had difficulties in London; there were folk there, as elsewhere, who took the view that the *ravitaillement* in Belgium was an unneutral act, that it was indirectly an aid to the Germans, and some of them had even made the cynical statement that if the Belgians were to be left to starve, it would require more German troops to subdue the revolutions that would break out as a result of hunger, and thereby so much weaken the German forces. But he had surmounted this obstacle, as he had so many others, and he remained long enough in Brussels to install the C. R. B. in its new offices and get in motion the machinery that had been functioning with so many halts and so much creaking. He had Mr. A. N. Connett coming from America to act as manager and in the meantime Captain J. M. Lucey, who had been directing the Rotterdam office, came to relieve Mr. Heineman, who had so unselfishly sacrificed his own affairs to this cause.

And so, as the short December days were declining with the year, the great work was set in motion, with infinite toil and pain, with many a psychological problem, with much delicate management and humoring of human feelings, jealousies, susceptibilities, and, what is worst of all in this world to endure, the irritations of "people who make a fuss about nothing."

We came at last to Christmas Eve, the eve of the saddest Christmas, in some ways, I had ever known. The Germans had forbidden the sale of the little buttons bearing the picture of the King and Queen, and the throngs that moved through the streets were depressed. There, from the Montagne de la Cour, where I used to love to look out over the lower city, its roofs touched by the soft glow of the setting sun, the spire of the Hôtel de Ville floated in the mist like a bit of old lace; yet over the whole city there brooded a sadness. In the Parc Royale that Christmas Eve there was a tree, blazing

(*Continued on page 82*)

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Stamping out Guerrilla Warfare

MANY fires of known or suspected incendiary origin are occurring daily. It is guerilla warfare. Many great American industries are among the victims—as completely wiped out as if wrecked by shells in Flanders.

Machine-gun Efficiency

There has always been in America a guerilla warfare of another sort waged against business. It is Nature's insidious trickery reenforced by man's carelessness, called "fire-hazards" by the experts. Twenty-five thousand American businesses have been awake to its depredations. They have armed themselves with the machine guns of fire-protection—the automatic sprinklers.

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Nothing can stop fires from starting, but automatic sprinklers can stop *all* fires from spreading.

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The sprinkler-protected enterprises have done and will continue to do their full duty in our industrial mobilization.

In justice to the nation's need, no concern that plays a part in the war can neglect this great standard precaution against interruption of business. It matters little whether the automatic-sprinkler system costs money or pays its own way by insurance savings, the point is that the wheels of industry positively must not stop one moment until the war is over!

Considering the known efficiency of sprinklers, even incendiarism is no excuse for suspension of business and inability to fill orders.

Sprinkler-owners: Get a Super-System

Supervisory devices on a sprinkler system make vicious tampering with the system impossible. Sprinkler-protection thus becomes actually infallible even against alien enemies.

An incendiary may move through your plant for weeks, studying to find an opportunity for mischief, but everywhere—in the attic, in the cellar, under the stairs, in the big rooms and in the dark corners—he finds always the little sprinkler-heads on duty, ready and able to balk his plan. He cannot tamper with any part of the system without flashing the news of his machinations to the central supervisory station.

The way the insurance rate drops when you put in sprinklers shows how the chance of interruption by fire practically disappears. A cut of 50 or 90 per cent. in the annual outlay for insurance is the reward the Underwriters will give you if you install this modern protection.

The Grinnell System, the oldest and best known, protecting more property than all other kinds put together, is shop-assembled and comes to your property all cut to measure, ready to be installed without interrupting or embarrassing even your busiest department.

Don't theorize—get the figures! Address the General Fire Extinguisher Co., 299 West Exchange St., Providence, R. I.

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with thousands of electric lights in colored bulbs, like the one in Madison Square at that season, and German soldiers gathered around it and sang their choruses. There were little Christmas trees in all the blazing windows of the *ministères* in the Rue de la Loi; there were celebrations for the soldiers everywhere, and at the King's palace at Laeken a great dinner for the officers. For weeks they had been cutting down the fir-trees to be used as Christmas trees for the German soldiers. I do not know how many were required for the Germans at Brussels, in order that they might fittingly celebrate the coming to this earth of the lowly Nazarene, the advent of peace on earth and the impulse of good will toward men, but each company had to have one, and at Liège alone seven hundred trees were required.

BUT our work was organized at last and on that Christmas Eve at the Legation the Marquis of Villalobar and Mr. Hoover and Baron Lambert and M. Francqui and I were agreed at last on the last, or what seemed then the last, of the troubled details, and when we had agreed M. Francqui leaped up, crying:

"*V'là, v'là, v'là, v'là!*" and bending his stout form over the table wrote it down before any of us could change his mind again.

Mr. and Mrs. Hoover, Dr. Rose, Mr. James, Mr. Bicknell, Mr. Frederick Palmer and Gibson were there to dinner that night. After dinner Dr. Rose drew me aside, with many expressions of appreciation and kindness, saying that the Rockefeller Foundation was prepared to aid the *ravitaillement* to the full extent of its resources, that he and his colleagues had been everywhere in Belgium, had seen everything, had taken no man's word for anything, had been in the homes of the poorest, and he spoke with tears in his eyes of their sufferings, their patience, their forbearance, and their charity. Not a whimper anywhere, no unkindness, only that superb fortitude, that splendid faith and unwearied resistance that marked the Belgian nation then as it marks it still this night, four years later. I was moved and grateful, and we were all relieved by the thought that the *ravitaillement* was assured until the first of September.

Christmas day was stinging cold and sharp, the trees all white with hoar frost, and there was something of the traditional spirit of the festival in the air, because the young Americans who had come to work for the C. R. B. tried to make the day happy for the children. Mr. Lewis Richards, who lived in Brussels, had a Christmas tree in his home at Forest for the children of the commune. They came, six hundred of them, clattering along in wooden shoes while the orchestra played the "Star-Spangled Banner," a tune that all Brussels musicians were practising in those days. There were screams of childish surprise and delight at the Christmas tree, the top of which brushed the high ceiling of the drawing-room, and chocolate and cake and gifts of clothing and candy and toys, and a little tot in white breathlessly reciting a little speech to express "the deepest gratitude of all the little 'bees,' your protégés."

Brussels children, too, were all excited by the reports of the Christmas ship that had arrived from America with presents for them all. There had never been a public reference in Belgium to what America was doing; there was not a word of it in any one of the newspapers that were springing into being to replace those Belgian newspapers that made it a point of patriotism not to appear while the Germans were there; but the news had got abroad and was known everywhere, and had we used the word any more we would have said that the day was happy, so many and so beautiful were the expressions of gratitude and good will that came pouring in.

The toys which the American children had sent in the Christmas ship over to the Belgian children were to be distributed on Sunday, and when M. Lemonnier, the acting *bourgmestre*, came to tell me of it and added that the people of Brussels wished to make a manifestation in honor of America on New Year's Day, I, at the idea of seeing the Rue Belliard and the Rue de Trèves crowded, was aghast and I urged M. Lemonnier to suppress both manifestations, explaining that the time was not yet ripe for such expressions, and so it was arranged that the distribution of toys should be made quietly in the public schools. There was even a message from M. Max in his prison in Austria.

LIV

I HAD asked that there be no manifestation in America's honor that New Year's Day for, since assemblages were forbidden, it could only result in embarrassment for the officials of Brussels and difficulties for the people; the Belgians had understood instantly and the word had gone out over the city that the demonstration before the Legation was not to take place. And then a strange thing happened. In the morning, there before the door of the Legation, were two or three officers of the Brussels' police in their blue uniforms, smart *képis*, great blue capes, white gloves, their straight swords. And there on a table in the hall was a blank book, bound handsomely in morocco, lying open at the first of its white pages, with the inscription "*premier janvier* 1915." When I asked Gustave about it he smiled and shook his head helplessly; and when I went out for a walk the *agents de police* merely raised their white-gloved hands in salute.

And then, all day long, the people came quietly down the Rue de Trèves, in pairs or in little groups, a constant procession; those of the Quartier Léopold were in formal dress, frock coats and high hats; the others were in Sunday best, wearing little American flags as boutonnières, some of them buttons with portraits of the President or his Minister at Brussels. They came, signed their names in the book, left their cards, and went away, lifting their high hats without a word. Those that had not time to sign, left their cards; the little latch in the street door was clicking all day long.

There were all sorts of cards, the engraved cards of princes and noblemen, names of old families; there were cards of trades people and even bits of cardboard on which *blanchisseuses* had traced their names. And on the cards were written all sorts of sentiments, the formal "P. F."—*pour féliciter*—or "*Félicitations et Remerciments*"—expressions of gratitude in all possible ways; now and then, in some honest workman's hand, in Flemish, the simple, touching word "*Dank*." All day long the silent procession streamed by, all day long the latch in the street door clicked, and by night the book was filled with names and there were whole baskets full of cards, literally thousands of them.

There were letters, too, and flowers, great bouquets and baskets that filled the whole Legation, turning it into a bower of roses and of those lovely orchids of which Belgium is so prodigal. Late in the night they were still coming, the latch was still clicking, the cards were still falling through that slit in the outer door—a beautiful expression of the gratitude of a whole city, a whole nation, for what America had tried to do for them in their distress.

There were many callers, too. All afternoon the drawing-rooms were filled, all the Americans in town and many English and many Belgians besides, with, of course, Villalobar and the secretaries of legation and the other Ministers left in Brussels.

In the midst of the reception a footman brought up the card of a German officer! I went down-stairs and there was a pale little officer in full uniform—sword and helmet. He came to tell me that his wife wished to help reestablish the lace industry in Belgium; that she would open a shop or a *dépôt*, buy the lace from the Belgians and send the lace to America, and he wished me to have the tariff taken off the lace! I could tell him, as an old, though somewhat disillusioned if not discouraged free-trader, that the American Congress would hardly go as far as he wished in aiding his industry, however tender its infancy. I went back up-stairs and the

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Belgians had all fled as from a pestilence; not one was left, and Villalobar standing there with that humorous expression of his, heaved a heavy sigh and said:

"We are saved!"

That New Year's Day, so full of meaning for us at the Legation, because of the outpouring of a nation's heart in gratitude, had the curious amelioration everywhere that high days and holidays bring to men. In those currents of feeling that so mysteriously make themselves felt in whole populations, there was something like a breath of new vital air, because it was a new year; there was a new hope, a sensation of relief that an old and evil year was dead. That amazing phenomenon, which found its spring in the deep wells of the Belgian nature, that everlasting and never-tiring resiliency, lifted them up and they felt that better times were ahead; with the spring the Allies would advance, the Germans would go, the war would end. The feeling pervaded all classes.

And then an event occurred that sent a thrill of patriotism pulsing through every heart, an event that was the expression of a single great man, one of those rare and preeminent personalities, those moral heroes that somehow miraculously appear upon the earth in times of great stress and trial, and sum up and express their people and their times. Belgium, for so small a nation, was rich in two such transcendent characters; King Albert was one, then at that moment on the flooded reaches of the Yser, the symbol of his own people's force and resistance; and now, suddenly, a second was revealed who resumed in his great character the moral courage and resistance of his race.

On Christmas Day he had sat in his austere study in the gray old ecclesiastical palace in Malines, its roof fallen in from the shells that had rained upon it during the fierce battles of August and September, penning in sorrow, but in lofty courage of an indomitable will, a pastoral letter to his bruised and scattered and tortured flock. It was that great Prince of the Church, the power and clarity of whose intellect, like the rigid austerity of his almost monastic life, recalled the early fathers of Christianity—Désiré James, Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines.

He was proud of being a Walloon; he had been born in Braine l'Alleud, there near the field of Waterloo in 1851; he had been educated at Louvain in the same university that had given Father Damien to history, and now he was the Primate of Belgium. He was called to Rome at the outbreak of the war to render the last homages to the late Pius X. and to participate in the election of the new pope; he had returned to Belgium to find his land laid waste by the sword, his *alma mater*

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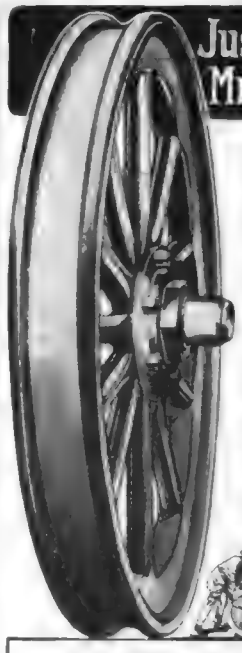

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destroyed, his diocesan city in ruins and the roof of his own palace open to the sky. And during the months of that autumn and early winter he had been quietly visiting the devastated pastures of his flock.

I had not seen him at that time; it was not until weeks after that New Year's Day that I had the privilege of making his acquaintance, and the ultimate honor of claiming him among my friends. He came in the simplicity that was so implicit an element of his greatness, one February morning to express his gratitude for what America had done for his nation, and to give me an autographed copy of his Pastoral, which at that moment had somehow got out of Belgium and gone around the world and made him famous.

He entered, advanced, tall and strong and spare, in the long black soutane with the red piping and the sash, not with the stately, measured pace that one associates with the red hat, but with long, quick strides, kicking out with impatience the skirt of his soutane before him as he walked, as though it impeded his movements. He was impressive in his great height and he bent slightly forward with an effect of swooping on, like an avenging justice. But his hand was outheld and in his mobile countenance and kindly eyes there was a smile, as of sweetness and light, that illumined the long, lean visage.

When he had laid off the low, black beaver hat, with its cord and tassels of red and gold, and seated himself in one of the Government's ugly leather chairs, he adjusted the little red *calotte* that covered the poll whereon the gray hair had long been thinning, drew off his red gloves, and as he sat, his long fingers that played for an instant with the gold cross and chain that hung before him, found a pair of common steel-rimmed eye-glasses and played with that instead. The detail seemed to be expressive of the utter simplicity of the man in all that concerned him personally; for if, in all that pertained to his high office as a prince of the church, he was correct, punctilious even, in all purely personal ways he was as simple, as unpretentious, as modest as one of those rugged primeval natures to which one instantly compared him.

His hands were large and powerful and his weathered countenance was full of serene light with little of the typically ecclesiastical about it—a high brow, a long nose, lean cheeks, strong jaw, and a large mobile mouth, humorous and sensitive, the mouth of the orator, but with thin lips that could close in impenetrable silence. The eyes were blue and they twinkled with a lively intelligence and evident humor. Perhaps I could do no better in the effort to give some impression of him than to say that, had it not been for those touches of red in his black garb, he would have recalled some tall, gaunt, simple, affectionate Irish priest whose life was passed in obscure toil among the poor, in humble homes, and lowly lives, whose every care and preoccupation he knew and sympathized with, going about at night alone, in all weathers, unsparing of himself, visiting the sick and the imprisoned, forgetting to eat, accustomed to long, weary vigils, and of an independence that needed none of the reliance or approvals of this earth.

There was something primal, original about him, a man out of the people yet above them, one of those rare and lofty personalities who give the common man hope because they are like him, and yet create in him new aspirations and higher hopes because they demonstrate in their sufficient selves what a common man may become if only he have the will by devotion, by abnegation, by sacrifice, and by love. In his mere presence one felt all little things shrivel up, and wondered why small annoyances should fret and irritate; and when he had gone the impalpable influences of his lofty spirit hung for hours about one in the air.

He was the incarnation of the principle that is the antithesis of that upon which the power that had overrun his country was founded, and because of this all its armies and all its guns and bayonets and *Kommandanturs* were powerless; its minions, who had not hesitated to destroy whole cities and communities, did not dare even so much as to touch a hair of his head. Ultimate history, written at that hour when mankind shall have emerged out of the darkness and savagery of these times into the light of those better days that must come if there is any meaning or order in the universe, will celebrate the astonishing coincidence that, in the little nation which the most ruthless power of all times chose as the first and most tragic of its many victims, there was a man whose personality, alone and of itself, proved the superiority of moral over physical force.

The visit with which the Cardinal honored me that February morning was coincidental with the hour when, in his long struggle with the German authorities, he had challenged them to submit to an impartial tribunal their evidence concerning the atrocities; he had publicly proposed a court to be composed of three Germans and three Belgian judges, to be presided over by the American Minister at Brussels. The suggestion had not as yet been acted upon, and I thought from the twinkle in his eyes that morning that he had not much hope that it would ever be.

That, however, was in February, six weeks after the incident of the pastoral letter. We had no sooner heard of that letter than we heard that the Cardinal had been arrested. The news spread through Brussels on a Monday morning. The letter, written at Christmas, had been appointed to be read in all the churches on the first Sunday in January, and that was done. No synopsis of the letter could give any notion of its strength, its dauntless courage, its serene and lofty spirit. It breathed patriotism, and yet it counseled patience and obedience to the authorities. But his Eminence made it plain that the authorities then in the land were not there by right, and that their authority was but passing and temporary, and that they were to be obeyed only in their efforts to execute the divine laws of the country as an occupying power. And it closed in a strain of great eloquence and great sorrow—a strain that resumed all the anguish of his people and his land. I prefer it in the French, but even translated it loses little of its force:

"I realize better than any one, perhaps, what our poor country has suffered," he wrote, "and no Belgian will doubt, I hope, that my citizen's and cardinal's soul has been tortured by the thought of all these afflictions. The last four months seems to have been a century.

"By thousands our brave ones have been slaughtered; wives and mothers weep for the absent they will never see again; homes are broken up; misery is spreading and anguish is poignant. At Malines, at Antwerp, I have known the population of two large cities to be subjected, one during six hours and the other during thirty-four, to a continuous bombardment and to have been in the throes of death. I have visited the most devastated regions of my diocese —Duffel, Lierre, Berlaer, Saint-Rombaur, Konings-Hoyckt, Mortsel, Waelhem, Musen, Wavre-Sainte-Catherine, Wavre-Notre-Dame, Sempst, Weerde, Epphegen, Hofstade, Elewyt, Rymenam, Boortmeerbeek, Wespalaer, Haecht, Werchter-Wackerzeel, Rotselaer, Tremeloo, Louvain, and the suburban agglomerations of Malines; Blauwput, Kessel-Loo, Boven-Loo, Linden, Herent, Thildonck, Bueken, Relst, Aerschot, Wesemael, Hersselst, Diest, Schaffen, Molenstede, Rillaer, Gelrode, and what I saw of ruins and ashes exceeded anything I could have imagined. Certain parts of my diocese which I have not yet had time to visit, *i.e.*, Haekendover, Roosbeek, Bautersen, Budingen, Neer-Linter, Ottingnies, Mousty, Wavre, Beyghem, Capelle-aux-Bois, Humbeek, Blaeveld, experienced the same ravages. Churches, schools, asylums, hospitals, convents, in considerable numbers, are almost entirely destroyed or in ruins. Entire villages have practically disappeared. At Werchter-Wackerzeel, for instance, out of three hundred and eighty homes one hundred and thirty remain; at Tremeloo, two-thirds of the community have been razed, at Bueken out of one

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hundred houses twenty are left; at Schaffen, a village of two hundred dwellings, one hundred and eighty-nine have disappeared; at Louvain one-third of the town has been destroyed, one thousand and seventy-four buildings have disappeared; within the city limits and including the suburbs of Kessel-Loo and Herent and Heverle, there is a total of one thousand eight hundred and twenty-three houses burned.

"In that beloved city of Louvain, from which I can not succeed in detaching my thoughts, the superb collegiate of St. Peter will never recover its splendor; the old college of St. Ives; the Institute of Fine Arts, of the city; the commercial and consular school attached to the University; the venerable 'Halles' or market buildings; our substantial library with its collections, its incunabula, its original manuscripts, its archives, the gallery of its illustrious men, from the first days of its foundation, portraits of the rectors, chancellors and famous professors at the sight of which masters and students of to-day became imbued with traditional nobility of character and went at their work with renewed ardor; all this accumulation of intellectual, historic and artistic riches, the fruit of five centuries of toil, everything, has been destroyed.

"Many parishes were deprived of their curate. I hear again the plaintive voice of an old man whom I asked if mass had been celebrated in his dismantled church the past Sunday.

" 'It is now two months since we have had a priest,' said he. The curate and the vicar were in a concentration camp at Münster, not far from Hanover.

"Thousands of Belgian citizens have thus been deported to German prisons; to Münster, to Celle, to Magdeburg; Münster alone held three thousand one hundred civilian prisoners. History will tell the story of the physical torture they endured.

"Thousands of innocent ones were shot; I do not possess the sinister necrology, but I know that at Aerschot ninety-one were killed and that there —under the menace of death—their fellow citizens were compelled to dig the burial trenches. In the agglomeration of Louvain and near-by communes one hundred and seventy-six persons, men and women, old men and women with children at breast, rich and poor, the strong and the weak, were shot down or burned.

"In my diocese alone I know that thirteen priests were executed. One of them, a curate of Gelrode, fell undoubtedly like a martyr. I made a pilgrimage to his tomb and, surrounded by the flock that he had pastured only yesterday with the zeal of an apostle, I asked him to safeguard from on high his parish, the diocese and the country.

"We can neither count our dead nor measure the extent of our ruins. What would it be if we undertook to visit the regions of Liège, Namur, Andenne, Dinant, Tamines, Charleroi, and then toward Virton and the valley of the Samois river, all the provinces of Luxembourg toward Termonde, Dixmude and our two Flanders?"

The letter was read in all the pulpits and within a few hours many of the priests in the provinces, who had read the letter, had been arrested, as well as several priests in Brussels, among them the Doyen of the collegiate of Ste. Gudule. And at six o'clock on Monday morning there were soldiers before the Episcopal palace at Malines. The Cardinal was saying mass in his chapel when a priest came to him, saying that a German officer was waiting to see him.

"Tell him I am saying mass," said the Cardinal.

The priest went out and returned to report that the officer said the Cardinal must come at once. The Cardinal took off his vestments and went out, and the officer handed him a letter from General von Bissing, covering eight pages and demanding an immediate answer. The Cardinal explained that since the letter was in German he would have to have time to reflect; he would send a reply. But the officer said that he would have to insist that the order be carried out.

"But I give you my word of honor not to leave the palace."

This would not satisfy the officer; he said he would have to remain with him.

"You mean in the room with me?" asked the astonished Cardinal.

The officer, abashed by the glance in the fearless eyes, said he would wait in the courtyard of the palace. It was raining and the officer waited all day while his Eminence, in no hurry, prepared his reply. General von Bissing in his letter put six questions to the Cardinal. He began by saying that the Cardinal had presumed too far upon what Bissing was pleased to call their "personal" relations, and the Cardinal, replying to this proposition, said that his Excellency had evidently misunderstood, or had not sufficiently understood, their relations, which were not at all personal but wholly official; aside from this he added—no doubt a touch of the Walloon sense of humor—their relations were simply those of Christians. The Cardinal said that he was a Belgian, with Belgian sentiments, prejudices, feelings, and loyalty; that he had written his letter out of those feelings and that he could not retract it, and he concluded: "This answer will suffice as an answer equally to all the other five questions."

FREIHERR VON BISSING was not a patient nor always a diplomatic man, and when he read the letter which the officer brought back to Brussels, he might have gone to forcible extremes had not the counsels of Baron von der Lancken prevailed. The Baron motored up to Malines the next morning and waited on the Cardinal. The conversation was long and courteous. The Cardinal insisted that it was unjust to punish his priests for reading a letter that he had prepared—and he refused to retract or to modify the statement in his pastoral, and the incident was assumed to be closed.*

The next day, however, the Governor-General sent an order to the priests of the diocese of Malines in which he said that the Cardinal

. . . "on my representation as to the trouble and irritation caused by his pastoral letter among the population has declared to me at Malines, verbally and in writing, that he had no intention whatever to provoke such an action and had expected no such result. He had merely tried to convince the population of the necessity of obeying the occupying powers, even in the case of the Belgian patriots who felt internally in opposition with the German administration. In the event of my fearing any such irritant the Cardinal would not persist in desiring on the part of his clergy, and in accordance with the provisions of the conclusion of his pastoral letter, a repetition of its public reading on following Sundays, or that it be any further spread.

"Now this hypothesis has arisen and therefore I repeat my prohibition of January second, concerning the public reading and propagation of the pastoral letter. I remind the clergy that they will place themselves in opposition to the desire which their Cardinal has expressed to me if they act in opposition to my prohibition."

The clergy were, for a moment, uncertain, but not for long. Monseigneur Evrard, Doyen of Brussels, went to

*NOTE—During the discussion this telegram, addressed "Cardinal Mercier, Brussels," came from the Associated Press in America:

"Is it true that you have been arrested and are now a prisoner?"

To this telegram the Cardinal prepared a reply, saying:

"Some of my priests have been arrested because of the letter I wrote; others have been menaced with threats of prison and deportation to Germany, while others have been fined. As for me, they have done nothing more than to forbid me to leave my palace."

The reply did not go over the German wire.

The next day there came an officer, saying that since the incident was closed, it was desired that the Cardinal modify the telegram, and he wrote one which, in effect, said:

"You will understand that in the circumstances in which I am placed, it is difficult for me to reply to your telegram. Please acknowledge receipt of this.—" But the Cardinal never received a response.

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Malines and on his return sent each curé a note, which I translate:

Monsieur le Curé:

I have just returned from Malines.

Despite the prohibition received yesterday H. E., the Cardinal, wishes his letter read.

This written prohibition is clever and false.

"Neither verbally nor in writing have I withdrawn any, and I do not now withdraw any, of my former instructions, and I protest against the violence done to the liberty of my pastoral ministry."

That is what the Cardinal *dictated to me.*

He added: "They have tried everything to make me sign some attenuations to my letter; I have not signed. Now they seek to separate my clergy from me in preventing them from reading it.

"I have done my duty; my clergy must know whether they are going to do theirs."

I beg you to accept, Monsieur le Curé, the homage of my respect.

E. Evrard, Doyen.

Brussels, January ninth.

The curés thereupon read the letter again the following Sunday and it was not long before the world was reading it. It intensified and stiffened that moral resistance, which on the part of the Belgians has never waned or slackened.

LV

THE incident might have ended otherwise if the wise counsel of Baron von der Lancken had not prevailed over the violent insistence of the military clique. It was one of the most serious of the many divergences of opinion between the military and the civil branches of the government of occupation that was then getting itself installed. There was a vast change from those first days when General von Jarotsky and his staff were occupying the Hôtel de Ville. As I have said, General von Lüttwitz, when he came, had removed his headquarters to the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, 8 Rue de la Loi, and there the Governor of Brussels continued to reside, while next door, in the Ministry of the Interior, there was set up that institution which is the heart of the German system, the thing whose name came to have a sinister connotation every time it was pronounced—the *Kommandantur*.

It is a large *local*, two great buildings, one the luxurious hôtel of the Minister of the Interior—the Belgian Ministers live, or used to live, in their ministries—and the other devoted to the numerous offices. There was the headquarters of the Chief of Police, in many respects the most powerful man in Brussels, for he seemed to be accountable to nobody, and to move in a wide and tragic orbit of irresponsibility that allowed him enormous latitude in the exercise of his terrible powers.

Every morning there set forth from those wide doors a battalion of *Polizei*, German soldiers in gray, ill-fitting uniforms, their trousers stuffed in their short, heavy, iron-shod boots, square helmets on their heads, their rifles, with bayonets fixed, slung to their shoulders. They were distinguished from the others only by the black, white, and red brassards, with the seal of the Imperial eagle stamped on them, and by the metal plaques, strung by chains about their necks, bearing in large letters the word "Polizei." This gave them, in our unaccustomed eyes at any rate, a ridiculous appearance and the Brussels folk a new subject for their incorrigible mockery; they did so instantly suggest the little labels hung about the necks of bottles of Curaçao, and other liqueurs.

If these had left any doubt as to their authority and function, their brutish look would have sufficiently declared it. They always went in threes, or at least twos; they were stationed at various squares and at all the entrances to the city; they tramped heavily up and down the streets, returning to the Rue de la Loi late in the afternoon, dragging the latest of their luckless victims, who disappeared in the *Kommandantur*, not always to come out again until it was time to go in the closed black wagon to the prison at St. Gilles, or to the field of execution at the National Rifle Range.

There was always a long line there before the *Kommandantur* stretching from the entrance at No. 4 Rue de la Loi down to the corner and ofttimes around the corner into the Rue Royale, with *Polizei* to keep it straight. Sad faces, for the most part, those in that line, and the drab habiliments of the poor, since it is always the poor who pay first, in any calamity. There was something degrading and shameful in the spectacle, as there is in any reckless and irresponsible use of mere brute force. These people were there on all sorts of errands; many to secure *cartes d'identité*, in compliance with the harassing regulations of the German system, or passes, or maybe to ask to see some relative or friend confined there; the line was always there, in rain or frost or sun, huddled along the wall, moving slowly on, step by step, through the long weary hours.

There was another entrance to the *Kommandantur*, back of the Chaussée de Louvain, another wide portal quite as tragic and perhaps more hopeless. Often one would see prisoners taken in there, men or women, to be charged with one of the countless crimes that irresponsible autocracy invents to allege against those who even in the slightest ways run counter to its whim. Often, in walking down the Chaussée de Louvain—one had to go that way to get to the lower town, unless one went around the other end of the park, for the park and the Rue de la Loi were forbidden the public—I have seen four or five *Polizei* leading some woman with tear-stained, tragic eyes, and the slatternly skirt and *sabots* she had on when they suddenly descended upon her, and rubbed my eyes and wondered if it were not the twelfth instead of the twentieth century.

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The door at the Chaussée de Louvain was the more sinister and more tragic portal, in my eyes at least; because I understood that the more important prisoners were taken in that way; I do not know, and it makes little difference. But it was more tragic for another reason—that is, that there streamed in and out of it every day the army of spies, secret police, informers, and *agents provocateurs* who infested Brussels and in plying their detestable calling, resorted to every mean device that the depraved and abandoned can imagine. One with any faith left in humanity could not believe that so many loathsome scoundrels could be assembled on the earth; there were said to be more than six thousand of them, and they prowled in every alley and in every byway, in every avenue and boulevard in the town; they rode in trams, wriggled their way into little groups and gatherings, insinuated themselves into bedrooms and closets, made friends and confidants in order to betray them, held out bribes and temptations; when there were no offenses they invented them; when there was no disorder they created it, and then lured or dragged the poor victims of their treachery and duplicity to their own lodgings, where they interrogated, badgered, sweated them, before turning them over to courts martial and the firing-squad or sending them to rot in German prisons or die in German camps. They were of both sexes, of all nations and of all tongues, the scum and offscouring of the earth, the moral filth and refuse of the world.

THEY were everywhere. There was a questionable fellow who was the tenant of a building of three stories in the Rue de Trèves across from the Legation. On summer evenings I noticed that in an upper room the windows, whence one could command a view of the Legation, were always open, though the chamber was never lighted. In the darkness every evening I would see a coal, as of fire, that would glow bright and then fade into the blackness around, then glow and fade—a cigar, evidently, precisely the effect William Gillette used to produce in the last act of "Sherlock Holmes."

Who is that man in that room in the third story? we wondered, and one morning I sent a servant across the street to inquire of the proprietor, in shirt-sleeves, taking the air in his doorway.

"It's an English soldier," was the word brought back, "left behind at Mons; he's hiding."

"He is not," I replied; "he is a German spy. Tell the man much good it will do his tenant to waste his time there."

The proprietor, at this, took his pipe from his lips, gazed—and went in. I saw the evening cigar glow and fade no more.

One always had the uncanny sensation of some one at one's elbow. There were furtive shadows when out at night; some one always near the doorway, or the door of the motor. Two men, meeting in the boulevard, always turned and glanced about before conversing. And in the trams the wise were silent, for gossip on the rear platforms was the most dangerous of indulgences. Spies or secret agents were constantly coming to the Legation with all sorts of questions. How could one send letters? How could one communicate with France or England? The favorite device was to whisper: "I am a French soldier and I should like to be sent out," or "I am a Belgian and should like to join the army; they tell me that you know the way."

We knew nothing of such things, of course; but the *Kommandantur* has no conception of the fact that there is, after all, such a thing as honor in this world. We had one response which, in many instances, it was a pleasure to make:

"Wait until you can speak French without a German accent, and then come back," we would say. Somehow it made the day less dreary.

There were several who came as newspaper correspondents, and not without credentials, usually conducted by German officers, from Berlin. Two of them at least were women.

"What is your opinion, confidentially, of the German administration in Belgium? What kind of a man is von Bissing?" they would ask.

Their poor ruses were so transparent! How much of the German taxpayer's money has been expended in the purchase of scoundrels! And all wasted!

There were dossiers, of course, one for every one of any importance in town; an official "*Who's Who*" wherein with meticulous and ultimate detail, whole lives were laid bare.

This vast and complicated engine of oppression and terror was incessantly, tirelessly hunting down patriots, seeking out evidence for the prosecution for what the Germans by a peculiar illogic, impossible in any western country, call treason in time of war. Any one, if it be so desired, may be convicted of treason against Germany, no matter what his nationality may be, simply by charging him with treason in time of war. Hundreds of graves where Belgians lie testify to the fact. When this was not the object sought, they were gathering information for the purpose of draining the resources and ruining the industries of the country. The *Kommandantur* and the secret police formed a section of the central military branch of the Government, and were by far its most powerful arm.

The whole organization of *Das General-Gouvernement* is exceedingly complicated, based on a conception difficult for any one of Anglo-Saxon or Latin culture and temperament to understand. One hears much expansive admiration of the German genius for organizing, but it comes for the most part from those who have never had actual experience of German organization. Perhaps it is because there is so much of it; because it is so *kolossal*. It is in many ways efficient, no doubt; they get certain things done; but then, so do the French, who seem to have so little organization, and are so clever in improvisation. But the vast, elephantine deliberation of German organization would drive an American captain of industry mad in a fortnight. It is heavy, cumbersome; its complicated machinery rumbles on and on, remorselessly, and once set in motion, there is no way of stopping it, of turning it aside, of adapting it to sudden exigencies. It is blindly impersonal, inhuman, taking no account of persons or of the personal equation. Wherever it touches human beings, it consists of a multitude of regulations, of "*Verbotens*"; instead of a few simple guide-posts to point the way through a wilderness, the Germans would put up myriad sign-boards telling the traveler where *not* to go; instead of barking a few trees to blaze the trail, they would hack all the trees in the forest except those along the way they wished to indicate. That, indeed, is what they did in the Parc there in the center of Brussels, which they took from the people and closed in for their own officers. Standing at the east entrance in the Rue Ducale, near the Rue Brialmont one morning, I counted twenty-six sign-boards, of many colors, with their various *verbotens*. Before the war, the only signs that I recall were those reminding the public that certain places were reserved for the children to play in. But then the Belgians had learned liberty in their communal system, and had their own pride in their own park.

IN THE German system there is no room for liberty or initiative, or imagination. The nation is organized like a penitentiary—with the lock-step. And the difference between the German system and the Belgian or the English or the French or the American, is that which is expressed so clearly in the famous illustration of Tolstoy—the man in the boat who steers by landmarks along the coast and the man who steers by compass. The one hugs the shore, the other goes forth and roves the seven seas.

Our dealings fortunately were all with the civil government. We found them usually much like the officials with whom one would have dealings anywhere; they were generally polite, affable, oftentimes anxious to please. They were rather slow, perhaps, and sometimes letters, referred from one department to another, got caught in the cogs of the terrible machine, and were lost for weeks or forever. And

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there was a way, which no doubt had its convenience, of sending one from pillar to post, and from Peter to Paul, until one was lost in a hopeless labyrinth. But what was worst of all, the machine stopped clanking sometimes; and the explanation given with a shrug of the shoulders was very simple, and expressed in two words, "*les militaires*". Whenever *les militaires* spoke the machine stalled, the organization was instantly paralyzed. We learned the truth of Talleyrand's phrase: "One can militarize a civilian, but one can not civilize a member of the military service." The officials in the civil administration, *Zivilverwaltung*, were in mortal terror most of the time of the *militaires*, and for them the *militaires* had a supreme contempt. We seldom saw the *militaires;* they were always behind somewhere, out of sight, but always there, their dark shadows over everything and everybody. The *civils* wore uniforms, but wore them clumsily, and the *militaires* used to laugh at their awkward manner of saluting.

There were thousands of these civilians; they descended on Brussels immediately after the occupation, like a swarm of grasshoppers. They crowded all the ministries, warming all the chairs—old bureaucrats and clerks, hairy professors and specialists in spectacles, filling innumerable reams of paper with their strange characters, compiling figures and statistics and reports, until the ministries were not large enough to contain them all, and they had to seize whole buildings wherein to install themselves and their bewildering dockets and papers, and import from Germany troops of German boy scouts, who wore hats like foresters, to run their errands for them. All these were not enough—they imported hundreds of women and girls, and took over entire hotels to house them. The salaries of all these functionaries were enormous—and all paid out of the contributions wrung from the Belgians.

THE supreme authority and the source of all power and privilege was the Governor-General, delegated by the Emperor as his personal representative and responsible to him alone. He wielded all political authority (*Staatsgewalt*) as chief of the government of occupation. The extent of his powers depended entirely and exclusively upon the imperial will. The Kaiser, in his rôle of war lord, had, within the limits of international law and international convention, an absolute right, emanating from military force, in the conquered territories. At Berlin neither Reichstag, Bundesrat, or Foreign Office had any power over him; his decrees required no counter-sign or attestation. His will was supreme. In a word he was a dictator.

As to offenses committed against the German state and the German army—which is the German state—he had the power of life and death, and yet, if there were no legal restrictions to his powers, save as the approbation of the Kaiser was necessary to them, he was nevertheless subject to the ambient military influence, the prejudices, the opinions, the whims of the military caste. The aged von der Goltz, who was there so short a time—the gossips say that he was intended for the post of Governor-General of France when the Germans reached Paris, and that when the battle of the Marne dissolved that dream, he was assigned to Brussels—was not so ferocious a man as the world has painted von Bissing, and von Bissing was not so ferocious as he is generally represented.

His name bears the odium of all that was done in Belgium and, since he was ultimately responsible, no formal injustice perhaps is thereby done him, but he was not always in favor of what was done, and much was done, even by him, that was against his judgment. Like all executives he was the victim of his environment, the slave of the system that had produced him. Behind him was the formidable and powerful military machine, from whose occult influence he could not escape. And, as in the case of all arbitrary and autocratic rulers, while untrammeled by laws and principles and courts, he was surrounded by cliques, constantly disputing the possession of him, and, pulled and hauled, swayed this way and that by the jealous factions in his staff, he revealed himself now just and merciful, now unjust, cruel and inflexible. There was always in his staff that endless dispute that goes on in Germany between the military and the civil factions. Old soldier even though he was, I often thought that since he was by no means a stupid or unenlightened man, his feelings inclined toward the clique of civilians, but in any matter which the military clique considered vital, they always had their way, as in Germany they seem always to do.

By decrees of the Governor-General it was announced that the powers appertaining to the King of the Belgians would be exercised by the Military Governor-General; that the powers appertaining to the Provincial Governors in Belgium would be exercised by the Military Governors of the Provinces, and that the rôles of Commissioners of Arrondissements would be filled by *Kreischefs*. The fifth of February, 1915, von Bissing issued a decree defining the powers of Governors, of Chefs of Arrondissements, etc., and in Article 9 of the decree stated that he reserved to himself the unlimited right to issue such decrees, ordinances and orders, and to take such repressive or disciplinary measures as he choose. On the twelfth of June, 1915, the Governor-General indicated the jurisdiction of the German military tribunals. These court martials were stated to be competent, in conformity with the Military Penal Code of the German Empire, to exercise criminal jurisdiction in cases of "treason in time of war" for all cases punishable by the law of the German Empire and directed against German troops or soldiers, for all infringements of decrees of military authorities, including orders emanating from the local *Kommandant*, and for all infringements of edicts issued by the Governor-General, Provincial Governors, Governors of fortified places, the Governor of Brussels and the *Kommandanten* of Maubeuge and the Camp of Beverloo.

In the case of the latter decrees the authorities were stated to be entirely free in the choice of penalties to be applied.

THUS were erected those engines of terror and oppression that set at naught every principle of right and justice and liberty that had been won for mankind by the struggles of the long centuries through which Latin and Anglo-Saxon civilization with such toil had been reared. They were exceptional tribunals, organized to render "extraordinary" justice and to apply the German laws of war. They were veritable courts martial, sitting in the principal cities. In theory they were to try persons who had committed crimes against the German state or the German army; but under the almost illimitable powers given them by the decree creating them they presumed to try and to punish a thousand offenses that were not envisaged by criminal law or even by the German military penal code. They tried men for assaulting German secret agents in civilian garb, for harboring wounded soldiers of the Allies, for preaching patriotic sermons, for peddling prohibited newspapers, for trying to cross the frontier into Holland, for aiding or permitting and even for not having prevented men to join the Belgian army, for distributing *La Libre Belgique*, for helping *Le Mot du Soldat*, an organization that undertook merely to obtain news as to the health of soldiers; for doing the goose-step, for "looking at a German woman insolently in the street," for whistling the "Lion of Flanders," for refusing to work for the German army, for refusing to continue the publication of a newspaper. In one year over six hundred thousand persons were condemned to pay fines, to prison, to hard labor, to deportation or to death.

8 **In the August instalment Mr. Whitlock continues his vivid picturing of Belgium under the German yoke.**

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Dr. Dold (left) in company with the Bishop of Nish.

SURRENDERING NISH

By Douglas M. Dold

The Red Cross Doctor Who Turned the Servian City Over to the Bulgars

ON THE night of November 4, 1915, the incessant shelling and cannonading over Nish had ceased—except for occasional reports of big guns.

Used as I had become to the continual roar of artillery, the comparative quiet proved arousing.

To-night, as I lay in a satin-coverleted bed, in the house Sir Ralph Paget had turned over to us for headquarters, I wondered what would happen next.

Then I slept, to be waked by the noise of a terrible explosion. The vibrations fairly shook me in bed. Followed the splintering, tinkling sound of falling glass from my window-panes.

The noise died. Dead silence fell over the apprehensive city, as though it were holding its breath; but, as I got out of bed, I heard a dreadful wail, that rose pitifully from all over the terrified town.

My own household was stirring. I started for the living-room, ramming into a chair on the way, as I was now nearly blind, though I had learned to use in a practical way such little sight as had come back to me, after my initial loss of it in this Red Cross work.

This trouble with my sight was the result of some toxin, which I believe to have been the substitution, by the German agents in Saloniki, of wood alcohol, a deadly poison, for grain alcohol. This substituted alcohol, labeled "grain," was innocently furnished me by the British Red Cross, and I had used it freely for disinfectant and sterilizing purposes, washing my hands and arms constantly in it while engaged in surgical work. So I had every chance of being poisoned by the absorption of a toxin which acts directly on the optic nerve. My eyes had always been exceptionally good.

One morning, in a little place called Dobran, in Bosnia, not far from the Drina River, I waked up practically blind, without having had any reason to expect such a thing.

Being anxious to get medical advice, I started in a Ford, together with my brother, Elliott Dold, and Ellsworth Childs, who had been with me in this relief work, to Nish, where I knew there would be capable oculists.

The Nish oculists could not help me. But as I now could see faintly, and as I found that I and the four other American men—Childs, Bell, L. L. Little (a New York war correspondent), and my brother—could be of service to the Red Cross in Nish, we elected to remain and do our best.

To return to the explosion. Sleepily our crowd in the living-room decided that a bit more racket than usual made no difference, guessing, correctly, that the bridge crossing the river had been blown up.

Back to sleep we promptly went. I was waked by Paya knocking at my door next morning, a commonplace preface to a strange day.

Paya was the butler who, together with Elinka, the fat cook, had been wished on me. Paya was my special tribulation, a tiny runt with a mustache twelve inches long from tip to tip. He always wore a little blue apron with a threaded needle stuck in it, and chattered like a magpie. When I had to curse him out for his exasperating ways, he would wring his hands and wail at me:

"Oh, *Gospodin!* Doctor! *Gospodin!*" But he never improved.

He was a sociable chap, and although born somewhere in Austria, seemed related to most of Nish, the Bulgarian army and the German army, as I never found the kitchen empty; he was always feeding some one. And when I blessed him out for this, he invariably and loudly claimed his visitors were "his cousins."

There was no love lost between himself and Elinka, the cook, a great, fat, husky Macedonian, who despised Paya. She spoke a little English, mostly swear-words.

She declared Paya was "a damn fool," that she could "buttle" far better than he could, while Paya retorted he could cook better than she ever dreamed of cooking. So I changed them around now and then.

Elinka seriously objected to shells, and when they came screaming through

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the air she would rush around screeching—

"I t'ink I go crazy—crazy! I am scare like hell!"

That morning, after our breakfast of inevitable rice, beans and tea, some of the city's older inhabitants arrived, imploring protection. One man, owner of the Rustica Star, one of the largest hotels, said he would give it to me if only I would save his wife and himself. He shared the prevalent Serbian belief that our throats would be cut, emphasizing it by realistic gestures descriptive of Bulgarri methods. He and the others supplemented that to the situation's complexities had been added looting that morning by a renegade Servian regiment.

Thereon, Mr. Little, Mr. Bell, Interpreter Miakovich and myself started out to investigate, and to inspect our storehouses and magazines. In total, the magazines were six British Red Cross magazines and four Zadrouga magazines.

The day was warm, beautiful; but the people wandering the wretched city's streets were dazed, weighted with despondency, shaken with fear, planless, hopeless.

We soon found that hardly a store on the main thoroughfare had escaped looting by the renegades. These men were a *puk* which had been drawn from the prisons and penitentiaries, and were in no way representative of the brave Servian army.

These mutineering renegades left desolation everywhere, plundering like the drunken pirates they were. I recall stepping into a jewelry store where, six weeks previously, I had bought a wristwatch from its (for Servia) ample stock. Nothing remained but a banged-up American alarm-clock.

LITTLE and Miakovich now left us. They went to inspect the further magazines, while Bell and I hurried toward the railroad station magazine, where our most valuable Red Cross supplies were kept.

Everywhere were rifle cartridges, thrown away by the retreating Servians. Often you would walk on them without touching the sidewalk. At one place were a good many baskets containing undischarged shells, of about four-inch type, in their wicker holders.

We passed the blown-up bridge; one end had dropped into the river. From across the water, smoke from the still burning arsenal was blowing.

Everywhere we encountered renegade soldiers, retreating southwest, through the city. These chaps, mostly drunk, made a ludicrous showing, as they wandered circuitously on, carrying absolutely useless loot, such as ladies' shoes, shirt-waists, canned goods, parts of sewing-machines, and so forth.

At the station we found numbers of Turkish gipsies engaged in ransacking the building. Just as I had picked up a couple of empty shells, Bell, who could see, said there was a crowd of soldiers in front of our station magazine, where our most cherished supplies were kept.

It was about a hundred yards from the station. With Bell's help, I made good time to it.

Arrived there, we found a crowd of tipsy, swaying soldiers, working like ants. They had broken in our doors and were helping themselves to whatever they fancied inside, and pretty well breaking up anything else.

They must have made a horrible picture, destroying or stealing the medical supplies for their own wounded. They were adding the bitterest touch a besieged city can know—stinging, like drunken scorpions, themselves.

Bell and I forced an entrance; then we tried to push them out the narrow door, shouting to them that they were stealing from their own wounded. But we spoke little Servian. They did not understand.

Presently, getting tired of my physical arguments with my fists, they knocked me down, and for a few moments I got pretty rough treatment.

Incidentally, a shell under my side was being crushed into it; it didn't feel comfortable. I remember thinking, with disgust, that if they finished me, nobody would curse Paya and Elinka into serving a decent rice-and-beans dinner.

But, somehow, I got to my feet. Bell, wedged inside the door, agreed with me nothing could be gained by drawing on the drunken looters; they'd simply put us out of business.

So he urged me to get Miakovich, who could appeal to them in Servian to spare the Red Cross supplies; or at least leave us some of the more valuable drugs.

Therefore I started back to my headquarters, where I thought Little and Miakovich would have returned by this time; or at least I'd find Childs and my brother Elliott. As I could see dimly, I hurried forward, up one of the main streets, a half-mile trip ahead of me—only to find my way blocked by a torrent of drunken soldiers pouring down their disorderly route.

Those fellows at the station magazine had kicked and banged me around till I was so mad I didn't care what I did, so I headed straight for the mob-stream, not having sense enough left to be scared. Whatever I came in contact with I hit or kicked, and Lord, but it did me good!

I was shouting curses at them, and why I was not shot I can't comprehend—unless they had a prejudice against killing a man running amuck. Anyhow—they divided and let me through, but I was past thinking anything was either evil or good fortune, and only tried to speed up, to reach my goal.

But under it all, breathless as I was with the magazine rough-house, and with my running fight with the renegades on the street, I kept thinking I'd be too late to see that Paya gave us a decent dinner of rice-and-beans.

Miakovich was there. When I could talk, and told him about the looting, he, Childs and Elliott Dold hurried over there.

Elliott was furious anyway, because he had been vainly but industriously trying to paint out the red crosses with which the frenzied inhabitants, reaching for any means of safety, were frantically painting on their houses and even on themselves.

As this might get us into serious difficulties, Elliott had the job of "decrossing" Nish and its inhabitants. He complained bitterly of one baker especially, who, having once sold a few loaves of bread to the American Baby Hospital, forthwith covered his numerous small window-panes with red crosses, adding a marvelously misspelt legend (printed in a hodge-podge of Servian and English)—"Official Red Cross Baker." He painted the crosses back again about as fast as Elliott painted them out.

BEING myself about done up (I was not very well just then anyway), I turned to the duty my blindness had imposed on me, that of official housekeeper. But before I could haul Paya and Elinka up about the rice-and-beans dinner, Mr. Little hurried in, and told me the Bishop and Mayor of Nish wanted me to join them, meet the Bulgarian commander (said to be close on us) and help them surrender the city to him—because I was a foreigner and the then head of the Red Cross in that section.

It worried me to leave Paya and Elinka to their own evil devices about the rice and beans. They would probably put in all their time in loud lamentations over their approaching extinction. But I had to go.

Little said he would go with me, that later Miakovich would join us. He said I was to make a little speech of the city's surrender to the Bulgarian commander, and this speech-making worried me worse than the rice and beans.

We hurried over to the bishop, a small, swarthy man with a long black beard, lengthy black hair and a whispering voice. He was somberly gowned in black robes with a red lining. The kindly old man and some other dignitaries were waiting in a dilapidated rig, drawn by a scarecrow of a horse. Little and I piled in the rig, and we set forth for the cathedral, as some preliminary prayers were to be gone through. The mayor had grown a trifle hysterical, to say the least, so we decided to dispense with him.

The crowds we passed varied in behavior, according to whether they had

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or had not been drinking. Those who were sober were sunk in a hopeless quietude.

At the cathedral a great crowd was gathered. There was a low, humming sound as we got out of our carriage and made our way forward, surrounded by the black-frocked, high-hatted, long-haired priests, who kept up a continual whisper, through their beards, among themselves.

Miakovich had by this time joined us; he was furious because none of the looting renegades at the station magazine would listen to him; in spite of his frantic appeals they had gotten nearly everything. We now halted in an inner courtyard of the cathedral.

All this time, I was racking my brains as to what my speech of surrendering the city should be. I recall saying to some one that I didn't know what under the sun I was going to say. He cheerfully replied it wouldn't make much difference, that we would have our throats cut shortly, anyway.

The church was a rambling pile of buildings with a central dome of the Byzantine type of architecture; there were two other irregular minaret-like domes, making the building's silhouette resemble some kind of fantastic animal.

The prayers for the city were made. Then there seemed to be much running hither and yon, which I never rightly understood. However, an old priest pulled me along until I stood right beside the bishop in the inner courtyard; not far from the main doors of the cathedral.

The bishop made a long speech and prayed. Afterward I learned he had been blessing me, and telling the people to come to me with their troubles—and, believe me, they did!

Then he kissed me. I, not understanding the thing, and not being used to having a man kiss me, kissed him back—whereat Miakovich was horrified, saying that only equals kissed the bishop. I wonder what he thought I was.

AND so we started down the street; first a young fellow in nondescript European attire, wearing a fez, and carrying a small white flag tied to a stick. Behind him came the bishop and I, Little and Miakovich, and behind these a number of priests.

We walked at the head of a slow procession, which was constantly augmented. From the windows, as we passed, women would look out—and then start wailing.

It was very hot; the poor old bishop was puffing.

After we had progressed two or three hundred yards down the main street, the procession halted. At first I could not understand why. Then it appeared a woman was hanging out of a second story with a big white rag in her arms. She evidently didn't think our surrendering flag was large enough! The one she handed out made up for its deficiency, being, as I afterward learned, a none too clean table-cloth.

The weight of the new staff to which this was tied, made it necessary that two men should carry it, and so we trudged on down the broad, sunlit street with its rough-cobbled pavements, and the puddles—into which, as I couldn't see them, I splashed.

Lord, how I wanted to smoke! At last, when the procession stopped for breath on the outskirts of the city, I did manage to get a puff or two, which, I am afraid, shocked Miakovich very much. He, and most of the Servians, thought it frivolous to be smoking before such a calamity as would shortly befall us all.

The procession made a queer impression on me. It was funny, and yet it was sordidly pitiful. Many of the people had been drinking heavily; these were making some noise. The rest were very quiet, whispering mostly.

The guns had ceased. The warm, gracious sunshine fell kindly on us. The world seemed utterly gentle; yet one felt the current of dread in this strange procession. For most of these people expected to be killed, through their foreknowledge of Bulgaria's former atrocities, and had they then known of Germany's shameless ruthlessness, would have had still better reasons for their ominous anticipations.

Still I, personally, could not help worrying over my brother and Childs in their dangerous work of trying to guard what was left of our magazine.

Half a mile out on the Chilakoola road, the bishop held a whispered conference with my interpreter and an old priest, which resulted in chairs being produced for the bishop and myself, in which we seated ourselves.

Every now and then, I imagined I could hear the tramping of the oncoming enemy. So fancied the crowd, too, and they would shout, in anxious terror.

"Bulgarri! Bulgarri!"

After each false alarm, we would jump our chairs on a bit farther, and the hot, puffing bishop and myself would reseat ourselves.

In this way we traveled a few hundred yards before the Bulgarian company, small men headed by a huge officer, finally arrived.

On this officer's approach the bishop and I had risen from our chairs. As the breathless crowd waited on what mood the man would show, he halted his men, advanced to the bishop, knelt quietly and kissed his hand.

In the reaction of their relief at sight of this, the watching crowd shouted hysterical satisfaction.

The bishop began intoning something of which I never got the translation. Then I stepped forward and began my little speech of the city's surrender, in English.

Nobody paid a bit of attention to me. A good thing, as my speech was very poor. My translator, I fancy, did a better job of it, for I believe, to this day, he made up a speech of his own. At any rate, his interpretation of my speech, or his own oration, had the desired effect, for the Bulgarian officer detailed to me six men, for whom, among other things, I had asked in my speech, to go with me at once into the city and protect the women in the Baby Hospital, and also act as guards to our Red Cross supplies. Then, speaking jointly to the bishop and myself, he said he was surprised we could think Bulgarians would inflict injuries on peaceful citizens, and so long as we behaved we would live "in amity," as Miakovich translated it.

I was awfully peevish right here, as Miakovich insisted on listening and not translating, and as I could not see much, I was, pretty literally, in the dark. But the next thing that happened was that I walked up to the Bulgarian officer, we saluted each other and then shook hands.

THEN, bidding the bishop farewell, Miakovich, Little, our six Bulgarian soldiers and I started back. I'll never forget that return trip because we were terribly afraid that some Servian soldier or old *cheecha* would pot one of our Bulgarians before we got them under cover, and thus precipitate a massacre. Nothing of this sort occurred, however. And the women of Nish, that is the peasantry, had diplomatically made garlands of asters and small chrysanthemums, with which they deluged our Bulgarian guard and ourselves, so that when we arrived at our headquarters we looked like traveling florist shops.

The Bulgarians, when housed, were chiefly anxious for a shave and bath, which we facilitated; then I ordered Paya and Elinka to evolve a good meal for them—via rice and beans.

Meantime, we closed all our doors and carefully safeguarded those six soldiers supposed to safeguard us.

Late that afternoon, a rumor somehow got abroad that our small American band was receiving the surrendered arms of the Servians in the city, and that to surrender to us meant protection. In a short time our yard and side entrance was a mass of rifles, bayonets, thousands of cartridges, bugles, drums, and, what worried me, a great many hand-grenades. These last I put on my feather bed, and didn't breathe freely until I had turned them over to the proper authorities. On that satin-coverleted bed, I had enough bombs to blow up the whole city.

My brother and Childs drifted in toward the end of the afternoon, having three times narrowly escaped being blown up or shot. And so closed the day of Nish's surrender.

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The OLD NORWHAL GOES TO SEA

(*Continued from page 53*)

up that association, but his efficiency continued to be shocked when he wrote Captain Abner's name on the stub of a check.

Summer was on the wane before he discovered what was the matter with him. The revelation came, as it usually does, through another man.

One night, when he climbed the ladder, under a particularly brilliant moon, Mary was not there.

"A nice young fella who went to grammar school with her turned up this evenin'," Captain Abner said, to John's searching glance about the deck, "and he's taken Mary Jane out to supper for the first time in her life. Promised to bring her back by ten, sure. She looked as pretty as a peach. Meanwhile, I'm to stand watch on Ma Marshall." He looked toward the small house, where a light showed. "So long as I can see that, she don't want anything."

"Ah! Nice night," said John, but his tone was queer. He had an unlighted cigar between his teeth, and he was staring overside. The Captain agreed that it was a nice night, and hummed the tune of the "Herring," as he looked sidewise at the young man. He hoped a good deal from this opportune appearance of Mary's childhood friend, for he had begun to be troubled. Mary had been especially gay and whimsical of late, but her eyes were no longer those of a clean boy.

What John was thinking about was so bitter that it turned him cold, from head to foot, with misery. In one blinding flash he had learned what love and jealousy were; and in the same flash, he knew utter despair.

He told himself, in the voice he had taught himself to obey, that the ambitious president of Lucas Mason, Inc., was not going to ruin his life, in a moment of mad passion, by marrying a beautiful, poverty-stricken girl.

John hated that decision, but that did not prevent him from hating the whole world as well, especially that young man who had taken Mary, looking as pretty as a peach, out to her first supper-party.

CAPTAIN ABNER had been saying something, but John was too agitated to keep up the pretense of unconcern.

"She'll probably marry him," he heard himself saying, in a shaky voice which he did not recognize. "He's the first one to come along. Girls are apt to take the first."

Captain Abner hesitated; then he plunged. "You can't exactly call him the first, can you? You haven't been coming out here all summer just to talk to me, have you?"

"No!" said John, very low.

"You've got just as good a chance with her as anybody, boy," the old man said, gently.

As good a chance? He had better! Words, looks, little, half-forgotten things of the last months unrolled themselves before his inner eye; moments whose remembered happiness and sweetness brought an actual groan to his lips. He managed to light his cigar with a hand which he stared at as he blew out the match. It was the first time in his life that he had ever known it to be unsteady.

"You know I can't marry her," he said. It seemed to him that he had not spoken for hours; that for hours he had been standing there, looking at her poor little house, which the moonlight and the flowers made a fairy bower, saying just those words to himself; but as a matter of fact, it was only ten minutes or so.

"Why not?" The question was almost as long in coming, for Captain Abner had had a sudden grief thrust upon him. Kate's boy was going to disappoint him.

Another long pause; John put his elbows on the rail, and put his sleek young head wearily into his hands. "Why—it's impossible!" he ejaculated. "I—I know she's a fine girl, and all that, and any man who—" Difficult to go on from there; hard to beat down the thought of that any man! But he did beat it down, and went on, more steadily: "It's impossible. I have a career, and I'm not going to ruin it at the outset by marrying beneath me!" That second to the last word shocked him, once he had got it out, but he stubbornly resisted the impulse to be ashamed of it.

The Captain gulped. "Boy," he said, "did you ever wonder why your mother died so young?"

John looked up, too startled to remember that he wanted to hide his face. "She was always delicate, wasn't she?"

Captain Abner shook his head sorrowfully. "Oh, no, John. When she was a young girl she was the life of every place she went."

"*Mother* was?"

The Captain acknowledged the surprise in John's question with a strange smile. "Yes," he said, "and I'll tell you who changed all that. Your father."

John's eyes looked their amazement.

"Yes," Captain Abner went on, as if he had spoken, "and this is why. Her people didn't want her to marry beneath her. I was beneath. I was just the master of a sailing vessel. Your father was her owner, and a city man. Between them, they broke her determination to marry me. Maybe I helped. I kinda thought they might be right. Me and your father had it out one night, and I told him I'd give him a clear track. Then I took the *Norwhal* off for a two-year cruise, and when I came back you were a baby, and your mother was just the way you remember her. I went away with the *Norwhal* again as quick as I could, and when I got back, that time, your father had made enough money to go into steam, and there wasn't any place for either me or the old ship. I was going on another whaler, when your father asked me to stay around for a while."

JOHN'S tense young face mutely asked how that was.

"It was so that your mother could come and see me once in a while. Your father didn't want me goin' to his house, where he might run into me any time. He couldn't bear the sight of me and I don't blame him. And we settled that I'd come out and live on the *Norwhal*, 'cause her coming out here wouldn't make talk.

"She was dyin' on her feet, boy, and it was because I was her true mate which they had kept from her. So she came always with you. You remember? There wasn't anything we said that Lucas wouldn't have wanted to hear. There wasn't anything we could say. And your mother died. I wasn't at her funeral. You and your father rode behind her, but—but my heart was buried right alongside of her—it's there, now!"

A quarter of an hour. Half an hour. John came back from his pacing of the deck and put his hand on Captain Abner's shoulder. "Thank you for telling me about mother," he said, in almost his natural voice. "But I might as well say, right now, that—that I sha'n't be out this way again."

"What!"

John shook his head. "No," he said, firmly. "It is still possible for me to—don't you see, Captain, nothing has been said. No harm is done. In time—" Well, it was hard to put the thing in such a way that it would sound as sensible as it did when he put it to himself. He gave it up, and stood looking rather wistfully at Captain Abner's averted face. "It's best for every one," he went on. "Don't think hardly of me, Captain. I—you've seen a great deal of the world. You know it wouldn't do."

The Captain shook his head gravely. "No doubt you have considered the matter from an entirely practical standpoint, John," he said. John tried to think that the words meant only what they said, but there was an undertone to them which sent him down the ladder with a formally polite leave-taking.

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Captain Abner leaned on the rail and watched him go, and sighed, heavily. Kate's boy—Kate's boy!

He was quite calm, though, by the time the young man who had taken Mary out brought her to the foot of the ladder. And he had encouraged himself to hope that this old schoolmate might have arrived in time to soften the heartache which was coming to the girl.

But the moment that he heard her saying good night he knew that in some strange fashion it had already come; and then she came up the ladder and walked straight into his arms.

"Child, child!" he implored. What could have happened—so soon?

THE girl drew back in his arms and looked at him with eyes dark with trouble. "He was waiting for the trolley when we got off," she said. "He said: 'How do you do, Miss Marshall?' and went right on."

The Captain tried to chuckle. "Jealous!" he stated.

Mary shook her head. "No," she said, with finality. "It was just as if he had never known me. Something has changed him. Oh, how could he look at me like that?"

The old man had seldom seen Mary cry. He had never heard her shiver and sob as if she were being torn to pieces. He held her in his arms as if she were again the little child he had first known and loved.

"Come down in the cabin a little," he coaxed. "You mustn't go in to your mother with your pretty eyes red, like this. Besides, there's a nasty fog comin' up. Your dress is all damp."

It was a nasty fog; especially when it had touched Oakland, for fog-wrapped as San Francisco often is, the country round about seldom sees even the edge of a mist. The fog which came rolling in from the Golden Gate, that night, was something special. John, growing more and more morose with every moment which took him farther from the *Norwhal*, felt the fog dropping a ton weight on him as the ferryboat nosed into her slip.

He had walked home. He wanted to walk, for he had a dark suspicion that sleep would be long in coming, that night. And as he walked, he was shaken more and more by gusts of emotion which tore through him, let him brace himself against them as he would. He was beginning to be gripped by the story of his mother's love. He was beginning to feel the deathless passion which had spoken in the old man's voice. "My heart was buried alongside of her—it's there, now!"

The fog oppressed him. He laid it to the fog. It seemed to close in around him, smothering him, shutting out the possibility of there ever being a warm sun again. When he took out his latch-key, it was as thick about him as the smoke of a forest fire. He felt a sort of menace in it, and although he went to bed, it was only to lie and look at his window, where the pallid fog peered in at him, with something sinister in its dead color. He was glad when a roaring, tearing wind, a very devil of a wind, even for San Francisco, rattled and banged around the house and drove it away.

He had just fallen into an uneasy slumber when the telephone rang, and in the first morning light his watch told him that it was four o'clock. What—who—at that hour—

A minute after he had hung up the receiver, he was jerking on his clothes. There was a great fire raging along the water-front, fanned by the gale, and three of his ships were already afire.

His hand was just reaching for his hat when he stopped, with the physical sensation of having received a stunning blow between the eyes. *Yesterday he should have signed the policy by which he was transferring his insurance to a new company.* Yesterday! What had he been doing yesterday? How could such a thing— Yesterday he had shut himself in his office, on the plea of not feeling well, and he had spent hour after hour, staring at his orderly desk, just filling his soul with the thought of Mary; just holding her close in the secret places of his heart. That was what he had done. That, for a girl whom he had no intention of ever seeing again!

The stern schooling he had given himself stood him in good stead. He pulled himself together and he was almost as calm as usual by the time he reached the fire-lines. He looked on, his hands in his pockets, while he watched the fortune that he and his father had made, go up in smoke, for Fate so willed it that all the line was in port on that disastrous day. Nothing would be saved. Some money in the bank—an investment or so—not enough for a new venture.

The wind made the efforts of the firemen seem like the work of mere pygmies. It sent the devouring blast roaring up and down, far over the waterside. Half of San Francisco packed the streets behind the burning ships.

At three o'clock that afternoon it was all over. John thanked the exhausted fire chief and climbed into a taxicab. And then, as he sat back and shut his smoke-reddened eyes, he smiled, as he had never smiled in his life before, for the thought of Mary, which had warmed his heart all day, now flooded it; Mary, and the old man—the only ones in all the world to whom he could turn for love and sympathy. And now, with what Fate had done to him, he would have to fight to win the world for them! He lifted his shoulders and took a deep breath, and went out of the cab and up to his office with a firm, light step.

At the door he stopped, staring. The office force was grouped about a strange figure of a woman, in the fussy black silk of other years, and a little, faded bonnet, who paced the floor and wrung her hands. One of the clerks explained hastily: "A Mrs. Marshall—been here since morning, sir. Says her daughter——"

Then he knew her. He had seen her, a good many times, at her window. All the terrors of that crushing day rolled over him, again, as he frantically tried to think what could have brought her there.

"What—what—" he implored, and caught her outstretched hands.

"Where's Mary? Where's my girl?"

He licked his lips with his tongue and tried to speak, but he could get out nothing but a sort of croak.

"She didn't come home last night, and the *Norwhal's* gone."

"Gone!"

He felt the floor heave under him.

"She isn't there. All the creek's talking about it. Her chain's parted—or pulled out. I forget. And Mary never came home at all."

Just as if a mist had suddenly parted before him, he saw Mary, as he had last seen her; Mary, looking at him under the moon with big, inquiring, hurt eyes.

Instantly he knew, with the sickening conviction that is like a cold hand on the heart. Mary and Captain Abner were somewhere, very still and quiet, at the bottom of the sea. The wild wind had swept the old hulk away from her moorings, and she had gone out into the bay to find a watery grave. His love, quickened to prescience by remorse, surmised truly that the girl had gone straight to her old friend in her sorrow.

HE PUT Mary's mother into a chair, while he telephoned. He ordered a search of the bay; he commanded a tug to await him; he called a taxicab; he informed the harbor police boat—and then he was in the cab, hardly knowing how he got there, nor remembering to wonder that the invalid who could not leave her room had climbed in beside him.

When he turned toward the water-front he spoke. "God!" he said.

Mary's mother nodded and wrung her trembling hands. "I've been living on her all these years. I'm a bad, useless, old woman. It serves me right!"

She sobbed and moaned as the cab went racing on, but John was too numb to even try to comfort her. The cab stopped at the water-front. They got out.

They stepped out into a circle of waterside men, all of whom were exclaiming and pointing. The captain of the tug which John had ordered, spoke to him. "Well, sir," he said, chuckling, "I guess you won't have to hunt for your *Norwhal*. There she comes."

John looked up, gave a shout, and

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clutched Mrs Marshall's arm . "God in heaven!" he cried. "What's that?"

Quick, astonished looks passed between the men who watched him. They sensed tragedy and romance in his wild face and in the queer little old woman who clung to him.

"I guess folks won't be so quick to laugh at Captain Abner and his old boat, after this," the captain of the tug explained. "Seems that blow hit the creek long before it did the town, and it sent the old girl right out into the bay. I judge it was pretty dangerous work. She went straight through the Gate. One of the Honolulu boats, out a ways, saw her early this morning, thrashing around, and investigated. Offered her a tow, but the captain, he declined. Said if they'd just send him over some men, he'd take her back under her own sail. They thought he was crazy, but I guess they got a surprise. I saw her coming in and went back out to meet her. That's why I didn't answer the phone myself. If I had, I'd 'a' told you. Captain North was right sorry to hear about your fire. Said to tell you you had one good old ship left, anyway. I expect she *is* worth a lot more than you'd think. What with the war——"

The little old woman interrupted him. "Mary—was she——"

"There's a young lady aboard, ma'am. Yes, ma'am," the captain said, and then he and the other men began to cough and edge away, for John Mason had taken the queer old figure into his arms and the two of them were crying together.

"John," said Mrs. Marshall, into his shoulder, "I'm going to take better care of my girl after this."

John looked with misty eyes out across the glistening water, to the gallant old brigantine, all sails set, bowling along toward home.

"So am I," he whispered, and hugged Mary's mother.

Comrades of the Shadow

By Major Robert Davis

Representative of the American Red Cross in France

THEIR names do not make much difference, although they happen to be Sucillon and Martignan. They live in one of the wards of the American hospital at ——. Sucillon is blind and has lost his right arm, the result of a shell which exploded prematurely. Martignan has lost both arms at the elbow and his right leg. Sucillon is a Parisian with all the gaiety and insouciance connoted by the name, and was a truckdriver before mobilization. Martignan comes from the south of France, near the Spanish border, is erect as a cleaning-rod, perhaps with a touch of Arab blood that may account for his thin, hawklike features and swarthy tint.

Sucillon, the sightless, has an almost pathetic friendliness toward kittens, children, casual passers, and the little drudges who mop the floors. Martignan hates life, tries to think he hates every living thing, as he lies with unblinking eyes, the blanket around his chin to conceal the terrible mutilations. Benevolent ladies sometimes cross the ward, laying smiles, pidgin French, cigarets, and candy indiscriminately on the coverlets. Martignan will have none of these. If he could believe in any *Bon Dieu*, he would curse Him for not making a good job of life-taking.

Up to a short time ago Sucillon had no occupation and was unhappy in his unrelieved night, and Martignan had no friends and was more unhappy. Some ingenious *aide-volontaire*, vaguely aware that Martignan needed something for recovery besides what the doctor's kit contained, outlined as a means of livelihood a position as interpreter in a department store. He has had a good education and has a quick memory. His artificial arms would not be noticed and he is handsome enough to grace the entrance of any *magasin*. He pretended not to listen, but he did not resist when the *aide-volontaire* brought him grammars and propped them open on a bed-stand.

Across the ward, with the sharpened instinct of the sightless, Sucillon got a wireless message that things were going better with Martignan. He hitched his way across and heard the news. Martignan has the temperament to sympathize with a blind man in desperate need of occupation. Therefore, as Martignan studies, he gives a low whistle and Sucillon feels his way across the ward to turn the page.

It used to happen many times during the night, when the lights were out and the nurse was at the far end of the corridor or at her midnight supper, that the men with fever in their poisoned wounds would call for water. For nearly a week now there have been no calls and the nurse was curious. She watched and saw Sucillon feeling his way from bed to bed, giving drinks of water to the thirsty.

Sucillon and Martignan have learned that there is no luxury that so penetrates and satisfies the soul as the luxury of being deeply needed. Sucillon is needed to give water to the thirsty and to turn the page for Martignan. Martignan is needed to write the letters and spell the lessons for Sucillon. So goes the world.

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A MACHINE-GUN LOVER

(*Continued from page 29*)

"Been machine-gun shootin' again," he explained to me.

"Where?"

"Ypres." Then he smiled. "I s'pose you'll laugh, but I've got my little skin full of machine gun, at last. I never saw so much machine-gun shootin'. Don't want any more of it. I'm through."

I got his story, piece by piece. From Vera Cruz he had hurried to Canada, where the "Princess Pats," who admitted only men who had seen warfare, were forming. The "Princess Pats" formed the quickest route for Tracy to the front in France. Tracy, of course, went into the machine-gun division.

Within a few weeks he was at St. Eloi, helping to hold the famous "Mound of Death." The British knew that the "Princess Pats" were all men who had been under fire in other wars; they put them where trusted men were needed. Once, the Germans, wearing Scotch kilts, tricked the brigade that was holding the mound and routed them.

"OUR General took us out to recapture the mound," said Tracy. "It was night. The rifle brigade went out first and ran into a nest of German machine guns. We came next, and the machine guns got us, also. Our machine guns were turned on to the mound, but we soon discovered that the Germans were in St. Eloi itself. A signal was given to the night-rocket men to illuminate the town. They sent white rockets into the air and, by this light, we fought through the streets of the village. It was hand-to-hand fighting; we couldn't use the machine guns. We lost plenty of men, but the German dead were piled in the streets. Both sides used dead bodies for barricades. I saw heaps of German corpses; you had to jump over them as you ran about. All the time the white rockets were lighting the streets and electric hand torches flickered in alleyways, back yards and emptied houses as the man hunt for Germans continued. We took St. Eloi before dawn; every German left in it was dead. And then we got the mound into our own hands again."

After that Tracy was in the second battle of Ypres. I stood on the hill at Scherpenberg, south of Ypres, during that battle, and saw forty miles of artillery fire. Somewhere, in the ruck of the giant battle, we knew that ten thousand Canadians had been caught in a German trap. For the first time in the war the Germans had used gas; they had broken the line of French colonials where it joined the Canadians, and had come in behind the Canadian troops and cut them off from all possible help. It was a case of the Maple Leaf men having to fight out their own salvation. For twenty-four hours we heard nothing from them. But, at the end of that time, they began returning to Ypres, in ragged remnants. Out of five thousand men only two hundred and fifty came out unwounded. Tracy was able to tell me what had happened in the hell we had viewed.

"I got it that day," said Tracy. "They took me away from the machine gun and put me to range-finding for the machine guns and the rifles. As soon as the Germans saw they had us cornered, they turned the artillery on us. The British ammunition had given out. That was in the days before the ammunition scandal had been settled. We had only rifles and machine guns to fight with. We had to shoot at whatever we could see. When we couldn't see anything, we fired at where we thought the German batteries were placed. The shells broke all around us. One exploded above a machine-gun crew and killed nine. Our trenches were blown to pieces. But we had lost touch with headquarters; there was no one to order us to retire.

"I got my first wound in the early forenoon. A piece of shrapnel entered my back and lodged against the spine. But I had a wounded sergeant to take care of and my observation work to do, and I had found out in other battles that it's better to die working, if you can, than lying down worrying. So I rubbed iodin on the wound and went on.

"At noon I got my second wound. A piece of shrapnel went into the muscle of my right leg between the hip and the knee. I suppose I would have worried about these wounds if I had expected to come out alive. But I thought I'd soon be beyond all worrying about lockjaw and infection, so I went ahead. About five in the evening, a shell hit the machine-gun squad for which I happened to be range-finding and wounded every man, burying several of them in the earth. A piece of the shell hit me in the calf of the leg, and carried a piece of my puttee into the wound. But you wouldn't stop; no one who had a single kick left in him dared to stop.

"Any time that day the Germans could have walked right through our line, if they had only known it. But we kept firing, and we didn't let them know it. Our dead were piled in the trenches; they blocked the way. When night came, and we started to retire, we were surprised to find that the Germans had not dared to come near enough to us to prevent our leaving.

"I walked back to Ypres that night, six miles, and they put me in an ambulance and took me to Poperinghe. I was moved to Boulogne and then to Rouen, where I was kept twenty-three days. Every now and then some surgeon would take some more pieces of shrapnel out of me.

"When I was well enough to be moved, I was taken to Manchester, England, and there they kept me on my back for three months.

"But just before I got into that ambulance at Ypres," said Tracy proudly, "I heard that General French had said that we had been the first troops in the British army to stand off the German artillery with machine-gun fire. He called us the 'Stonewall Brigade.'"

The British wouldn't take Tracy into the army again; they decided he was not physically fit. And so, thin and weak, he got onto an American boat and went back to Missouri to make a fight for health.

"I couldn't stand it in Missouri," said Tracy to me, when I met him in New York, hale and strong, a few weeks ago, clad in the blue uniform of the British Navy flying man. "I couldn't pick up the papers and read about the war, without having a fit. And so I got back to England again and picked out a department where they wouldn't know me."

"And where they had machine guns," I suggested.

"I told you I'm through with machine guns," said Tracy. "I chose the navy flying corps and they let me in. Of course I had some machine-gun work on my list of duties, but it wasn't all machine gun, you understand. I learned how to fly and how to be a navy man on a battle-ship. I told 'em I was English, of course."

"And what are you doing over here in America?"

"Well, as soon as we went into the war I tried to get out of the British Navy and they wouldn't let me go. They promoted me, instead, to be an instructor in air machine gunnery and flying. But I was bound to get back to the United States and so the shrapnel in my back began to ache. I went to a hospital, but they wouldn't sign my discharge papers. They said I'd get well all right.

"One day I was lying in bed, sick of being there, because my back wasn't hurting at all, when an English officer came up to my bed and read my name on the nurse's chart.

"Then he made a jump toward me and said, 'Why, hello, old man! What are you doing here?'

"I didn't recognize him, but he remembered me. He said that he had been with the British at Vera Cruz. You remember that gap in the railway just outside Vera Cruz, that we walked over that hot day?" said Tracy.

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"I do," I answered. "That was the day you were sore because the British rescued us, when the Americans were so near."

"Well, this officer told me that one day, on that gap, he was carrying a box of pineapples and that I came along and helped him carry the load the rest of the way to the Vera Cruz train. Then I remembered him well. Gee, but he was soaking with sweat that day!

"'But what are you doing in the hospital here?' he asked me.

"I told him the truth. I said I was faking illness because I wanted to get out of the British Navy and get back to the United States where I could serve my own country. I told him the whole thing.

"'Well, just because you helped me with those pineapples, I'll do my best to help you,' he told me. And three days later, my discharge papers came and I got up and started home. I don't know that fellow's name to this day; don't suppose I ever will know it. But he certainly gave me a good reward for helping him carry a box of pineapples, huh?"

"And he evened up for having the British rescue us at Vera Cruz," I suggested.

"The British ain't so bad, after all," said Tracy. "I didn't understand them in those Vera Cruz days. When you fight and suffer with a fellow, you get to know him and like him. I found that out, even with the South American Indians and the Mexicans. Funny world, isn't it?"

There's nothing particularly exciting with which to cap this story because Richardson isn't through yet. He has been wounded in fourteen different parts of his person, and he expects more scars before he's through, though he says his worst wounds have always healed in not more than two weeks. He's home again, with the machine gun still calling him; preferably the machine gun that's mounted in an airplane. The other kind is old-fashioned, he says; there's an extra thrill about using one in the air.

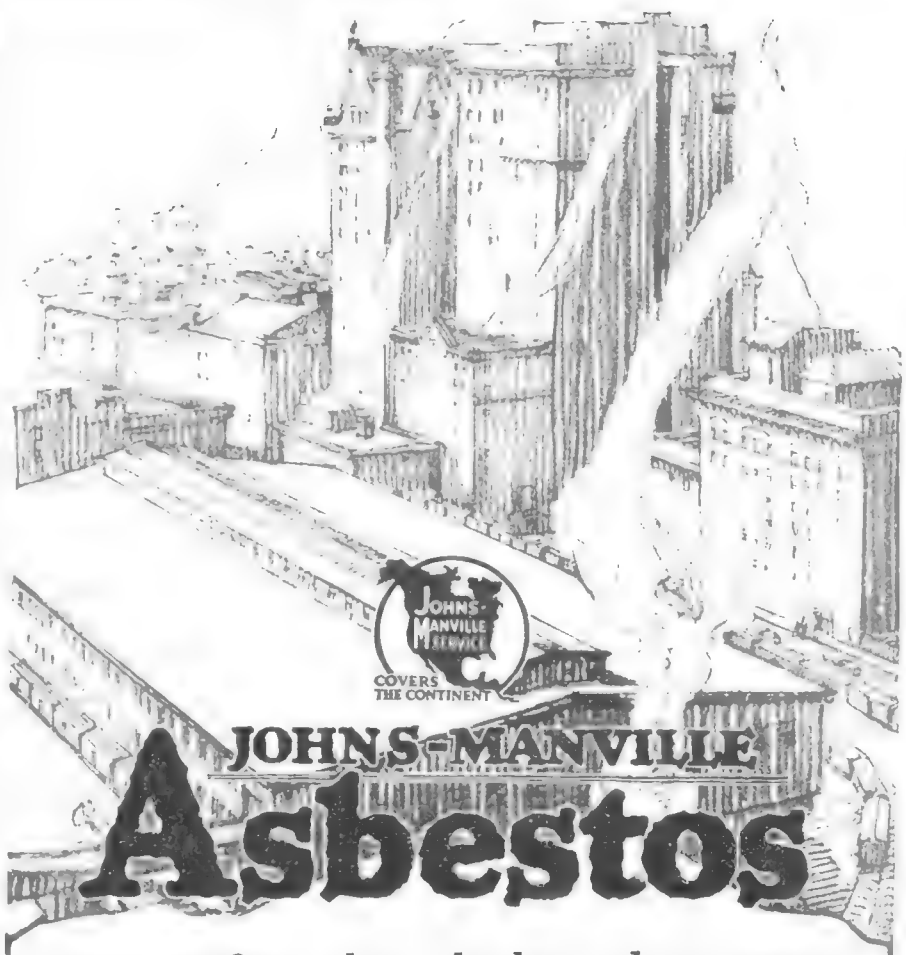
"How many men have you killed in your time?" I once asked Tracy. This isn't a polite question to ask a soldier; but this was between friends.

"Not a one that I know of," said Tracy.

"But what do you do when you turn a machine gun loose on a thousand men?" I persisted.

"Why, you just break up formations with a machine gun; that's all," was his drawling answer. "That's what it says in the military books."

Since this article was written Mr. Richardson has become Captain in the machine-gun section of the Signal Corps, U. S. R.



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AFTER THE WAR—?

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What will the war do to man?

What kind of world will it leave us, and our children, and theirs?

What changes will it bring—in our work, our life, our thought—specifically, in industry, trade, business, finance; in social organization, domestic life, religion, education, science, art, philosophy, and in the spirit and attitude of man toward life; in government, and in international relations? Write us your opinions.

Straws in the Wind

IN EUROPE and in this country there have been numerous expressions of opinion, hope, theory, and demand regarding the future—in books, articles, speeches, manifestations and declarations of parties, interviews with business men and statesmen, financiers, labor leaders; statements of war aims, etc.—especially during the deepening shadow of the past two years of the war.

It has been said that in such matters a fool's guess is as good as the wisest man's. What the real influence of these opinions would be if the war were to end to-morrow and whether they are right or not are debatable questions. In any case, they are weather-signs that must be regarded in preparing for the future. They are indications of the state of the world's mind—or rather indications that there is such a thing in process of formation—and this mind is one of the realistic factors to be reckoned with in any attempt to forecast and meet the future. In some instances they are more than a mere state of mind; they have embodied themselves in concrete action. We ought to know them, analyze them, include them in our syllabus of the situation.

Thought about the problems of the future in this country is, naturally, still vague and chaotic. We have had one or two symposiums of opinions of prominent Americans, like that published by the American Academy of Political and Social Science and by Professor Albert Bushnell Hart of Harvard University; we have heard the prophecies of James M. Beck, a lawyer; Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip, a financier; Mr. Charles P. Steinmetz, an eminent engineer; Mr. Schwedtman, a banker; Mr. Edward A. Filene, a merchant; Mr. Charles M. Schwab, a captain of industry; and David Jayne Hill, a diplomatist; and the declarations of various factions of the Socialist and Labor parties; and the views of the future more or less directly implied in President Wilson's speeches.

Very little concrete action has been taken by the Government except what is implied in the various new pieces of governmental machinery of administration which have been set up to carry on the war—control of imports and exports, the War Finance Corporation, Government control of railroads and fuel and food, etc. The only measure not of strictly war reference and distinctly looking to the future is the recently passed bill to permit cooperation and combination in foreign trade.

BOOKS TO READ

AFTER-WAR PROBLEMS. A Symposium by Lord Cromer, Lord Haldane and others. (*Macmillan.*)

PROBLEMS OF THE PEACE. William H. Dawson. (*Scribner.*)

THE RESTORATION OF EUROPE. Alfred H. Fried, translated from the German by L. S. Gannett. (*Macmillan.*)

A LEAGUE OF NATIONS. H. N. Brailsford. (*Dent.*)

PROBLEMS OF READJUSTMENT AFTER THE WAR. Albert B. Hart and others. (*Appleton.*)

THE GREAT SETTLEMENT. C. E. Fayle. (*Duffield.*)

APPROACHES TO THE GREAT SETTLEMENT. E. S. Balch. (*Huebsch.*)

CENTRAL EUROPE. Friedrich Naumann. (*Knopf.*)

AMERICA AFTER THE WAR. By an American Jurist. (*Century.*)

AMERICA AND THE NEW EPOCH. Charles P. Steinmetz. (*Harpers.*)

AMERICA AMONG THE NATIONS. H. S. Powers. (*Macmillan.*)

THE REBUILDING OF EUROPE. Ex-Ambassador David Jayne Hill. (*Century.*)

WHAT IS COMING? H. G. Wells. (*Macmillan.*)

THE AIMS OF LABOR. Arthur Henderson. (*Huebsch.*)

Recently, a bill appropriating fifty thousand dollars for a reconstruction commission was rejected in the House of Representatives on the ground that we did not have the money. A prominent Washington politician recently said that he would as soon talk of life after death as of reconstruction.

Abroad, Great Britain, France, Italy and Germany have created special ministries of reconstruction with elaborate machinery, the sole purpose of which is to prepare for the after-war problems. In the fall of nineteen-sixteen, the Germans appointed an imperial commissioner for transition-period economics. A large staff of economic specialists and clerks were concentrated upon this work, until, a year later, the imperial economics ministry, headed by Under-Secretary of the Interior von Stein, took its place. The new ministry is assisted by a mammoth advisory council and numberless committees, including representatives of all trades and industries, labor and finance. The new ministry is planning state control of exports and imports after the war, rehabilitation of overseas steamship lines, demobilization of the workers who were in the armies, solution of the nation's post-bellum financial problems. Even in the midst of the most crucial hours of the war there are abundant indications, even proofs, now in the hands of our War Trade Board, that Germany has already not only perfected in completest detail her plans for interior reconstruction and rebuilding her trade, but has, in some mysterious way, actually set in motion in neutral and even belligerent countries the old or entirely new machinery for reestablishing her position.

We have also had views of the future expressed by Herr Ballin, the great German ship magnate; by Friedrich Naumann, the professor and member of the Reichstag; by Professor Eduard Meyer; Professor Harms, Messrs. Delbrueck, Harden, and the numerous fragmentary manifestoes of Conservative, Liberal and Socialist parties which have been blown out of Germany by muffled interior explosions, not to mention the entertaining clairvoyances of the Crown Prince.

England long ago established an imperial ministry called the Ministry of Reconstruction, the first incumbent of which is Dr. Christopher Addison, a widely known practical business man and student of racial problems, who has working with him some of the best-known specialists in the various

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economic, social, engineering and political problems involved in the reconstruction.

The British Ministry of Reconstruction has under it and reporting to it eighty-seven different committees and commissions falling into fifteen different trade groups: trade development, finance, raw materials, coal and power, intelligence, scientific and industrial research, demobilization and disposal of stores, labor and employment, public administration, housing, education, aliens, legal, miscellaneous. There are, for example, eight committees dealing with demobilization and disposal of stores; there are four committees dealing with housing; eight dealing with education; five dealing with trade development, and so on.

The Central Committee on Materials Supply, for example, is to consider and report upon (1) the nature and amount of the supplies of materials and foodstuffs which will be required by the United Kingdom during the period which will elapse between the termination of the war and the restoration of a normal condition of trade. (2) The probable requirements of India, the Dominions and Crown Colonies for such supplies at the close of hostilities. (3) The probable requirements of belligerents from which and the conditions under which such supplies can be obtained and transported, and, in particular, the extent to which they might be obtained from the United Kingdom or within the Empire or from allied or neutral countries. (5) The question whether any measure of control will require to be exercised in regard to materials, and the nature and extent of such control.

Every economic problem that will confront England after the war will confront a nation prepared with a plan to solve that very problem. And from the activities and plans of these commissions there may be obtained already a very clear idea as to the view of the future which lies back of them.

But everywhere in England there is the fullest and most thorough discussion of the problems of the future. There was recently issued a remarkable symposium of the views of the late Lord Cromer, Lord Haldane, and a dozen other British noblemen and statesmen. And, on the other hand, there is the statement of the Inter-Allied Socialist and Labor parties, representing all the pro-war radical parties of the allied countries, the first statement of the war aims of Labor unanimously agreed upon by all factions. This statement of war aims, like most such statements that have been made, implies certain views, hopes, demands regarding reconstruction; but the fullest explicit statement of the reconstruction views of British labor has been made in the remarkable *manifesto* of the British Labor party *setting* forth its after-war demands.

Lloyd George in stating his attitude toward part of this program said:

"The war presents an opportunity for the reconstruction of the economic and industrial conditions of this country such as has never been presented in the life of the world. The whole state of society is more or less molten, and you can stamp anything upon that molten mass so long as you do so with firmness and determination. There is no time to lose. Unless the opportunity is seized immediately after the war, I believe it will pass away farther beyond your ken or mine and perhaps beyond our children's.

"I believe that settlement after the war will succeed in proportion to its audacity. The readier we are to cut away from the rest, the better we shall succeed!

"Don't always be thinking of getting back to where you were before the war: get a really new world."

And numerous utterances and actions in France and Italy can be quoted to show that in Europe thought and activity of this kind is not generally regarded as unpatriotic.

A survey of this vast mass of thought, demand, and action for the future reveals a welter of contending opinions, hopes, theories, wills in the different approaches to the problems of reconstruction. These would seem to lead to nothing but a chaos and confusion of counsel which could not be of much influence in the rebuilding of the world. But when the concrete, specific and detailed proposals which have been suggested, drawn up, or partially put into action in the various countries are examined, there seems to emerge a small strip of common ground, a little isle of sanity and plausibility, upon which the timid prophet may set foot with the assurance that somewhere in, on or around this terra firma will be found, at least, the clay for the bricks out of which the future *may* be built.

We do not know. All we know is that in these proposals, made by the most different temperaments with the most different approaches to the future, and the most different conceptions of what constitutes the important problems of the future, there is a common element. These, like scattered straws thrown into air, show that there is a wind, which, whether you believe it brings fair weather or foul, must be watched in tilling the field and planting the crops of the future.

The astonishing thing is that this new spirit may be found in some measure and more or less concealed, in the strongly contrasted temperaments that view the future.

What this new spirit, this common meeting-ground is, we shall see when we bring together some of the outstanding specific proposals for meeting the problems of reconstruction that have been made here and abroad.

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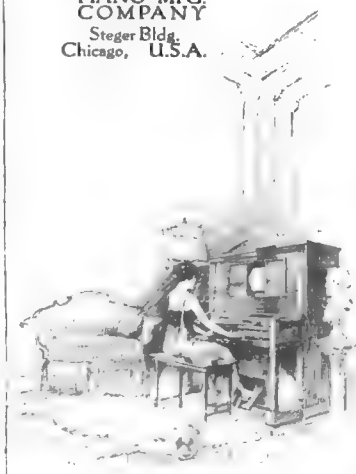

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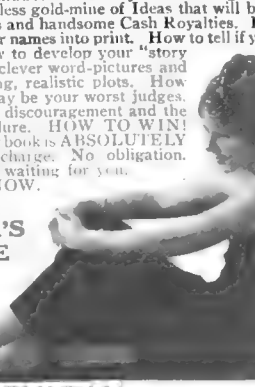

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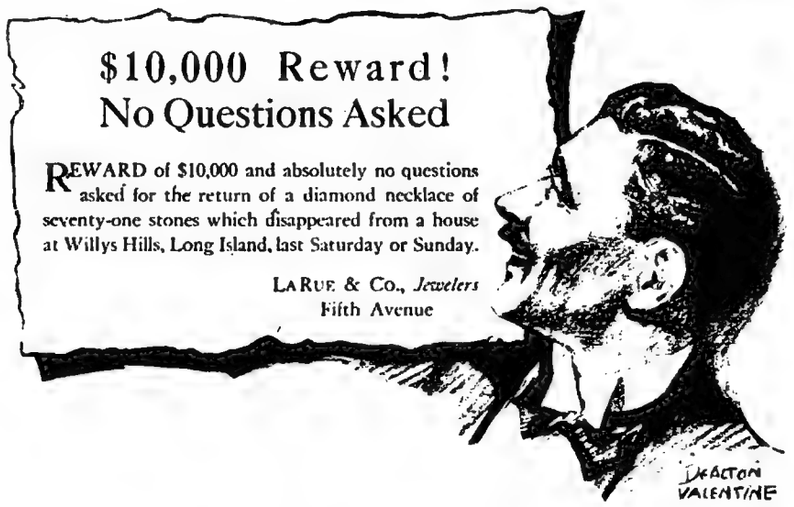
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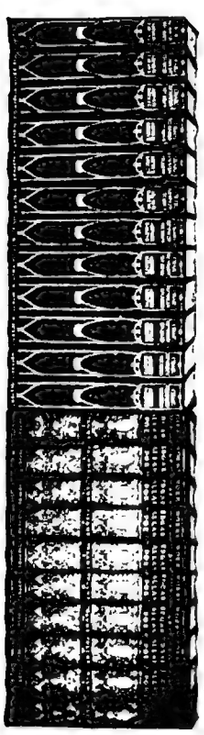

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Name.....

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TAM O' THE SCOOTS

Continued from page 57

stooped over the stricken man on the other side and gingerly felt for the wounds.

"Tam is going to live, Captain Blackie," she said, "because he knows I want him to—don't you, dear?"

"Aye—lassie," said Tam faintly.

"Because—because," she said, "we are going to be married, aren't we, Tam?"

He nodded and she stooped to listen. "Say it—in—Scotch."

She said it—in his ear, her eyes bright and shining, her face as pink as the sunset flooding the scene and then she got up to her feet and they lifted the stretcher and slid it gently into the grooved guides on the floor of the ambulance.

"Now—driver," said the doctor with a little smile.

She went to her place and mounted to the seat. The hands that touched the polished wheel trembled and she slipped back to the ground again, her face white.

"I can't—I can't drive him," she said and burst into tears upon Blackie's shoulder.

So Blackie drove the car himself and left his general to wipe Vera's eyes.

A MONTH later Captain Blackie went to Havre to see Tam en route for home.

"You're a wonderful fellow, Tam—you ought to be dead really instead of being bound for England."

"Scotland," corrected Tam.

"But don't you think you're lucky?"

"Weel," said Tam, "I did until the morn, then I struck a verra bad patch."

"Bad luck," said the innocent and surprised Blackie, "I am sorry to hear that. What happened?"

"The big feller, the principal doctor," said Tam, "said I might smoke a wee seegair, and, believe me, Captain Blackie, sir, when I looked in ma pooch there wasna a single——"

Blackie took his cigar-case from his pocket, opened and extended it.

"Tam," he said, "you're nearly well."

THE DRINKING-FOUNTAIN

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

YONDER, a bowl for the birds to drink,
In the midst of the velvet lawn;
Bird after bird alights at the brink,
Dips a swift beak—and is gone.

And the bird never knows, as it sings in yon tree,
That the water was set for its sake. . . .
Do I know more Who hath thought of me,
When my soul of its thirst I slake?

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The DUCHESS OF SIONA

(*Continued from page 39*)

"You ran away?"

"Immediately. My fears were justified, Excellency. It was a choice between dying and running away, and my invariable custom at such times is to run. Ten soldi a day can scarcely look for more than that. I may say that I swam away. Malatesta and his men had us on three sides at Guerrada Ford, and was cutting us to pieces very prettily. The river was the only way, and I swam for it."

"A free-lance, a cutthroat at ten soldi a day—oh, Chancellor!" She looked again at the old man, who returned her gaze blankly. A sense of horror descended upon them all. They were now crowded into a roughly shaped circle, or rather, oval, in one focus of which the Duchess was placed, seated on her chair, rather breathless, her bosom rising and falling rapidly, her arms laid along the arms of the chair, her hands clasping the knobs at the end.

The color had gone out of the stranger's face. Under his tan he was white enough. His pose was still that of a man at his ease, but the set of his face meant anxiety. The guards behind him were no longer set with military precision. Like the rest of the men and women there, they were leaning to this side or to that to catch some view of his face. Filipo, his rage almost unrestrainable, stood a little to his left, openly jeering.

THE Chancellor found his voice. I do not think the Duchess could have found hers just then.

"A moment, your Grace. I still can not but think there must be some jest here. Before you served Foresi, sir?"

"I was clerk in the slave-market at Stamboul. Hence my perfect handwriting and my master-head for figures."

The Duchess gave one long deep breath and tapped with her fingers on the chair arms. He had done better not to touch on his handwriting or his ability at arithmetic. The horror of the situation so full of crashing sensations was now rapidly passing into the beginning at least of a gigantic jest. Somewhere in the background of all this hovered shadowily a great unmanageable laugh. God keep them from that—look at the face of the Duchess!

"And before that?" She spoke.

"Many things. Among others, a sailor some years. I sail a ship rarely. Who knows the sea may venture to study woman."

Ha! The fellow's fluid, is he? And would make epigrams, of a sort. The Duchess will epigram him before all's over, rest you!

"And before that?" Faintly now, and without real willingness to question, but as one urged by a superior force to drain a bitter draft to the dregs.

"So many things. For instance, I worked as a mule-driver with a hundred others to bring ten thousand mules from Lombardy to Vienna for the emperor's wars there. I know mule from nose to tail and tail to nose again. From mule to man is but a step."

"And before that—but no, no more." She cut him short as he opened his lips to speak again. Apparently he had a long list of occupations he was quite prepared to run through. "No more—Are you mad?" She considered a little, then, "Is there one who will speak for you before I have you dealt with?"

There was visibly a little damp on his forehead. Yet one could not say that the confidence of his bearing had in any way wilted. Rather, you judged that to it was joined a wariness, an alertness, that told of a rallying of what powers he had to meet the demands of his situation.

"Yes, Excellency."

"Where is he?"

"Here, Excellency!" He laid his hand on his breast with candor. "I am he. I could engage no finer advocate, and if you will deign to listen further ——"

She stood up suddenly, wrath blazing over her face.

"Oh, Madam," he protested, stretching out his hands and leaning toward her, "pray, pray spare me a few moments. You can not so lightly dismiss a matter affecting your whole future. After all, not even Helen of Troy was proposed for every day, and abruptness on your part might even be accounted flippancy."

She sat down again, for no other reason than that this man's monstrous impudence was now become a paralyzing thing. And if she stared, spellbound, she was no more under the strange influence than all else there. As she stared and waited, so did they.

"Let me expound this matter a little further," he said, and she let him expound, because of the momentous earnestness with which he spoke, and the extraordinary compulsion in his manner that floated from him and about them all and made it imperative that this crazy performance must be borne to its end.

The Chancellor truly made an effort. "Your Grace, shall I deal with this?"

"Let him go on," she answered, curtly.

Pedro—"and nothing else"—continued: "I thank your Excellency. Your kindness emboldens me to ask you to note that this is the first time I have ever proposed marriage to a duchess. Indeed, I can not remember that I have ever proposed marriage to any woman, whatever her station, and naturally I am somewhat embarrassed. Let me first prove to your Grace that I am well acquainted with what I may call the political aspect of the proposed alliance."

The strain was eased all round a little. He wiped the damp from his forehead. The Duchess leaned back in her chair, looking at him reflectively. One might almost imagine that a hint of the laugh in the background had dawned upon her. There was not a glint of a smile in her face, but a searching curiosity, there before truly, but now freer from that terrible threat of burning anger, looked out of her eyes.

His voice, resonant, confident and clear, went on with something like an address:

"Siona is one of the seven cities of Aquiloja. Good. Aquiloja is ruled by Malatesta of Missona, and when I say ruled I should rather say tyrannized. Good again. Your people are very much taxed and grow unruly. Naturally. I have never paid taxes myself, but I should imagine from what I have heard of them that they are annoying things at the best. Malatesta is a difficult man to deal with. Very well, then he must be handled by a man just as difficult. Madam, I shall no doubt astonish you when I inform you that on occasion I can be the most difficult man in the world."

He paused. Plainly he had meant to get a word from her, had essayed to break her wordless audience, plumb the baffling speechlessness of her attitude. He failed.

She continued to look at him silently. The Chancellor, seeking to read her mood, spoke, "Madam—," She stopped him with uplifted finger. "A little longer, Chancellor."

The address continued. "Malatesta is clever. So am I. Malatesta is swift. So am I. But I can be slow, slow, and he can not. He must always drive like a hurricane, sweeping things before him like a storm blast, but I can creep like any snail. He can not wait—I can."

HERE he scored his first point. She took the obvious opening. "I can not—much longer," she said, and knew instantly that she had blundered.

He let his lip drop a little as if in startled surprise. "How petty, how easy," his opened lips seemed to say. "I gave you that, and you could not let it pass."

With a little pang of annoyance she recognized how easily she had let herself be pushed into a weak position. She felt furious. Was she flushing, she wondered—and promptly flushed.

With a little sigh, as if he had met

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with something in her that brought him disappointment, he went on, hurrying as if to shield her blunder from the knowledge of these others.

"Malatesta is a soldier. So am I. He can break cavalry, set an ambush, slay without mercy. So can I, but because I am clever I can spare. He is a leader of men. He compels them, masters, makes them fear and follow. So can I, but I touch their hearts, too. I can blaze before them like Malatesta, but I have this which he lacks—I can be as little as they. Madam, can you credit it? I can play the fool at times most gloriously."

SHE was dry. "You surprise me"—and wished she had not spoken.

"Point two," he whispered to himself. It gave him confidence to let drive at her.

His dark face suddenly paled, he stepped a pace toward her, and though his voice dropped, its strangely arresting power vibrated with an intensity that held them all at full strain to catch each syllable. "I can deal with plotters and outplot them, with liars and outlie them. Brave men turn to me, for I am brave, but cowards mutter their fears to me, for I comprehend all the ends of a man's mind and cowardice is no riddle to me. Friendship is mine when I claim it; with a word I can conjure nobility in the minds of common men. But treachery confides in me—hate, malice, envy, all that's base in the heart of a man forbears to hide from me, for I read men's souls through and through, yet offer no judgment."

He laid his spell upon them. They believed what he said. Only the Duchess held her own, hostile, unmoved, unyielding.

"Would it shorten this interview," she asked, "if you confined yourself to a list of the things you can *not* do?"

He gloomed at her. "You jest with me, Madam. Do not do that. I am not to be jested with. I may be despised, hated even, but derision is not for such as I."

She sat forward in her chair. "A threat?"

"A warning. There was never yet such a friend as the friend I can be, nor yet an enemy like the enemy I can be."

"Evidently, neither threat nor warning. Let us say a promise."

She was now herself again, the Duchess, sitting serene in judgment on a plane far above the level of such a man as this, and moment by moment the atmosphere of the court cleared. One by one they stepped back on to firm foothold, having been for a little space whirled off into a fantastic unreality of existence in which the standards and values of their daily lives lost all meaning.

The colossal effrontery of his attempt was even now scarcely to be grasped, but his failure was certain. They looked at him with both pity and contempt, still amused and entertained as he fought on, unavailingly. He licked his dry lips, fixed his eyes again on the girl on the throne, and continued.

"And now, your Grace, I come to the point. I come to court you, and under the law of the city I claim a month's lodging and entertainment in your castle here. I have disclosed to you much of my character, since I wish to be fair, but honesty to myself compels me to add that there is another side of me, my amiable side, which can not fail to interest you." She carefully showed no interest. "Madam, in short, I have been told, by who should know, that I have in me the makings of an admirable lover, and you, who I understand have had many lovers, will be surprised at the energy and ingenuity I shall display. I read character very quickly—I should not be the man I am if it were not so—and certain minor faults I detect in you already. But with me you shall find not only amusement and interest, but instruction and guidance, and when we are married——"

Even he could carry it no further. There was a gasp round the court. The Chancellor stepped forward, there was an expectant movement among the pikesmen, all eyes turned to the Duchess. She lifted her hand and the movement stilled. She spoke to Pedro.

"I will deal with you—come here."

He approached and stood before her some two paces from the first step of the dais. She questioned him inexorably. He answered her in a voice the confidence in which had lost all spontaneity, indeed, seemed in its subdued tone to suggest an attempt to placate her. The madman knew well what hovered above him.

"What brought you here?"

"Beppo."

"Who is Beppo?"

"He keeps the little inn, the 'Barge and Boathook,' down by the river quay."

"Explain."

"I lodged with him two nights, and yesterday morning he did not scruple, being a man of no delicacy of instinct, to drag in the subject of payment. On my mentioning to him that the only thing that prevented my settling the bill instantly and transferring my custom elsewhere was the fact that I had no money, he exhorted me to get some. On that I made inquiries as to what employment a man of my abilities might discover here, and first I found out that this was a very unhappy city, not being held properly in hand——"

"How dare you!" she broke out, and instantly perceived that he had purposely provoked her to the interruption.

"I repeat, not being properly held in hand. Oh, Madam, believe me, in the rule of cities the first axiom—pardon—not now—the time is ill-chosen." He excused himself for not proceeding further along that avenue. "And next I saw that this is not so turbulent a people as a casual onlooker might suppose, and next that it is ruled by a woman, and next, that you are she—Madam, yesterday, from among the crowd, I saw you pass—and after that I learned that by the city's laws you might be courted by any man. By heavens! What was the next step for anything that laid claim to manhood? Thinks I, Pedro, here's a fine city and a woman most rare, and the winning of both would make an adventure that might well engage even a man of your stamp and so——"

"And so! So! Oh, that I have let myself listen to this—this outrage! This—this insolence! This—this—Chancellor!"

Her calm, her dignity had broken at last. She was the angry woman—Duchess if you like, but no longer the stately embodiment of rank.

The Chancellor—"Madam, give your orders."

Filipo, Guidomari, the guard, pressed in toward the stranger. He gave them a glance over his shoulder, placed hands on hips, and squared himself to receive what she had waiting for him.

She sat for a space of five seconds, revolving things in her mind, and for all her anger remembering that she was a merciful and charitable woman, and striving even now to find grace to spare him something at least of what he had fairly brought on himself. She achieved it. She looked at him.

"Let us have done," she said, "I have given you long enough. You know your folly. I do not discuss it with you. You know the peril in which your mad insolence has placed you. Say no more—utter no single word, leave my presence—and I let you go unscathed. Speak another syllable and I deal with you as you deserve."

IT WAS generous, it was great. If his flippancy, his audacity had seemed for the moment to involve her so that for a time even her fineness had been touched with the grotesqueness of his fantastic folly, the charity, the high serenity, the miraculous condescension of her offer to him restored her at a touch to the fulness of her admired qualities. She was again the incomparable Duchess, and this presumptuous fool fell down instantly to the level of things such as she could walk on without as much as deigning to spurn.

But the madman would not take the boon. Being swept into outer darkness he must writhe back into light, even if it were but the blaze of her destroying anger.

"And what of my rights—my rights, I say, under the city's law? You are bound by the law—I claim my rights!"

He got this out with a kind of quivering passion as if in thus stooping to

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offer him mercy she did him injustice. His affront was intolerable.

She looked at her guards no more. They were on him. He turned, snarling, but a dozen hands gripped him, by neck, waist, wrists, legs. The veins started in his forehead as, sobbing with the effort, he heaved and wrenched himself vainly among them. They mastered him, held him fast before her to abide her judgment as she sat.

A second—then she delivered it.

"When my father made it a law of the city that I should submit to be courted by any man, he did not specify any gentleman of noble blood, because not even a born fool could imagine otherwise. I—Beatrice, of the house of Riotto, to be so addressed by such a clod! This is not stupidity—it is the sheerest insolence. God! What have I been thinking of to listen to you! Chancellor, make an end!"

They had lashed his hands behind him. He looked at her, black rage making a hell in his face. They pulled him away with them, yet at his voice, terrible as he raised it to fling her one last defiance, they were compelled to stay, that he might finish.

"You are afraid of me!" he shouted. "Do you hear? Afraid, I say, and well you know why. You have never seen a man like me before. I have the longest head and the quickest blade, the cleverest tongue and the readiest wit of any man in all Italy. All the men who ever came courting you before were dolts and dullards compared with me, and you are clever enough to know it. That's why you are afraid of me—afraid I say, and afraid to give me the chance I am legally entitled to. Shame on you! I forgive you your injustice. I forgive you your cruelty, but shame on your cowardice!"

The Chancellor cut in, businesslike enough to deal with him now.

"Take him down to the kitchen yard—by the time you have a rope ready I will join you."

The Duchess had stepped down from her chair and was moving away, the group of her ladies opening to let her pass. She had turned her back on the bound man, but at his last mad taunt she had stayed her footsteps, and halting, poised on one foot, the other lightly drawing behind her, without looking at him she had listened to him. Now, as the Chancellor finished she spoke up again, turning her head backward to glance over her shoulder.

"Wait. We do not wish his death. We will spare him that much. Chancellor, cry a holiday, and give him to the townsfolk to make game with. Let my people amuse themselves with him, but not to the death, and let them leave him his tongue, that when they have finished with him he may tell himself what he thinks of his long head and his ready wit, and the profit they brought him here. Gentlemen, you hear me? Drive this man out of my city in such fashion that I may rest assured that wherever the vagabond may wander he'll never venture into Siona again."

They had forced him to his knees and held him there at her disposal. If she had said "Kill!" he had died there and then. Instead, she showed him her mercy—and got no thanks, only an insane defiance spat up into her face as she glanced down at him.

"Will I not? You think I dare not—you dare me? Then I will, I will, I will!"

CHAPTER FOUR
Woman or Duchess

IF IN the chronicle of the further happenings of that day my readers discover a suspicion of artifice not too closely associated with frankness, let them bear with a pardonable weakness.

I am no recording angel, inscribing remorselessly the deeds of men and women for the perusal of the Most Just. I am a frail and erring man, with some small share of those weaknesses that pertain to my humanity and my sex, and it is not in me to do other than gloss over—I confess it—anything in the conduct of the Duchess of Siona that does not redound to her high credit.

In her character I admit that persistent probing may discover certain blemishes. Announce, describe them, if you will; I refuse the task, and declaring myself partial, biased and advocate, I protest that I will tell this story only in my own way, and that, I admit, will be as little to her discredit as my affection for her can contrive.

I will, however, go so far as to concede that in a certain event which closed the day, this beloved mistress of my fancy must be allowed to have failed to shine with that undimmed brilliance I wish to associate with her every act. Further, it is possible that the entire day may be set down as one of her unlucky ones. You must understand that since the morning's business had been concluded, that miserable business of the chastisement of the presumptuous suitor, the Duchess had been in a temper of mind that brought her from the usual altitudes of her high dignity to something perilously level with mere womanhood. Her armor of serenity proved to be wofully thin in places. A word could pierce it; almost a look sufficed. Behind the ramparts of her dignity there lay a woman's nerves if not a woman's heart, and these were reached that day.

Something, and that far too much, of what befell Pedro, when with all ceremony he was handed over to the mob in Siona market-place, she had seen for herself. Schooled to assume an aspect of indifference on any and every occasion she succeeded in suppressing almost every outward sign of feeling; inwardly she was horrified.

At the very outset, when the first

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roar of the crowd swept up to the walls of her castle, something of its timbre warned her that she had blundered badly. She had intended fairly enough and charitably enough to spare the man the hanging that at the time had been judged a fit reward for insolence as gross as his, and in decreeing his handling by her mob she had intended him to receive no more than a lesson he should not forget. He had exasperated her to the highest, and smarting with anger she had contemplated without flinching his sufferings as she anticipated them. It is more than likely that she had recalled the adventure of Pandolph among the dyers, and the image in her mind of Pedro's fate most probably assumed the picture of a treatment similar in character, a brutally coarse and sufficiently humiliating jest, bitterly hard perhaps, but still well within the limits.

Only when the business was well afoot did she understand what her mercy had wrought on the wretched man. She sensed it, I say, in the first hoarse roar that vibrated through the castle on the still and lifeless air. There was the touch of the tiger in that sound, a tiger in whose striped breast a hint of humor, of a tigerish nature, flickers.

The mob was out of sight. She had gone into her garden, that beautiful bower of flowers, shrubs, cypresses, yews, she was wont to resort to when disturbed and wearied by her cares. Cares she had now in plenty. They had come it seemed to her in three progressions of intensity. First the troubles with her dyers over the taxes. That, she knew, was no mere business of the ducking of a tax-collector. Matter for careful handling, firmness and diplomacy together.

THEN came Bartoldi's visit, Malatesta's demand, and the odious business of Guilielmo's portrait. She was still incensed with a virtuous and virgin-minded woman's horror at this detestable man's approaches.

But her chief obsession was her anger, still hot and hurting, at the indignity she had been subjected to by this wretched free-lance, this wandering swordsman, the glib charlatan whose preposterous impudence had lowered her she felt in the eyes of her court. Sitting on a carved seat which ran round the entire base of the largest of her garden's two great cedars she flushed red, even now, at the recollection of her hurried flight to robe—the fact that she had taken her hair down and rearranged it for this wretch seemed a crowning infamy.

Her ladies had seen her agitation, the swiftness of her preparation. She recalled the contrast—as of course, she knew they would—between the rapid exit she had made to her room on the news of the suitor's approach, and the slow and stately dignity of her reentrance. She recalled her courtesy, his bow, the bow of an equal—the ceremonial beginnings of his address, his swift exposure, his boasting, direct and implied, the spirit of derision slowly evolving among her ladies and gentlemen, her very men-at-arms; she, too, she felt, had been involved in that. And then the final scene, the towering impudence of his shouted reproaches, and last of all his threat to return.

Again and again her memory returned to that threat. She had said he was not to show his face in Siona again. Those were not terms offered for his acceptance. They were her orders imposed on him. He had answered, "I will, I will, I will!"

Doubtless at the moment, insane with rage, he had meant it. He was evidently a man of uncontrollable temper. Many men were. She felt a little touch of pride at the thought of her own self-control. But the noise humming through her garden told her that the lesson she had set out for him was now at its start. No doubt it would sober him. Before long he'd be away, and out of the city's gates, using the bad language that was the common speech of his class and putting forever a wide berth between him and the city he had invaded with such chastening results.

On these reflections the first shoutings of the day's amusement had burst. The mob was evidenced by nothing but noise, faint and far, trickling feebly to her ears over turret and high wall, yet no hearer could have failed to gather something of the temper let loose. Cruelty—that was the dominant note in that chord of sound, and coming in so vast a flood, calling up at once the image of many people moved by the same impulse, it brought with it a sense of deviltry that in truth was there set free, taking its will for once unhindered.

The very quiet, the luxurious calm, of her surroundings gave to that hoarse mouthing a note of deeper savagery. A medieval mob, solemnly summoned by town-crier to assemble, to receive formally a bound and helpless man, with ducal permission, nay, exhortation, to do what it liked with him, amuse itself, glut itself, titillate itself, play any filthy or vicious trick it liked on him, short of death—guess for yourself the quality of its merriment.

I had meant to compel myself to the task of telling you at full length what this Pedro suffered, because I wish you to have some sympathy for the poor fool, but I can not face it. I turn away in shame and disgust. For—no mincing the matter—my Beatrice comes badly out of this; it was her doing. And since not only for her beauty, her courage, her high mind, her fineness, but also for the high level of wisdom she almost invariably displayed in her most dificult situation, I am forever this sweet girl's admirer, it is not in me to do more than just lift the edge of the veil time has mercifully laid over this miserable affair, and let you glimpse something—as an honest chronicler needs must—of the piteous progress to which her mercy had doomed the poor devil.

THANK God the mob was in too much of a hurry to get on with its fun to spend much time in conceiving any elaborate device for its amusement. Here and there an ingenious mind was at work on fanciful schemes of quaint humor, and propositions of conflicting but high attractiveness were being bandied about, each received with acclamation, but each becoming more and more buried in the noisy rivalry of suggested brutalities.

At the last it worked itself into action with great simplicity. The good folk of Siona wanted to get to work; a natural impatience at delay got the upper hand. Not so much of this damned discussion—here's our man, hands bound, safe to handle; here are dogs, here are cudgels, here are stones, here's filth, here's a moat. Santa Jacopo, what more do we want, and what are we waiting for? A rogue of initiative, with the divine spark of leadership in him, stoops slyly, and whack! a handful of garbage, offal from under a butcher's stall, suddenly strikes Pedro across the mouth, a horrid, wet, sloshing impact, and in a trice the glad game's afoot. No more palaver—at him!

The stall was swept as by a windstorm. Every scrap of offal vanished from under the cutting-board; every scrap of honest meat fled from the counter. I doubt if Pedro got half of this last; you may guess he would gladly have dispensed with the lot.

On that there arose the merriest confusion that ever Siona market-place witnessed in all its long history. For, obviously, this one stall being bare, and the game but begun—why, what about these others? Such a hasty termination of honest marketing never was seen. Stalls that usually took twenty minutes to strike now came down in as many seconds. Here and there a sturdy vendor of fish, flesh or fowl stood guard with cleaver, knife, steel and cudgel. Some, doubtless bore away with their cargoes in safety, but these were few. The mob was too exuberant for successful resistance. It had its way with most of what had come into Siona market that morning. Never on record was such a fall in prices. And oh! what sport! The fellow tries dignity at first, fronting his tormentors with a magnificent assumption of courage, even threat, seeking almost to terrify, to overawe, and deter them with a countenance set rigid, grim black eyes flashing under brows terribly overdrawn. But, bless you, he's bound, after all—and one can easily get behind him. Damn his dignity! And where

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is it when a hog's entrails smack him across the chaps, clouts of flesh batter his headpiece, filth most indescribable plasters him from head to foot; when the dogs, made frantic by the hubbub proceed from yapping and barking and snarling, to biting, to worrying; when being tripped by a stick between the feet, a plying of cudgels brings him erect again; when being again tripped and flung into the filth of the gutter more filth is poured on him; when butting his way head first in a desperate rush through the scattering crowd he plunges for safety, some short respite under a stall, and is hauled out with a butcher's long meat-hook for a fresh spell—bah! I will avoid these details. They grow worse each minute, I assure you.

The gay and sprightly diversion flutters its merry course. Better than baiting of bull or bear, this! The thing's human; it curses, blasphemes, threatens, not merely roars or bellows. It wears a face, a face that writhes, quivers, showing muscular knots and lines, grows white with pain under its tan, sweats, agonizes, portrays, second by second, with fascinating accuracy every subtle variation of its owner's torture of body, every contortion of his nearly frenzied mind.

Oh Beatrice, my girl, this is all your doing.

She had come out of the garden. Impossible to sit there with these wild gusts of shrieking laughter pealing every few seconds. She was compelled to rise, and, once risen, to move. She went into the castle, running up the steps to the terrace above, on which the door of her bedroom opened. Through this room she passed, down a stone-flagged passage, across the hall where less than an hour before she had sat in judgment, and so to the outer wall. She met not a soul. Doubtless some sort of guard was maintained about the pile, but every man and boy, woman and girl, gentle and base, had either gone into the market-square to see the fun, or watched from some coign of vantage in the castle itself.

In one wall, footed by the moat, was an opening the size and shape of a doorway. Leading from this over the moat and some twenty feet above it was a platform held up by chains. On to this she stepped and, holding securely by the chains, looked out at the crowd.

They were pouring down to the moat, an advance rabble of boys and girls, men and women, running in front, all shouting, gesticulating, turning as they ran, to look back at where he came. He seemed to be limping, his head dipped and rose, dipped and rose, at each alternate step. Something had gone wrong with one leg, but they had a rope round his neck and hauled him along, hands still bound behind him. Before he reached the moat he tripped and was down, got to his knees, was hauled on his back, tortured head and tortured down on his face again, strove again to rise, then lay and was dragged along on his back. This meant strangling, there were still heads in the crowd cool enough to remember orders—her orders, "Not to the death." They ceased hauling, and halted to let him up. He could not compass the effort, so they seized his rags and drew him along with them, head drooping on breast, hands and feet sprawling. For an instant she saw him fairly—an almost shapeless mass of rags—bloody rags—rent and gaping, showing bleeding skin, shoulders naked, breast bared, legs stripped—it was scarcely human. They had him—a dozen hands gripping him, lifting him, swinging him, throwing—all together, boys! Joy, what a glorious swoop! To the full length of the rope, and more. The filthy bundle described a grand arc, the rope jerked from the hands that held it, plump he went in with a mighty splash, into the reeking moat whose stagnant depths, slime-covered, opened to let him down into fresh disgustfulness.

"Here, this won't do! he's sunk. He's stuck in the mud at the bottom! He must come up—some one must get him up—who's going in? Remember the Duchess's orders, 'Not to the death.' Who threw him in? You, Jacopo——"

"I didn't."

"Yes, you did."

"Liar!"

"You did—and you, Taddeo, and you Giovanni——"

"By the Holy Mother I never touched him."

"I knew how 'twould be——"

Hullo, here he is—thank God, he's floated! Where's a hook—who'll go in? He floats in the green slime, face downward, drowning—drowned perhaps. No, he's moving. A bubble, a gasp, he lifts his head, bruised, battered; his legs move feebly, trailing the hampering mass of rags, he's moving—with faint stroke after faint stroke he moves forward away from them, across the moat, to where the very stones of the tower seem to offer more of pity than this jeering swarm of tormentors. They break into a roar of joy; the beggar's alive, no fear of the Duchess's displeasure. This is doubtless beyond all disputing just what her Grace planned; how pleased she would be if she chanced to see him now, and at that instant they catch sight of her.

She was stooping forward to watch him. He had gained the side of the moat where the castle wall sank into the rocky ground. The trench of the moat sloping upward here left a foot or two of edge along which a man might make his way. A little further along through a narrow door that opened only just above the moat's level two men had come out, worked their way cautiously along to him under the wall, and stooped to draw him out. He was

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breast scarcely emerging from the reeking slime. His eyes, dim with agony, threw up at the sky the reeling glance of a man whose physical sufferings had reached the limit of his power of endurance. Immediately above him, in a mist which made all else indefinite, he saw the face of Beatrice looking down on him from where she stooped on her platform.

SHE stood rigid. Horror had seized her, she could not move. A sickening convulsion, a spasm of loathing, disgust at this frightful spectacle, had fixed in rigidity the muscles of her body, the lineaments of her face. The little lines springing at once between her brows, the sudden swelling of nostrils, the slight jerk apart of her lips showed something of her state of mind even in her face, long-trained to inscrutability. But to the distorted vision of the scarcely living creature in the moat below her, the face seemed shaped in anger, contempt, a rage still unsatisfied. Fainting, dying, he still knew her, knew the face of beauty—and saw in it only hate. And at that moment there broke on him the wild hurrah of the mob, hailing her as one with them in this high junketing, mistress of their revels, giver of their feast.

Shuddering she went away, her face covered with her hands. The sight was too horrible.

She could not avoid that, but sounds could reach her even if vision were refused. Even in her bedroom, where she now went, the echo of the beastly hubbub came to her. She must interfere, stop their brutality. And yet—could she do so with dignity? Was she not bound to stand aloof, haughty and far removed from business after all too paltry for her consideration? With a flood of anger possessing her, anger at herself and at the wretched fellow too, she suddenly determined to act. Even at the cost of her dignity the man must be rescued from further pain. She hastened from her room and down the stairs. Into the main hall came a press of men and women. The show was evidently over. All were talking, laughing. She went toward them; they stopped. Filipo was with them. She questioned him. "What has happened, where is he? Is he dead?"

"Dead, Excellency? By no means. The fellow's away."

"What happened—they threw him in the moat—that I saw."

"Aha! that was a sight indeed, Excellency! Well, they gave him one more ducking——"

"They did it again?"

"Oh yes, as soon as he'd got his life back, after the first dip. But there seemed to be not much left in him so they untied his hands, gave him his sword, let him get his breath, allowed him fifty paces to start, and then stoned him out."

"Stoned him!" She was appalled at her indecision. She might have spared him that. "Could he move?"

"Move—the rogue ran like a hare! He robbed us of our fun at the finish." Filipo was aggrieved. "We got him with a stone or two, a cudgel or so, but the dogs had most of the fun—and that was little but barking."

He was alive then—and not brought so desperately low after all, perhaps, if his feet could carry him like this. Still, his face, the face that looked up from the moat. She could not get away from it.

During the day she was busily engaged—yet even her occupation with a multifarious list of petty details of town and castle management could not obliterate from her mind all memory of the morning's events.

Toward evening, while she was conferring with the Chancellor, a messenger called him out of the room. Returning in a little while he told her that a deputation from the dyers was waiting to see her if she would consent. They had apparently determined to anticipate the inquiry which they no doubt felt must follow on the mishandling of Pandolph, and the council of their guild had come in a body to the castle. She directed the Chancellor to bring them to the hall in which she had discussed their conduct with him that morning, and going there herself waited for them.

The door opposite her opened, the Chancellor entered, a group of men with him. To her great surprise she caught sight at their head of the figure of her uncle, Gonzalo, her mother's brother.

Gonzalo Buonafonte, sixty, fat, small-eyed, whose frank and open countenance and manly style of address never very long hid the essential meanness of the man, was no favorite with his niece. Involved twenty years before in the dispute between Venice and Florence, he had made a lucky bargain. The interests and sympathies of Buonafonte being strongly Venetian, he sold his lordship of the city to the Florentines, admitted Florentine troops, and nimbly quitted Lombardy. Freed from the cares of a territorial magnate, he then ventured into trade. Ten years had seen a disastrous change in his fortunes. The man had small ability, and a trader in the Levant, to hold his own with the swarm of keen wits from Italy, Spain, Persia, Greece, who met in mercantile dealings in Mediterranean ports, must come equipped with something more than capital.

Gonzalo relinquished trade and soon after Conradi's death had taken a house in Siona where his presence, affable and respectful, as he took care to be to his niece, was a vague source of trouble to her. She did not like the man, and took no care to hide her feelings from him.

And now—here he was, among her burghers. For what? She had no fear of him, but strong resentment rose in her.

She was about to speak, but checked herself, walked to the dais and stood in front of it, hands lightly clasped before her. The group came down the length of the hall toward her. She stood perfectly still, eying them with cold and expressionless face.

They halted, and her uncle came forward a pace, his hat still on. The others had uncovered. She eyed his hat.

He began to speak, in a full, hearty, friendly, avuncular way: "Beatrice——"

She stabbed at him before he could unsay a second word: "Your hat."

He stopped aghast, hesitated. Her face was like a flint. His hand lifted hesitatingly twice, then apparently decided to avoid any possible cause of offense. Off came the hat.

He began again: "Beatrice——"

Again she interrupted him. "Since when have you been one of my burghers?"

He was all suavity. "Greetings, niece. I come to do you a service."

"Have I asked it?"

"I offer it in my duty. These honest men——"

"What have they to do with you?"

She was implacable. He began to manifest a little impatience. Would she never let him get going?

"They have acquainted me with their distress. Beatrice——"

She stopped him grandly. "Wait!"

She turned her back on him, walked up the steps of the dais, seated herself in the chair. As she settled in it she straightened her back, swept him and the burghers with one comprehensive glance, and spoke straight at him: "My title."

GONZALO'S smile lost something of its friendliness. He was not cutting quite the figure he had cast himself for—of wisdom advising, and chiding youthful inexperience in the presence of an admiring spectatorate. He snapped out the required formality. "Excellency!" Again she struck in.

"You seek audience with me?"

"I have desired to see you. I had in mind——"

Pulled up again. He was not to proceed without formal permission.

"I grant you audience. Your business?"

It is just possible—I will ask you to concede me that it is just possible that here and there among the burghers a ghost of a grin showed itself. They were no fools, these tradesmen, and here plainly was a very great man indeed being handled in rare fashion.

Gonzalo was possibly aware of these grins. He spoke with not only added majesty, but a pathos that rather overshot the mark.

"Bea—Excellency—these good men

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are borne down with the weight of your taxes. They have taken counsel with me as to whether some expedient might not be found."

"And in pity you come to plead for them?" Her tone was not nice.

Gonzalo continued on the pathetic. "Their condition moves me. I have learned for myself the difficulties that beset them, the crushing nature of the load your policies have laid upon them, and I am moved by my regard for these good men"—he turned to them—"whose friendship I seek——"

"It is to be bought."

He stared at her blankly. "I say," she repeated, "their friendship is to be bought."

"I am not one for buying friendship."

"No! For selling perhaps?" That got him fairly. He drove ahead, hurriedly.

"Borne down by your taxes their mind is that it needs a stronger hand and head here."

"Gonzalo's?" She smiled almost amiably at him. He did not like the smile.

He explained. "I seek nothing of my own will, but since they assure me that 'twould lighten the burden of government if I should shoulder some of the burden, unwilling as I am——"

She was speaking, smiling, unbounded contempt on her face.

"Not while I live, Uncle, will you creep into my dead father's chair. I govern. I take advice where I judge best, and rule is mine. I have not invited yours, nor shall I."

"But here is a matter——"

She cut him down. "You have had your audience."

"But are these good men——"

"THESE honest friends of yours? They are to speak with me and I with them. You have had your audience and your answer. Now, stand aside and listen."

He flushed purple, spread his legs obstinately in an imperial stride, indignant protest on his tongue. She looked at the Chancellor, the old man lifted his hands to strike a clap. It was enough. On that sound the door would open, her pikesmen were without—Gonzalo bowed and stood aside. If he could have strangled her——

She spoke to the dyers.

"I do not now inquire whether any or all of you invited Signor Gonzalo here to be your spokesman. You have heard him speak and my answer. Now listen to me. My Chancellor tells me that you are seeking audience in order to explain the difficulties you are under in meeting the imposts I have made upon you. I am not here to listen."

They looked at one another. Gonzalo having been relied upon as their spokesman they were not offhand agreed on another.

Still they murmured, their dissatisfaction plainly evident.

"You should have been heard, and answer given you, but your own conduct deprives you of that consideration. I have my own business to settle with you. Will any of you confess himself concerned in this morning's work, the treatment of my officer, my representative, going about my business?"

She waited. They had no answer. One of them was pushed forward. He cleared his throat.

"Excellency, none here had a hand in that."

"I expected no other answer, and therefore do not wait to ask what truth there is in it. But you forget that this outrage is all one with your negligence in paying last year's taxes, and your complete neglect to pay even something on account of this year's."

"But, Excellency, consider, there is a limit. These taxes mount, year by year——"

"I say this should have had consideration and an answer but for this morning's work. All other guilds and arts in the town have paid but you. You shall pay."

"We can not pay."

"You can. You are among the most prosperous traders in the town."

"And you pile increase of taxes on us year by year."

"Because more money is demanded from the town year by year. You know where this money goes—to Missona, most of it." She had not quite held the interview where she planned. Spite of her refusal to discuss taxation the talk was steadily veering that way. She was discovering that in human affairs money matters have a habit of pushing squarely in front of all else.

"But why should it go there, Excellency?"

"Answer for yourselves. Malatesta makes his demands. I must satisfy them. Advise me otherwise."

"Pardon, Excellency, we don't rule the city."

"But advise. Put yourself in my place, any one of you. Malatesta demands so much money; if we do not pay he will come here and collect, himself. Not a man of you but remembers the hell he made in Siona eight years ago. Will you have that again?"

"Excellency, surely—surely—something might be done to help Siona."

"Well, what? Come, I am asking." She did not know it, but here, beyond her controlling, the first beginnings of a parliament were shaping themselves, ruler conferring with people over supplies.

There was little hesitation, then from the rear of the little group came a bold question. "Excellency, we understand a woman may well find the work difficult here. Why not marry?"

SHE paled. The Chancellor was aghast at the insolence. He came forward to deal with the bold questioner, the Duchess intervened.

"Let them speak."

At this a little hairy-faced man from the rear of the group was accorded place of honor in front. He took it a trifle embarrassed perhaps, but sticking to his job like a man.

"Your Grace, we have talked it over. It needs a man here. We know well enough what Malatesta's coming again would mean, and none of us wants it, but things can be better managed." He looked round for support and got an encouraging murmur.

"We've paid enough to Missona. Peace is all very well, but we think we can have peace and reasonable taxation, too. Your Grace, it needs a man to rule Siona. We have paid cheerfully these eight years, and now it is plain to us we shall go on paying forever unless something is done. Your Grace should marry. It's a man's work to rule Siona and come to terms with Malatesta. He's done as he chooses so far and will to the end of the chapter while he has only a girl to deal with. So we think your Grace ought to take a husband."

Gonzalo spoke. You gathered that the proposal was not quite parallel with his own ideas.

"Her Grace has no mind for that."

"But, why not? What were easier than to win us a great lord here?"

Looking at the lovely thing, lovely for all its coldness, in front of them, it seemed to them so obviously easy and inevitable.

Another voice spoke up.

"We must have lighter taxes or——" it stopped.

The Chancellor took up the question —"Or what, rogue?"

The speaker buried himself among his fellows, yet answered.

"Sir, at Tortola when the old duke overtaxed them they took matters into their own hands."

It was out now—open rebellion threatened.

The next instalment of "The Duchess of Siona" will appear in the August number.

PLEASE, READERS

Owing to the generally unsettled mail and tranaportation conditions, the delivery of all magazines is, and will be for a considerable period, subject to inevitable delays.

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FOR BETTER CITIZENSHIP

HERE are two letters which show that the H. S. V. U. S. idea doesn't require any one kind of state soil to grow in. The one essential is a community conviction that to make good citizens you must begin young—with a sound and definite training. These letters are only two out of the large number constantly reporting progress and enthusiastic growth.

See how far Major Steever's idea has reached! Away down in the tip end of Florida the H. S. V. U. S. seed was sown by EVERYBODY'S article on "Wyoming's Answer to Militarism." To-day a healthy plant is growing in the rich soil among the oranges, alligators, and Seminoles, a plant whose "botanical name" is Company D, 17th Regiment, H. S. V. U. S.

Superintendent R. E. Hall was responsible for the sudden growth. For several years he had dreamed and talked and worked for military training in his high schools. In the summer of 1917 he sent one of his instructors to attend the training course under Major Steever at Chicago, in the summer school that EVERYBODY'S made possible.

In September, work began with a rush. Within two weeks after the opening of schools nine squads of fine boys were drilling. In due course of time, olive-drab service uniforms were adopted, the officers were appointed, and the Miami High School began to be proud of its cadet company. During six months, *four days* were too rainy for drill out-of-doors. *Some climate*, eh, what? Owing to location of two Government aviation schools here, practise in locating airplanes is easy, for dozens of them play hide-and-seek over the drill ground, in and out among the clouds. Then, too, there are hikes out among the orange and grapefruit groves (oh, boy!). Once in a while the company takes a hike out into the Everglades, where there are just miles and miles of fine trenches—*already dug* (oh, joy!).

Altogether, we wouldn't swap our place and our boys for any others on earth.

E. E. MCCARTY, JR.
Instructor in Military Training
Miami, Florida. Miami High School.

This is not a typical Western community, but it is a crowded industrial center. In the immediate vicinity of Pittsburg is a population of about sixty thousand, with coal-mines, railway shops, brick plants, packing-house, etc., including the S. M. T. N. School of Industrial Education.

The pay-roll of Pittsburg is over fifteen million dollars a year, consequently it has drawn a very complex population. As many as twenty-two foreign languages are spoken.

At Girard, Kansas, about fifteen miles from here, is published one of the leading Socialist papers, having a circulation of over a million subscribers, and "Trotzky" has been in Girard.

As many of these people have seen service in Europe, they are naturally opposed to military training; nevertheless, in the preliminary recruiting campaign of the present war, two batteries of our artillery were sent out from Pittsburg, and the Red Cross here has averaged twenty-five per cent. of the population.

An attempt to organize a military company in the high schools at Pittsburg two years ago, would have been like carrying a lighted match in a powder magazine.

To have made the attempt five years ago, would have been like dropping a can of nitroglycerin, but Company M of the 11th Regiment, H. S. V. U. S., is in uniform and drilling, and on Labor Loyalty Day, at the request of the Marshal of the Day, the company marched very conspicuously in the forefront of a long procession of labor organizations.

Very respectfully,
LYLE BROWN.
Pittsburg, Kansas.

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Gossip that Costs Human Lives!

YOU HEARD the story about the Red Cross official who sold a sweater knitted for the soldiers?

Did you believe it? Did you repeat it?

Do you know that stories like that are lies started by German spies? Do you know that you are helping the Kaiser and *hurting our soldiers* every time you repeat such rumors?

❖

Oh, they are clever stories—interesting stories—they make splendid gossip whenever women gather. Of course they are! The Kaiser pays his spies to make them clever so that people will repeat them.

That's how they spread and spread and grow and grow until a lot of people hear them. Discontent is sowed. The very national unity of this country is attacked.

❖

That's how German agents are trying to slow up our preparations. That's how unless these lies are nailed, they will prolong the war, impede the transport of our food, supplies and soldiers—yes, that is how these lies will kill our boys in France!

❖

Of course you do not realize these consequences when you pass along a story you have heard. But you owe it to yourself to get "THE KAISERITE IN AMERICA"—101 German Lies—the newest publication of the Committee on Public Information in Washington. See how the German agents have invented lies—even to giving names and dates and places.

Read the 101 German lies that one newspaper ran down and proved to be utterly false. How many of them have you heard?

HAVE YOU HEARD LIES LIKE THESE?

THAT President Wilson's Secretary, Mr. Tumulty, was shot for treason at Fort Leavenworth.

THAT a sweater knit in St. Louis for the soldiers in France was sold by Red Cross workers.

THAT no soldier or sailor, after leaving American soil, can write home.

THAT Red Cross officials receive exorbitant salaries.

THAT homes displaying Food Pledge cards will be searched by Government agents.

THAT this is a "business man's war."

THAT there are 10,000 Englishmen in Utah waiting to seize America for Great Britain.

Your boys can fight the enemy abroad. You can fight the enemy at home. However harmless all these stories seem, don't repeat them! Don't listen to them! Get this book and see how you can help to beat the Kaiser at his game at home! It's free!

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The CAMERA in KHAKI

(*Continued from page 48*)

Even the contour of the land is shown. They showed Slimmer, soon after he first went up in a 'plane to make contour photographs, over the edge of the high cockpit in which he found himself not only seated, but tightly strapped, and with a camera which had a handle like the butt of a revolver and exactly the same sort of a trigger. The vertical pictures that he took through the bottom of the 'plane were maps; the ones that he made over the edge were bird's-eyes, like the very ingenious drawings so popular with the English illustrated weeklies. But, in a pinch and if it is practical to make the bird's-eyes, a keen interpreter can still figure out contour—by a careful study of his photograph maps. The turn of a road, the shadow of a tree or a building, the course of a stream will denote a hill; and any strategist will tell you the importance of hillsides in military operations.

SLIMMER'S graduation came just five weeks after he had entered the school. There were no valedictory addresses nor daisy chains, but with the graduation there came a nice pair of bright tan boots, with spurs attached. Which means that Slimmer had won a commission, had won his spurs, if you please. In five weeks he had ascended from private to second lieutenant. But he had earned the promotion. In the five weeks he had made at least seven hundred four-by-five negatives and prints, and the test which he was compelled to pass before he could receive his diploma and his commission called for the making of sixty prints from six different negatives in the exact limits of a single hour. And the prints had to be marked and numbered, trimmed and the name of Slimmer written neatly and legibly upon their backs.

But Slimmer met the test and passed it as swimmingly as if he had been hurrying out the "cabinets" of the members of the graduating class of the Centerport High School in the week before its commencement. A few days later he returned to the studio in his fine new uniform, for a bit of chat with Jessica and a hug and a kiss for the dear old girl before he should start overseas—in one of the very first of the photographic details.

If Slimmer had entered the photographic service of the Army only a few months later he probably would have found himself in the great new photographic school which has been established at Kodak Park, just outside of Rochester, New York. A huge new building, originally constructed for the manufacture of cameras and camera products, has now been turned over to supplement and carry forth the work as originally started at Langley Field. Classes began in this school with an attendance of nearly one thousand khaki-clad pupils, late last March, and since that day the enrolment has steadily increased.

We shall be hearing from Slimmer one of these fine days. He will go sailing aloft in a big observation 'plane; the envy of his fellows and a target for the Boches, who regard an airplane upon a photographic mission as a most dangerous sort of invader. He will bring back data of incalculable value for the winning of the war. When he comes back to Centerport Jessica is going to have a big hug, a kiss, a little cry and then a smile on her lips for the rest of her lifetime. And Centerport will have a local hero.

"But," you inquire, "suppose the days grow foggy, or Slimmer and his fellow observers are being so closely watched that it is more advisable to send their 'planes up at night? What value is the camera at such times?"

If you please, one thing at a time. Fog is always a problem for the photographer, particularly one endeavoring to make long-distance pictures. But we have seen that the camera of the signal-corps is particularly far-seeing. We have learned how it can observe the footsteps of men walking across a field from a height far greater than will permit of the observation of the huge bulk of the airplane itself from the eyes of those very men. And even fog seemingly melts in large measure before such super-eyes as those.

And as for the night: I recently have seen some photographs brought from Italy taken late at night in a fraction of a second and without the aid of flashlights. The natural illumination of the room sufficed. One of the finest portraits I have ever seen was one of Mascagni taken at the piano of his home. The entire light used was from two tall candles upon the piano and between the camera and himself. Their flames show as two tiny glows—but there is neither fog nor halation around about them. And the face of the *maestro* is so exquisitely illumined as to show the most delicate of the many fine lines etched upon it. There are no impenetrable shadows, not a trace of the startled, lifeless expression that comes from the use of the flashlight of the Cooper-Hewitt. It truly is a speaking likeness. And yet it was taken by the light of two candles in a little over a second and a half.

I have seen a photograph of a waning moon over Rome—taken by the same process. It is the first real picture of the moon that I have ever seen, although I formerly attempted the thing myself. Most of the moonlight pictures that one sees are "fakes," made by photographing the sun in various unusual and artistic phases. But this was real. One could see the tiny pools of water standing in the uneven places of the flagging, the flickering street lamps at the corners. A picture whose reality almost makes it uncanny. And the photographer who took the picture in the rain was arrested by a gendarme as being mentally unsound. He was only released when he took a picture of the lieutenant at the police station and proved beyond a question that he could make good portraits by artificial light.

I have seen photographs made by this new process from the front row of a theatre balcony during the progress of the play; others made in church during vespers and illumined entirely by the candles upon the high altar. The process is very new and it is very wonderful. Moreover, it is susceptible of adaptation to night observation, both from airplanes and upon the land.

THE camera work of the Government, even of the War Department as concentrated in its Signal Corps, is by no means limited to airplane observation. In one of the greatest universities in the land—on the edge of a large Eastern city—is to-day a complete miniature military post, accommodating a company of young men who are using its facilities as turned over to the Government for the study of various forms of the photographic science as adapted to modern warfare. The main chemistry building of the college has been largely readapted to this emergency work. The bacteriological laboratory has been divided and subdivided into many dark rooms and printing rooms. And in it the boys who are going to make "movies" and "stills" are taking a six weeks course—very similar to the one which Slimmer undertook at Langley Field. The work is thorough; the course most exacting. Uncle Sam is taking no chances in it.

The students of the course are men who have made real sacrifices to enter it in the service of their Government. I saw in the dark rooms, in the laboratories and in the class-rooms, where the men were getting lectures upon various phases of the theory of photography, men who had not only been newspaper photographers, but camera-men from the biggest movie studios. There were the camera-men for Douglas Fairbanks and for Macklyn Roscoe Arbuckle; some of the photographers recently commanding as high a salary as twenty thousand dollars because of their skill, working for their Uncle Samuel at a dollar a day—and found.

Even with our Army at its present

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strength there will be from eight to twelve hundred of these photographers employed. They will go with the Army — everywhere — and they will make pictures of its activities—of every sort. Some of these will go to the War College for use in staff-work and in scientific research, and others will go into the files of the War Department at Washington.

Matthew T. Brady made a set of pictures of the Civil War that to-day form a valuable record. And there is many a veteran still living who recalls Brady and his assistants toiling along with their heavy cameras and their black tents for immersing and developing the wet plates. For that was long before the dry-plate and the kodak had been perfected and photography made as popular and almost as universal as eating.

Others of the pictures taken both at the front and at the Army activities here in the United States are being distributed by the Committee on Public Information both to private citizens and to publications of every sort.

Brady's work in the Civil War is to be multiplied a thousand times in this. The preparations for the photographic divisions of the Army, which is a function of the Signal Corps, are wonderfully complete. Cameras of every conceivable sort—and some that hardly are conceivable at all—are coming out of the factories.

All of these cameras—save those designed for airplane use and which we already have seen through Bill Slimmer's eyes—are painted a uniform drab color. That color is reserved for government use and is, in itself, a protection against vigilant sentries who have orders to poke their bayonets through cameras of any other color being used on government property or close to military operations of any sort whatsoever. The camera, like the man who uses it, goes into khaki.

The airplane is the eye of the Army; and the camera is the optic nerve and retina. I have carefully avoided in this article any reference whatsoever to the really secret processes by which photography in this war becomes so great an aid to the intelligence officers of our Army and the armies of our allies. Some of them may come out at the end of the war. And they are not essential to the main fact, which is that cameras as a factor in the winning of the fight for democracy of the world are only second to the airplane itself.

What that means you, yourself, know. The airplane has been hailed as the final instrument by which we would help in the crushing of autocracy. In that faith we have begun the building of a great fleet of airplanes; and have progressed rapidly with it. We are training aviators in a dozen great schools. The romance of the thing—the very bigness of the thing, if you please—has caught our American fancy. And every blessed one of us is looking forward to the hour when our great fleet of American 'planes, manned by boys from the homeland, will sweep up from behind our lines and off into the beleagured land behind those of the enemy; will strike true and strike hard until the enemy is forced to withdraw; not once, but again and again and in increasing distance.

Close behind the airplane, the camera. If the scouting machine with a lens pointing through the bottom of its fuselage is not seemingly as dramatic as the one with a machine-gun mounted atop, it may, in the long run, prove far more effective. Slimmer and his fellows are going to give a good account of themselves. Of that I am assured. Their training, despite the shortness of the time which the emergency has allowed, has been thorough; their enthusiasm is of the sort that is only born in inspiration and in patriotism.

This nation will yet have an opportunity for genuine thankfulness for the men who by popularizing the camera and photographic products and by manufacturing each in great quantity made a war supply instantly available. For in this war the camera—steadily increasing each year in national popularity—has come to its own. It is now more than a toy. We all can see it as a dignified necessity. It takes its place with the machine gun, the submarine, the motor-car and the airplane. It does full credit to its distinguished company.

SACRAMENT

By Harold Speakman

I TAKE my sacrament upon the hills,
Beneath a star-swept wilderness of sky,
Where silence and the cool wind passing by
Bring to my soul such mighty peace as fills
All vast and open spaces of the night.

So worshiping, with calm, unbended head,
I feel all man-made humbleness and pride
Slip like an outworn garment to my side,
And I stand forth as in a radiant light
Naked, and unashamed—and hallowed.

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The WHITE ARC

(*Continued from page 65*)

make war on us. And Mexico, bankrupt, comic-opera Mexico, if one reckoned by immediate resources in men and guns, was more than a match for us!

It became apparent almost at once that the National Guard would have to be called out in order to turn the trick at all, and it was at this point that the thing had come home personally to the Corbett family.

FRANK CRAWFORD was a graduate of West Point. It had been with real reluctance that he left the Army to take charge of his mother's affairs, and after he had fairly settled himself in business harness, he went into a cavalry regiment in the National Guard. It had become a hobby with him; a sad sort of hobby, Constance used to say regretfully, for he gave his precious time ungrudgingly, yet never with any very confident hope that it was well spent. As a real soldier he had kept abreast, as well as he could, of military science, and he was under no roseate illusions about the Guard. His colonel detested him for a killjoy.

The colonel, it may be noted, was a genial soul, proprietor of a ramified coal business, and a Republican committeeman; a genuine patriot according to his lights, an excellent man to put down for a speech when there was nothing particular to be said. He possessed, in short, all the qualifications for colonel of a regiment except that of being a soldier. He honestly believed, with his whole soul—I say nothing about his mind—that his regiment was one of the finest and most formidable military organizations, for its size, in the world. Frank Crawford's perpetual fault-finding struck him as not quite treasonable, perhaps, but a bad thing for *morale*. (This was a word he had picked up in the last year or two, and used indiscriminately.) A knowledge that he couldn't get on without the only trained officer in his organization, combined with a natural but unadmitted awe for Frank's social and financial importance, was all that kept his irritation within any sort of bounds.

"We're going to be called out," Frank told Constance, after a glance at the headlines of his newspaper one morning, three or four days after the raid. "That's as sure as God made little apples. Smedley telegraphed the Adjutant-General yesterday that we were ready to start on twenty hours' notice. We're only seventy-five per cent. up to peace strength, of course, and nowhere near half equipped; but at that, we're better than most Guard organizations. It may be a few weeks or a month or two; but it will come, and Lord, what a show we'll make of ourselves! However, it will be a good thing for us—a little real fighting."

His wife stared at him. "You mean *you* will go?" she asked, incredulously; and with that he stared back at her.

"Of course," he said.

"Yes—of course," she acquiesced, rather limply, after a moment of silence. "Only it seems so impossible somehow—for you."

It took her two or three days to digest the idea at all. It seemed the stuff of nightmares rather than of logical daylight reality, that Frank should actually be contemplating leaving his bank, his office, his clubs, his prosperous, safe affairs, his expeditions with the children, his daily intimate life with her, to go away in a uniform, to fight, die perhaps, somewhere in Mexico. It couldn't—a prospect like that—it simply couldn't be true.

Since August, 1914, the great fact of war, the monstrous thing that was happening there in the fields of France had never been wholly out of her mind. The news of it, which she read daily in the papers, colored her days as it was bad or good. Activities connected with the relief of conditions it created had filled up what once had been her spare time. If any one had told her she didn't realize there was a war going on, she would have replied indignantly that she did. Her sister-in-law was an Englishwoman whose husband was at the front, and she had now a brother there of her own. Her mother was watching the mails for Carter's first letter. And yet, it was the simple truth that what war really meant never came home to her until her husband, her very own Frank, the children's father, said across the breakfast-table that of course he would go when the regiment did, and that the regiment's departure was, in his opinion, only a matter of weeks.

She was still feeling a little dazed over it when one afternoon her brother Bob dropped in, ostensibly to see if Frank had a copy of the Plattsburg manual that he could borrow.

"I enlisted in the Battery last night," he told her, when she produced the volume. "I think that's as good a chance of getting in as there is. They say it's a sure thing they'll go."

The organization Bob referred to, was a battery in the state's only artillery regiment, whose alphabetical designation had the same sort of distinction, background, atmosphere, that "Fifth" has among the ordinals which designate New York avenues. The cavalry would have been Bob's more natural choice, perhaps; but that branch contained no such *corps d'élite* as this battery.

It was when she heard this announcement of Bob's that Constance got her first thrill of pride out of Frank's decision to go. She was glad not to have to explain why he was not going. She discovered she was proud of Bob, too. She had always loved him, of course, in a sisterly way. Not as she loved Hugh, nor quite as she loved Gregory and Carter. Love is not, perhaps, just the best word for that sense of an indissoluble bond, for it can exist quite apart from any companionship; but it generally goes, unscrutinized, by that name. Now, though, as she looked at him, a gush of unwonted warm affection came up for him in her heart. She dropped down on the arm of his chair and took hold of one of his hands.

"I'm glad you're going," she said. "In a way, I'm glad Frank is, only—I'm glad for you, and for her, that there isn't any girl you're leaving behind; that she doesn't exist, I mean. That's sort of an Irish bull, I suppose, but you know what I mean."

"She exists all right," Bob said. "That's what I came around to tell you. It's Olive Heaton. I thought perhaps you'd have guessed."

To the Bob she had always known, Constance might have observed that it would need a courageous guesser to attribute any significance to his light-hearted love-making; but this, somehow, was a new Bob, and she didn't say it.

"I asked her yesterday afternoon," he went on, "before I enlisted. She says it's all right, and that she'll marry me before we go."

THIS announcement of Bob's was quite as much of a bomb for the rest of the family as for Constance, since she merely partook of the general skepticism concerning the chance of his falling seriously in love with any woman it was possible for him to marry. His choice of Olive Heaton was a weight off their minds, for she was, unmistakably, "their sort" of person; a real person, too, though often cited by the more conservative of mothers as a horrible example of what we were coming to in these degenerate days.

The fact was that Olive had never got on especially well with her mother, and after that lady's second marriage she had taken an apartment and gone to live by herself, a course which her ample share of her father's fortune put beyond the reach of effectual resistance. It was what came, the critics said, of having allowed a headstrong girl her own way in everything since she was ten years old; the pursuit of her whims, from toe-dancing to the breeding of police dogs; the extension of her linguistic gifts to an absolutely immoral familiarity with French and Italian.

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Why, the girl could flirt as easily with an opera tenor as with a college boy! And she was still a mere child in years—twenty-three or so, and she didn't look that—when she told Bob she would marry him.

Mrs. Corbett had always been her strong partisan, having freely expressed the opinion, whenever the topic was broached in her presence, that the girl's mother was a fool and that Olive herself would have been one to stay a day longer than she did under the maternal and step-paternal roof. She was openly exultant over Bob's news and went to see her prospective daughter-in-law and tell her so the day she learned it.

"I haven't a good word for him," she observed candidly to Olive. "Not that needs saying. All his good points are there for anybody to see. But the others are, too, I suppose. He's a handful, but I've no doubt you know it. And you've got good hands. Your eyes are open, unless they're dazzled by this new uniform of his." She turned a thoughtful look on the girl, who met it candidly.

"It isn't that," she said. "At least, it would come to the same thing without it. I have always wanted to marry Bob."

Mrs. Corbett nodded approvingly. "Exactly what he needs," she said, "is a wife who knows what she wants. We're keeping very quiet just now, of course," she added, "on account of Hugh; but you'll come around to a family dinner, won't you, in a night or two? Dreadful things they are, to be sure; but it's what comes with marrying into a big family."

Olive replied appropriately that she loved big families. Whereupon Mrs. Corbett sighed voluminously.

"Of course," she conceded, "I can't say I'm sorry I had six children, because then you could ask me how many of my six should never have been born. And when you come down to it that way, why, there aren't any. They don't go with a quiet life, though. Out of so many you'll always have one at least to worry about—little or big. I used to say that when the last of them was twenty-one I'd wash my hands of them. Good Lord, I've had more to worry about since they're grown than ever their mumps or measles gave me."

"I hope you have good news from Carter," Olive said.

"A cable or two," Mrs. Corbett told her. "We shall be getting a letter any day now. Oh, yes, Carter is the natural one to worry about. He will be at one of their schools now, learning to fly, but if he falls instead—" the grim lines in her face deepened, but her voice was steady—"if he is killed over there, he'll die happy, knowing he has done his part. And so, in a way, there is nothing for me to worry about, because there is nothing I can do. The worrying thing is when you feel there must be something that you could do if you only weren't too great a fool to see it. It's Hugh I'm worried about now."

"Bob's told you his idea, I suppose?" Olive ventured.

"Bob's idea!" his mother echoed, astonished. "I didn't know he had any." Olive laughed. This was going to be a mother-in-law of her own heart.

"Bob thinks," she said, "that the thing for Hugh is to enlist with him. He says the trouble with Hugh is that he has always had too many ideas, and there's nothing like being a soldier for getting over them."

"I'll apologize to Bob the next time I see him," Mrs. Corbett exclaimed. "That's the first sensible suggestion about Hugh that has been made by anybody. Why the devil didn't I think of it! Or Greg! Greg's supposed to have common sense." Then with a keen look at the girl: "I'd like to know, as a matter of fact, whether Bob said that to you or you said it to Bob. Of course, I never shall. Well, you'll come to dinner Thursday night? We'll all be there. The whole tribe of us. Except, possibly, Hugh. None of us has seen him for days, and I'm not sure if we can get hold of him."

Hugh hadn't come to the dinner—not at least, until it was over—the fact being that during the excitement over Frank and Bob and the imminent prospect of war with Mexico, he had quietly slid out of sight. But around nine o'clock, when the women had left the table, and the men, Robert Senior, that is to say, Gregory, Frank, and Bob, were getting on with their cigars, he walked into the dining-room of the big house, nodded to the others, and with a thump on the back and an excruciating grip of the hand, congratulated Bob.

"I've been out of town," he said. "Didn't get back until eight. And then I found all your messages at the laboratory. It's great stuff—I'm delighted about it. Where's Olive? I want to wish her luck."

"She's somewhere around the place," Bob said. "Only for Heaven's sake don't shake hands with her the way you did with me or you'll break her bones. You're looking pretty fit. Where've you been?"

It was a natural question to ask, for the change in his appearance was simply electrifying. That look about him, which his mother had described as hag-ridden, was gone. Indeed, to say that he was himself again hardly does justice to the change. He was himself—only lit up somehow to a higher candle-power than usual.

They had been talking about him only a little while before he came in, and the great idea—Olive's idea was the official designation of it, though she persisted in her attribution of it to her *fiancé*—had been thoroughly canvassed in all its bearings. There was not a

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dissenting voice. They all agreed that here was a solution to Hugh's problem. So, when Gregory said around the table after a look at him, "He's gone and done it for himself," they all knew what he meant. And all agreed that he had probably hit upon the explanation of the change in Hugh's looks.

"Yes, I've done it myself," Hugh said, pulling up a chair and reaching for a cigaret. "That is, I've done something. What is it that I've done?"

"Enlisted?" Frank prompted. "What in? The cavalry, I hope, though none of the ordinary runts we get for horses could carry you."

"Well, you're right, in a way," Hugh said. "I've decided not to enlist; but it comes to the same thing." He smiled thoughtfully at the blank look he saw go over their faces. "At least," he added, "it's up to Greg." Then he turned to his elder brother.

"If you'll take up that new bearing metal of mine, manufacture and market it, sell it for the purpose it is needed for, make people believe in it, put it across, then I'll enlist like a shot. I can give you a bit more to go on, in the way of equipment, costs and so on, than I could when we talked two weeks ago. But I don't believe you'll do it."

Greg's face set. "You know perfectly well why I won't do it," he said, and turned to his father. "I haven't a word to say against this discovery of Hugh's as a scientific thing," he went on. "I don't pretend to understand it. If Hugh says he's got it, he has—as a scientific discovery; but as a commercial proposition it's moonshine. That's what I honestly think, and I can't say anything else. Of course, if he can convince you, and you outvote me, I'll take your orders and I'll do my best."

HUGH read his father's troubled glance with a smile. "I'm not putting it that way," he said. "I haven't any vote in Corbett and Company. I gave that up three years ago. And I'm not asking you to go over Gregory's head, nor asking him to go against his judgment. I only put it up to him again, so that you'll understand what I'm going to do. I'm going to manufacture that stuff myself."

"Hugh, for heaven's sake, don't fly off the handle like that," Gregory expostulated. "You're not a manufacturer. You don't know a damn thing about business. You're not a salesman. And that stuff will be about the toughest selling proposition I ever heard of. It would take an ungodly lot of money to swing it, and you're going to be comparatively hard up for a year or two, if Corbett and Company is to begin passing dividends. The thing's driven you half crazy already. Drop it, man! For God's sake drop it, and go off with Bob."

"I've been dropping things all my life," Hugh reflected, and then his voice sharpened to an edge which made their nerves quiver. "But I'll give you my word I'm not going to drop this. I'm going to see this thing through. I don't know anything about business, and efficiency, and costs, and all the rest of it, but I'll learn, and I'll make it work. I'll make myself a salesman—a missionary, if you like. I'll make this stuff in the quantities they need, and I'll make them take it, if it costs every cent I've got, or ever expect to get. That's that! So you don't need to worry about me any more."

In that lazy, lounging way of his, which always contrasted so oddly with his moments of intellectual excitement, he got to his feet and pushed his chair away. "I want to find Olive," he said. "Where are they? Up in the drawing-room?"

UP IN the drawing-room he electrified them again; Olive was not the only one who gasped when he kissed her instead of shaking hands. A kiss is, of course, infinitely variable both in the degree and in the kind of feeling it can carry. It is equally above disguise and misunderstanding; a singularly precise language, in short—within its range. Hugh's kiss lacked, distinctly, the touch of ceremony which the occasion might be thought to call for, and it had rather more—steam behind it. Yet it was curiously impersonal, too. He took Olive in his stride, as it were, and went on by.

Then, becoming aware of the sensation he had created, he pulled up and apologized. "Bob told me to," he said. "At least he told me not to shake hands with you and I took it that way."

The girl's color had flushed up to her forhead and she literally had to get her breath before she could speak. She hadn't supposed, wise young thing that she was, that she could possibly be so disconcerted by a mere unexpected kiss. She had met Hugh often enough, of course, but had never happened to get directly in his path before. He had broken over her like a wave.

"Oh, I'm glad you did," she said. "I liked it. Only I was surprised."

It occurred to Bob, standing by, that it was lucky for him that Olive hadn't seen Hugh first. She was looking up at him now with a distinctly more personal interest than a newly engaged girl might reasonably be expected to feel in any man but one. But Hugh, just at a point when he could so pleasantly have started something, made merely a little set speech he should have begun with, excused himself with a nod and a smile, and went over to his mother—whom he also kissed.

"I'm back," he told her, and a ring that there was in his voice put into the two words all the reassurance she wanted.

"So I see," she said, with a long keen look at him. "Back just to go away again?"

"I've not enlisted, if that's what you mean," he told her. "But it's just as good."

"I suppose you'll tell me what it's all about when you get ready," she said. "Here's a letter from Carter that the rest have seen. You'll be glad to read it." She fished it up out of her corsage and handed it to him as she spoke.

Constance, standing by and watching him eagerly, was puzzled—for Frank had given her a twenty-word summary of the talk down-stairs. She saw what his mother did not, a curious, just momentary wince go across his face; a thing that looked like a twinge of pain.

He carried the letter off to one of the side lights to read it. And when he came back with it to his mother, Constance saw that his face was shining with excitement and pride, and that his eyes were bright with tears. He didn't put it back into the hand his mother had stretched out for it.

"I'd like to borrow it for over to-morrow, if I may," he said. And added, "I want to show it to Jean."

Of course, everybody within range of his voice cried out at that. And the others, having had it relayed to them, came crowding up with questions.

Jean? Where was he going to see Jean to-morrow? Were they all coming back with her? When did he get his news?

"Nobody is coming but Jean herself," Hugh said. "And she'll only be here for an hour or two, I think. They're going to California—Mrs. Crawford and Ethel. The raid has stirred everything up so at San Antonio that Mrs. Crawford can't stand it, and Gilbert's gone with Pershing. So there's nothing to stay for. Jean follows them; but she has an errand to do here first."

"Hm!" said Mrs. Corbett. "So that's it, is it?"

She had said the thing when the others contented themselves with merely thinking. It was a reconciliation with Jean, then, that accounted for the change in Hugh. That was all there was to it, after all. They had been worrying themselves into the grave here for the past two or three weeks over a mere lovers' misunderstanding. It was all expressed with complete adequacy in the old lady's grunt.

But Constance, still watching her best beloved brother's face, was not so sure, and when presently their eyes met, the look she saw in his confirmed her misgiving. Later, when she got a chance, she led him away into the billiard-room.

"I want you to tell me a little more about Jean," she said. "I'm anxious about it. Do you mind?"

"Oh, no," he said, dropping down on the cushioned settee beside her. (It was between those two same cushions that Jean—little Jean then—had

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tucked her precious place-card, with the funny toast he had written for her on it, and forgotten it there, and come back for it in the dead of night and captured her burglar.)

"It isn't what mother thinks," Hugh said, "and all the rest of them. I suppose you guessed that. I mean it isn't that the thing between us is 'made up' or going to be. There isn't anything to make up, of course. I can only guess why she's coming. All she said in her wire was that it was necessary that she see me for only an hour before she went to California. She asked me especially not to meet her at the train; she said she'd come to the laboratory."

"I don't see," Constance said, after she'd thought it over for a while, "how you know that she isn't coming back to —well, you needn't call it making up unless you like; but what that comes to."

"Well, there's that word 'necessary'. That's enough all by itself. She wouldn't have used it if that's what she meant. But what makes me sure is her asking me not to meet her at the station. You see I did meet her there once—the first time I ever saw her. But she couldn't have found a gentler way of telling me, supposing I needed telling, or one more like her. No, it's a case of conscience. She feels she ran away and that she has to come back."

Then, as Constance reached for his hand and lifted it to her face, and he felt the warmth of one of her tears upon him, he straightened up a little bruskly. "Don't worry about me," he said. "I've been through that and come out on the other side."

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR
Hugh and Jean Look Forward

THIS was no mere brotherly reassurance. He had come through his dark valley of self-questioning and indecision, had struggled out of the bog to firm land again.

It had been a nightmare for a fact. One cannot be a Protestant of as extreme a type as Hugh, standing alone before his God with no intermediary whatever, without an intervening social atmosphere; one cannot be his own chief-justice, the hope of his own religion, without having to pay, in moments of crisis, for the glorious arrogance of that position. If one has said, consciously or unconsciously to himself, "I alone am responsible for myself; no rule has any validity regarding my conduct except as I apply it to myself," he must forego, in times of storm, the shelter of the rule, the sense of righteousness which obedience to the rule lends to the great majority of mankind.

What made it worse for Hugh was that this assertion had always been unconscious. He was no casuist. He had never devoted any of the powers of his mind or imagination to speculation concerning individual morality, until the discovery that he had fallen in love with Jean forced them upon him. And even then after a few brief hours, Corbettite crowded them out again.

When Greg, out there at the laboratory, had interrupted his description of the great discovery to tell him that his wife had a lover, he was in much the position of Archimedes, whom the Roman soldiers, engaged in the sack of Syracuse, found drawing his diagrams in the sand, unaware that the city had been besieged. Only, of course, Hugh was not an old philosopher, with all his life behind him, his great gifts given to the world, ready to die. He was young! Life and love were drumming in his veins, when this realization of irretrievable disaster was, that night, brought home to him.

There was no shelter for him under the rules, no comfort in the distinction that while his love affair with Jean was technically innocent, Helena's was guilty, and that at the price of her guilt his own innocence had been purchased. Not even his wife's death nor his own almost miraculously lucky escape from the horrifying consequences of it, changed the essence o that situation by one iota. There was no clear course that he could steer.

It was Gregory again who brought that home to him, when he cried out, over Helena's body there, "Good God, Hugh, isn't there anybody but yourself in the world?" The conviction that there never had been anybody but himself in the world, so far as his own calculations and decisions went—that intolerable conviction was the one that was rammed home to him during the succeeding days.

The task, whose moral necessity he had foreseen when, kneeling, he had looked down into his wife's dead face, a review of his life, the appraisal of it, the discovery of the secret of its failure, was one that he had settled to with dread, and continued to pursue only by dint of keeping his resolution screwed up to the highest pitch. He went back as far into his boyhood as he could remember, and tried to rebuild the whole thing, to reassemble the picture under his eyes.

The picture his mood had conjured up was, of course, a caricature, an absolute monster of egotism. He had moments of realizing this was true, and he made an effort, at last, to dismiss the monster, which like Frankenstein, he had created: to dissolve him back into his elements. He had something more important to think about—Corbettite.

His talk with Gregory about it, the one Mrs. Corbett afterward reported to Constance, staggered him. Hugh was not the typical inventor, the sort of wild-eyed visionary who wanders about with his head in the clouds, disdainful of his feet, and just for that reason Gregory's arguments went home with terrible cogency. The distinction he made between the scientific discovery—a laboratory affair—and a marketable commodity, was one that Hugh himself, in more normal circumstances, would not have needed to have pointed out to him. But the circumstances were not normal.

Mrs. Corbett might say what she liked about work never hurting a Corbett; but no man could have gone through what Hugh had gone through during that last week in the laboratory without an immense exhaustion of spirit a weakening of all his vital reserves. He was in that state when the crash came—Helena's murder, Jean's flight.

CONSTANCE had come pretty close home here with the remark she made to her mother that it must be positively ghastly to have people sympathizing with you over something you felt like a criminal for being glad about. He didn't feel glad over Helena's death to be sure; but it was true, just as it had been in his former great emotional crisis with her, that the excruciating thing was the failure of his emotions to run true to form. He didn't feel the thing which logically he might have been expected to feel. Helena's death, which ought to have made everything right, somehow made everything wrong between him and Jean.

The imaginative bond which united these two was so close, so insufferably tight, that he felt the shock of the tragedy with her nerves as well as with his own and knew besides that she felt it with him. He hadn't needed Constance's vivid report to enable him to experience Jean's sick revulsion. The trouble between them was not a misunderstanding; but the opposite of that. There was nothing, then, for messages, letters, even a personal encounter to clear away. There was nothing to be said, nothing to be explained. The one real solvent to the situation—for there was one, of course—neither of them thought of.

It was in this spiritual state that, after his talk with Gregory, he flogged himself back to the consideration of Corbettite, and what he was going to do about it. All his vision, his faith in the great discovery, even his consciousness of the desperate need of it, was gone, except as a matter of memory. He had believed in it once. He had seen the need of it once, and clinging to that memory he went to work at it again, trying to project it upon the new scale that Gregory had shown him the necessity of working upon. He spent his days over his work-table, completely incredulous of the possibility of ultimate success. He spent his nights, long hours of them when he could not sleep, trying to flee from that Frankenstein monster of himself, which he had created. I don't wonder that Mrs. Corbett, from the glimpses she got of

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him during those days, spoke of him as hagridden.

Most men, most imaginative men at any rate, climb, sometimes in their lives, to a Gethsemane. Hugh's came one night, a little after Villa's raid, when the prospect of our going to war with Mexico became a clearly visible thing.

It offered him a way of escape from Corbettite. It offered as an alternative to his tormented gropings, a single clear thing to do. One of those beautiful straight things that would not tangle itself up. For the mere writing down of his name upon an enlistment roll, the mere taking of an oath of obedience, he could get shelter under the rules, could enjoy the heavenly relief of taking orders from somebody not himself; he could work at something clearly serviceable. Work, at first, perhaps, with his hands. And at the same time, he could be doing a thing that Jean would understand, and, he believed, in her heart approve. This was the temptation he faced, agonized over and finally conquered. What had enabled him to conquer it had been the realization that to turn away from Corbettite now and enlist in the army would be merely a repetition, another of those withdrawals responsible for the failure he had made, so far, of his life.

He had made an ignominous failure of it, a ludicrous failure—one that God, anyhow, might laugh at—pride going along before destruction, a spirit at its haughtiest, always, just before a fall. And what had he done when he fell in the bog? Got up and struggled on through? No, he had not once done that. He had contented himself with the fatuous assertion that the road should have been there, anyhow. When he had failed to persuade his father to adopt his method of solving their labor troubles he had resigned—with a gesture—from Corbett and Company, and gone outside the fence. When the strikers had refused to follow his advice, and howled him down in the hall he had hired out at Riverdale, he had shrugged and acquiesced. Let them stew in their own juice! When Gregory had hurt his feelings by betraying a fear lest his share in authority under his grandfather's trust might prove embarrassing, he had, in all but legal formality, withdrawn from the trust. When his marriage had shown itself not to be the perfect alloy of his dreams, he had abandoned it to chance. "Anything for a quiet life!" was about what his compromise with Helena came to. Even his country he had, in effect, abandoned, when it failed to react in a way he considered appropriate to the tragedy of the European War. The America of the school books, he had told Jean, did not exist!

Now, here was Corbettite, a real thing, a necessary thing, all it should be, except a practicable thing and, confronted by the difficulties of making it practical—real difficulties to be sure, and to Gregory's eyes insuperable, he contemplated withdrawing again. He was right, as he had been before. But Gregory wouldn't believe it. The world wouldn't believe it. Well then, let it go.

No, by God! By his own God! with whom he had been wrestling lately as Jacob of old had wrestled, he wouldn't let it go. That door was shut. That way of escape cut off. If it took his fortune, his life, his happiness, even his reason, he would fight it out on that line. With this decision, he wiped the sweat off his forehead and straightened his back, and thereupon, like a miracle, the pack he had been staggering under dropped from his shoulders. He was his own man again.

The prime difficulty about making Corbettite in quantities was the immense amount of electric current that the process needed. He would have to go where he could get it in unlimited quantities, and cheap. He thought first of Niagara Falls, then he remembered the great Mississippi dam, not five hours away, and nearer the lead supply. He packed his bag and took a train, and spent a week among the small factory towns the dam supplied with power, looking for a factory that could serve his purpose. It was from this journey that he returned to find the news of Bob's engagement, the invitation to the family dinner, and Jean's telegram.

It had been all very well to tell Constance that Jean's return didn't mean what their mother and the rest supposed it did. The reasons that he gave her, for his conviction on this point, were what he had honestly worked out and accepted for himself. And the serenity with which he had told Constance not to worry about him had been a genuine thing, too, to the extent at least of not being a conscious pose. Nevertheless, when he got back to his laboratory—he meant to spend the night there rather than at his house—it was natural that he should put off going to bed and trying to get to sleep as long as possible. He was not yet sleeping more than half as much or quarter as well as he ought to, and he had not altogether got rid of his nightmare. Unless he succeeded in working himself to the point of exhaustion first, that telegram had distressing possibilities for him—dreams, impossible dreams, unreasonable hopes, panicky fears over that interview that was going to take place some time tomorrow between them. He simply must not get started thinking about it, that was all! If he did he was lost.

So when he had got into his pajamas and dressing-gown and loaded a pipe, he went to work, with a leather-bound Kent at his elbow, figuring out necessary alterations in the building he had in mind, weights and supports for line

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shafts and machinery, an indefinitely laborious sort of occupation for him, and one that under other circumstances he would have turned over to someone else. But the old grandiose days, when cost was the one consideration that never entered his head, were gone. He was cheese-paring now, for he foresaw, plainly enough, that for the next twelve months, at least, he would need every cent he could lay his hands on.

But even this occupation, with all the power and self-discipline he could apply to the enforcement of it, did not avail to keep Jean out of his thoughts. Her telegram, which lay there on the desk, kept attracting his eye, and interrupting his calculations. He put it away in a drawer, but merely with the result that the drawer handle charged itself with the same sort of electricity. His hand strayed to it as his eye had strayed to the typewritten yellow sheet. At last he took it out again and crushed it up into a ball, and gripped it tight against the palm of his left hand.

HOUR after hour he worked doggedly on in the paradoxical determination not to stop until he had stopped thinking about her. But what he did at last, with a little sound that was half groan, half laugh, was to push away his blue prints and his sheets of figures and press that limp ball of paper against his lips, bury his face in his hands, and let go; open the door and let the image of the girl come as she would into his thoughts. Strangely, instead of tormenting, her imagined presence quieted him, brought him comfort, relaxation. His elbows were on the desk. His head weighed heavier upon his supporting hand—and he fell asleep.

When he awakened, the gray light of a cloudy April morning was in the room. His watch, which lay on the desk before him, showed seven o'clock; but he felt as if he had slept a long time. A deeper slumber, it must have been, than any he had had in weeks. His arms and legs were bloodless and so stiff with cold and inaction that he could hardly command their movements.

He got up creakily and went into his little sleeping apartment to get himself ready to face the day—the day which was to contain, somewhere, that unforeseeable hour with Jean. He dreaded it now, wished it would come soon. The hours he would have to wait for it seemed intolerable.

He had thought he was alone in the building, and was a little surprised to hear his man moving down-stairs. He hadn't supposed he came as early as this. Just when he was half shaved, he heard another step coming up the stairs—not the step of Jean's faithful burglar; a step incredibly like her own.

And then, still more amazingly a voice—her's beyond the possibility of a doubt—calling his name. But the really amazing thing, the revolutionary thing, was the fact it proclaimed. Not merely that she was there—that was surprising enough, of course, at this hour in the morning—but that she was Jean, his Jean, the Jean of his memories, the Jean he had been wont to ride with mornings; who put clean out of existence, in just that one syllable, the horrified, panic-struck, revolted Jean whom Constance had told him about.

His heart missed a beat. Then literally, leaped. And he heard his own voice saying, "I'm in here; but I'm only half shaved. How in the world did you come so early?"

"It can't be so very early," he heard her say. "It must be ten o'clock."

"Ten o'clock!" he exclaimed. "It was seven only about a quarter of an hour ago."

"Your watch says seven," she informed him, "but it's stopped. Shall I wind it up and set it for you?"

Good Lord, what a sleep he must have had!

"Yes, I wish you would, if yours is right," he said, "I'll be out in five minutes."

"Was it that chair you went to sleep in?" she asked. "Over those blue prints?"

He admitted it was. "Try it yourself," he suggested. "It must be more comfortable than I supposed."

He told himself, as he wiped his razor and put it away, that this must be a dream. It couldn't be possible that it was real, or founded on reality, that sense he had got, just the sound of her voice and the knowledge that she was there in the next room, that everything had suddenly come right once more; that unfathomable feeling of security. The approaching interview, as he had foreseen it yesterday, was fraught with infinite possibilities of pain for both of them. Nothing had happened since then. Nothing was changed. This must be a dream. And yet it seemed like an awakening from one, from a nightmare. Then his nerves grew taut again.

"Jean," he said, "there's a letter there on the desk—just about under your left hand it will be—that I want you to read. It's from Carter to his mother. I borrowed it for you last night."

"Yes," she answered, and her voice, too, changed its quality as she spoke. "Here it is."

There was a silence after that until, fully dressed, he came out into the library. He had come softly, and she did not hear him until he was fairly in the room. The letter she was still reading lay upon the topmost of the blue-prints, and the crumpled handkerchief in her hand was being used intermittently to cope with tears.

When she saw him she would have risen. But he said, "No, finish it. I meant to have given you time." Obediently she turned back to the letter.

He came around the desk, half seated himself on the end of it and watched. For a long time after she must have finished, she sat there gazing through a blur of now disregarded tears at the last page of the letter. He, with one knee pulled up, clenched in the vise-like grip of his two great hands, looked out the window over the roofs. He felt, presently, that she had looked up from her letter to his face, but it was a matter of interminable seconds before, looking down, he met her gaze.

"Oh, I know," she said. "But——"

There are no words for the language of looks. In Jean's face there was a sort of smile; a tenderness, compounded of pity, and love, and admiration for the boy over there in France. But all that was a mere ripple across the surface of it. For the deeper thing that spoke in it, was a reaffirmation of what it had said before—the last time their eyes had met. Weeks ago. There on the frozen beach at Lake Forest.

His whole body went rigid with tension that increased to an agony, then relaxed.

She drooped her head at last, and pressed her trembling hands to her face.

"Oh, my dear," he whispered, and gathered her into his arms.

She managed to say, between gasps, "Wasn't it perfectly—ridiculous—our thinking anything could make a difference—to this?"

THIS is, of course, no more the end of Hugh Corbett's story than the festivities connected with the wedding of his sister Anne were the beginning of it. The capture of Jean's burglar in the midst of those festivities seemed, to his biographer, to offer a good opportunity for picking up the thread. The event of this April day, nearly five years later, is an opportunity for laying it down.

Not so much because it is an end of something, as because it is a fresh beginning; the beginning of something not yet—as I write—ended, nor even far enough away to be seen in its true perspective.

That determination of his not to give up Corbettite because the practical world, typified by Gregory, the world that so immensely needed it, would not, in its ignorance, believe in it; his decision, under the agonizing temptation to do something else, to force that belief upon the world, his acceptance of a moral responsibility for the enforcement marks another, and perhaps the most important, of his critical angles.

It was a change that could not, at his age, have been wrought in him under less fierce a heat than that generated in the white arc of passion and of tragedy those recent days had brought home to him. It had transmuted the metal of his soul as the arc in his laboratory transmuted lead into Corbettite.

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I believe it really to be true, that the Hugh who emerged from that fiery furnace of pain and humiliation had been born again; that he had a new fiber; an accessibility to fresh conceptions. The chief of those conceptions, of course, was of the necessity, at last, of giving up, as a prime consideration, the maintenance of his intellectual integrity; of submitting himself to be digested into a bigger thing than himself. If that be religion, and I'm inclined to think it is, then Hugh had found it.

Neither he nor Jean called it by that name, but it was clear that they felt that way.

There was a touch of gravity about their behavior that day, that Mrs. Corbett characterized, broadly, as some more of Hugh's damned nonsense. Constance cried out at this, but Jean herself only smiled.

THIS was around six o'clock at the big house. Hugh was coming, when he had finished some work, for dinner. Constance had brought Jean, after a preliminary examination, to tell the news to her mother. Mrs. Corbett, feeling a good deal more emotional and relieved about it than she was willing to appear—than she *could* consistently appear, since she had said straight along that the difficulty about Jean amounted to nothing—was exhibiting a sort of ferocious good humor. She wanted to know why Jean was in such a hurry to go on to California; what was to prevent her from making them a little visit, now she was here.

Jean admitted there was nothing, so far as her own affairs were concerned. "But Hugh's going to be so very busy getting the factory started; every hour just now will mean a day later, he says. And I know I'd be in his way."

"Of all the cold-blooded!" Mrs. Corbett exclaimed. "And even to-day, instead of taking you off holidaying, he listens to you long enough to make sure that you really mean to marry him, and then tells you to run along and talk to the women!"

"I was hours at the laboratory," Jean protested. "I had lunch with him there. And he's called me up on the telephone twice since!"

"And he might as well have come along with you for all he'll have done since you left; instead of sitting there pretending he's a business man. A nice job he'll make of that!"

"He'll succeed at it," said Jean rather crisply. "He'll succeed—wonderfully."

After a ruminative silence, Mrs. Corbett said "If he's really turned the corner—and you and I believe he has—he'll be turning up at Riverdale, the first thing Greg knows, and giving him the surprise of his life. And he won't do it by hiring a hall, either!"

That startled Jean a little. She thought herself the only person in the world who had divined that intention of her lover's—to go back to that old battle-field and win a victory. There was both wonder and affection in the look she stole at Hugh's mother. But the older woman only grinned back.

"I don't know why the notion of Greg getting a surprise always pleases me so much, but it does. Perhaps because I think surprises are good for him."

Hugh turned up on time for dinner, with his father and mother, Constance and Jean. Mrs. Corbett had horrified Constance with the suggestion that they make it a party for the open announcement—to the family—of the engagement. This was probably not serious on her part, but she did insist, with outrageous gusto, in refusing to speak of it with bated breath and decent euphemism.

For the five who sat down about the board, it made an hour that each of them remembers with a quite peculiar satisfaction, not from anything that was emphatically talked about, but from a sense of restoration and peace that there was about it.

And then, a little after nine, Hugh took Jean down to the station to see her off to California. They had started a little earlier than necessary, and they stood for a while out in the concourse—under the bulletin-board—waiting for the train to be announced.

"If you weren't so—ruthless," Hugh told her with a smile, "and had waited three days or such a matter, I could have gone part of the way with you. Across Illinois. Because by then I'll be ready to make another trip back to the factory."

"I'll wait if you want me to," she said. "I'll do anything you want me to. Anything in the world."

"I don't quite know why I don't," he reflected. "I suppose it's because I'm still walking softly for fear of waking myself up. Not wanting to press my good fortune too far. Like asking one favor too many of a fairy godmother. And after all, you won't really go away, wherever you are."

"It's wonderful—how well we can get on—without each other," she assented. "There's the train. They'll let you go through the gate, won't they?"

They had the better part of half an hour there in her section of the Pullman, before it was time for him to go, but all the time they talked only a little, mere punctuation of the silences, which after all told more.

The future they contemplated would have looked uncertain enough to most lovers. It had never been said between them that Corbettite was to be made a serviceable thing before they married, but this understanding was implicit in all their references to it. And after Corbettite, in the minds of both of them, for Hugh there was—France; for Jean, too, perhaps. It was not possible to plan, of course, nor even vaguely to foresee.

When at last Hugh bent over her for a farewell caress, there was no attempt to fix the day when they should see each other again.

Both had tears and tight throats, but there was a wonderful serenity in their hearts.

"We don't know much about anything," Jean said, unevenly. "But this is safe. Nothing can possibly happen to it—to you and me."

There was no rhetoric about that. In a world of chaos, that, underneath, was the everlasting arms.

THE END.

TWO FRIENDS

By WILL THOMPSON

HIS soul lives out in the highways,
In the wide, open streets of the world;
He is drunken with life's mad measure,
And giddy with dreams unfurled.

My soul, in its quaint old garden,
Sits on long afternoons
Absorbed in its own reflection,
Recalling forgotten tunes.

The days of the ancient sages
Hold nothing his heart commends;
His soul lives out in the highways—
And yet we two are friends!

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